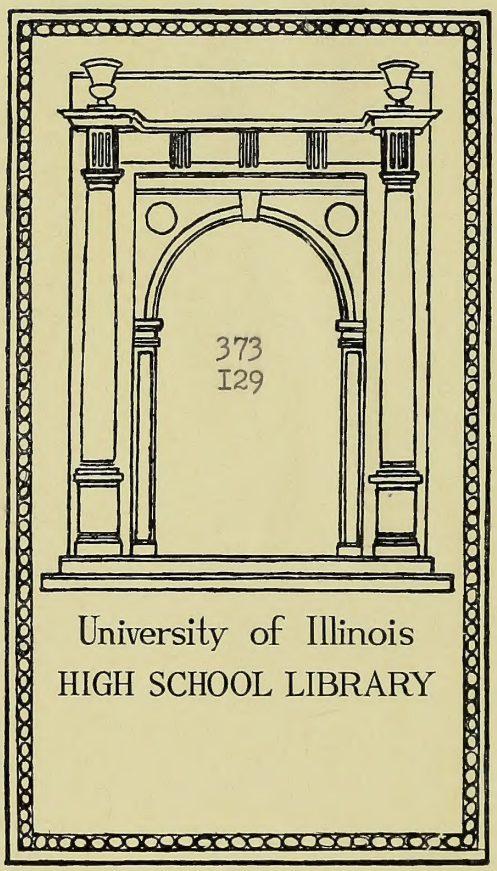
U and I

1921 - 1929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U. and J.

University High School Magazine

Published by the Senior Class

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Number one of Volume one

LEWIS W. WILLIAMS
Principal of University High School

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Uni. High

The University High School

By Lewis W. Williams

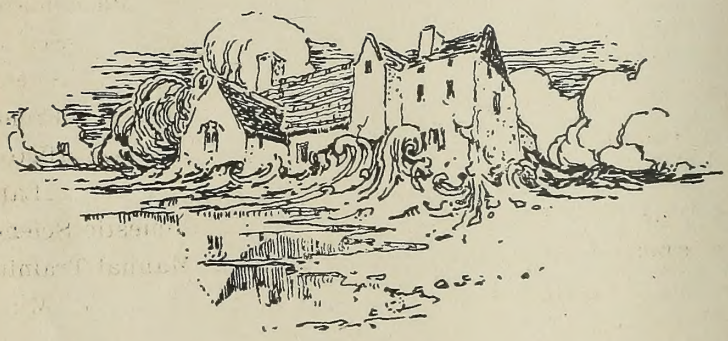
Why was the University High School organized? Does it not duplicate the work being offered in Champaign and Urbana High Schools and consequently, is it not an unnecessary expense? Will it not prove to be a factor, which will hinder to some extent at least, the work of the other local High Schools? These and other questions of a similar nature, have arisen in the minds of many, though only a few people have definitely asked them. It will be the purpose of this article to answer these questions.

The purpose of the school is threefold:—1st. to serve as a laboratory for the College of Education; 2nd. to offer opportunities for observation and training to University Seniors expecting to teach; and 3rd. to offer high school training to young people. Colleges of Education find it necessary to have a laboratory where the best of the new ideas in education may receive a trial and where worthy investigations may be carried out. Usually this laboratory consists of a system of schools extending throughout the grades and high school. Some Normal Schools provide the grades only. Some colleges and Universities provide a high school only.

No one is properly trained for the work of teaching who has not had good opportunities to observe various types of teaching and to try some of the phases of the work under intelligent guidance. In other words, some sort of an apprenticeship should be passed through by every prospective teacher. This is in addition to the theoretical part of the training. A school system or high school under control of the teacher training institution makes this possible under conditions relatively free from detrimental effects as far as the work of the school itself is concerned.

The third purpose—to furnish high school opportunities to young people—is in one sense, of chief importance. Without the young people, the other aims cannot be met. However, such opportunities already exist in the Twin Cities. Consequently the organization of the school could not be justified on this ground alone. When we consider that both local high schools are badly crowded, that they need further financial assistance to enable them to do what they hope to do, and that the enrollment of University High School is to be limited to 250—we feel that the organization of University High School will result in material advantages to these schools. The withdrawal of a few pupils will relieve the congested condition somewhat. However, the limited enrollment of University High means that no serious inroads on their enrollment will ever result.

Finally, the local schools have for years past, kindly cooperated in studies and investigations of the College of Education. This undoubtedly has been done at some inconvenience. While we trust that in the future they will continue to assist, neverthless, they now can be relieved of the burden of that service. In conclusion, we believe that there is a distinct place for University High, that it will prove to be a help rather than a handicap to the local high schools and that it will fulfill, in an efficient manner, the ideals set up for it.



Though I live to be of a ripe old age
I'm sure that there can never
Come a time when there won't be a theme.
There'll be one forever and ever!
Many and many a year ago
I made my first endeavor
(About the cat and the little dog)
And thought it very clever.
Now the time has come at last
When I do not think them clever,
But the themes must go on and on and on!
Yea, forever and forever!

Katharine Schmidt '22.

OUR FACULTY

Mr. Lewis W. Williams---------Principal
Prof. H. G. Paul---------Head of English Department
Miss Lisette J. McHarry---------English
Miss Martha McCammon---------English
Miss Elsie Beatty---------English
Prof. Ernest B. Lytle---------Head of Mathematics Department
Miss Harriet Batterton---------Mathematics
Miss Norma E. Bell---------Mathematics
Mr. John A. Smith---------Science
Mr. W. C. Croxton---------Science
Mr. G. M. Knox---------French
Mr. I. O. Foster---------History
Miss Hazel Bowlus---------Latin
Miss Anna Belle Robinson---------Domestic Science
Mr. Herbert H. Braucher---------Manual Training
Miss Mary D. Philips---------Music

"The impossible has happened—
The teachers come to school.
And for a day 'tis they who play
And we who rule.
We punish them right gladly,
For climbing the wrong stairs;
With burning tea and little cakes
We even up affairs.
We laud our building to the skies,
We praise its every feature;
But still I think—oh! more and more,
I'm glad I'm not a teacher!"

Genevieve Gere '22

LITERARY LIGHTS..

The Clarion Call

Great was the joy of the nations,
When the news that the grim war was o'er
Reached the city, village and hamlet
And gave forth the message it bore.
The hearts of the people responded
And echoed the tidings again—
The tidings that angels are singing—
Of "Peace and good will toward men."
Again has the clarion sounded
A call which rings true and clear,
For men who represent nations
To solemnly gather here
In conference over the problem
Of whether all war shall cease,
That nations for ten years establish
A feeling of good will—and peace.
May each in the different home lands
Look to one God in prayer
That wisdom and brotherly kindness
Be first in the hearts that are there.

Gladys Shutt '22.

U & I

The Japanese Sandman

One evening in old Japan, a mother was sitting in her little bamboo house telling her children their bed-time story. This was the story she told.

"Once upon a time, long ago, in a small hamlet at the foot of the mountain Haku-san, there lived an old man who was known as a doer of good deeds. Every evening, dressed as a beggar, he was accustomed to walk through the village and

talk with the people. To all the poor and needy, he gave gold in place of the silver which they offered him. Everywhere he listened to accounts of their sorrows and gave them sympathy and advice so that they were made happier and wiser. News of this man spread far and wide until he was known all over the kingdom. At last he disappeared and was heard of no more, so people believed that he was dead. But one evening just as the dew was falling and all good people were going to sleep, someone reported that he had seen an old man dressed as a beggar, carrying a bag from which he threw fine sand. And, as he passed, he took all the sorrows of the people and left gold in place of their silver. When they awoke in the morning, they were wiser people and started the new day with a kindlier feeling toward everyone. And, if you are good children all day, in the evening you can look out over the hamlet and see the Japanese Sandman stealing on with the dew."

Catherine Barr '22.

U & I

The Old Order Changeth

"The United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone."

How much the proposal of the United States embodies the words of our president, as well as those of Lincoln:—"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—" The conference has heard not the proposal of the present day United States alone but the policy which has always been her ideal. Selfishness and nationalism have no place in the conference of limitation of armaments. The demands of humanity cannot be denied. The "incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the unutterable sorrows" humanity has borne by the last war cannot be repaid by any nation. If misunderstanding is

the inexcusable cause of the sufferings of humanity, the nations of the world must put an end to it. The cost of misunderstanding is too great and the value of life too dear, to be put aside lightly. We must have international understanding; and this is the great goal toward which the conference is striving. United action alone can bring about such a relationship between nations.

The old order changeth. The "Monroe Doctrine" has been overstepped in so much as the United States has ventured to invite the other nations to confer with her about a subject which concerns them mutually. Never before has such an event occurred. Heretofore, the idea has been "America for Americans and Americans for America." Now it must become "America for the World and Humanity." Every nation has always looked out for itself first of all, while the others might prosper as best they could. Now the new order suggests that each nation care for the other and for the welfare of all with unselfish zeal. Nationalism must give place to brotherhood.

The old order must change and give place to the new if people are not to be robbed of the happiness and opportunities due them. The world has been subjected to the horrors of war and the ravaging aftermath until she cries out for peace—peace at any price. The horror and realization of the fact that another war will be even more terrible and destructive than the Great War has entered the hearts of peoples all over the world. Their "hopes and fears for future years" are centered now in the conference at Washington. So the old order changeth and the nations of the world are combining their efforts to do that which no nation can do alone.

Gladys Shutt 22.

U & I

The Alarm Clock

I jump to sieze that gross offender.
Most ardently I long to send her
Out the window (which would bend her)
For breaking my dreaming
And spoiling my scheming
With br-r-r-r ring-g-g-g!

Katherine Schmidt '22.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine

Dear little pal o' mine! On a golden day such as this, no one knows how much I miss you.

I can close my eyes now and see you as you used to be, five long years ago. I see your little figure, always active, never still; I see your short brown curls bobbing merrily as you run—those curls you were so proud of, little girl, after a night of troubled sleeping on a dozen rag-tied knots. I can hear your voice so plainly—a little husky with its teasing southern drawl but oh, so sweet! And I can see your laughing lips and the dimple in your chin. Above your saucy tip-tilted little nose, I see your eyes and when I reach them I forget all the rest; because, little sweetheart, even if you had been ugly, your staunch and faithful little heart would still be shining through your dark eyes.

So I open my own eyes, so foolishly misty, to find the sun has set and left our Autumn painted yard strewn with shadows among the falling leaves. It's the same old back yard, little playmate, but you are gone.

U & I

Along The Promenade

I had just taken my turn at the drinking fountain and was simply waiting for old Father Time to eat up the remaining eight minutes until my next class. I saw what I could see, and heard what I could hear.

Coming, or rather stumbling up the stairs, were two boys. One of them was that well known person that we all look up to because we cannot all reach the dizzy height of six feet four in our stocking feet. He is a Junior now. Will he not, by the time he is a senior, be a fine example for us to look up to, if our range of vision continues powerful enough.

His companion was a studious Freshman, the proud possessor of a flock of light, reddish hair. He wore glasses and had an arm load of books, that would have staggered his lengthy companion.

A loud and screeching whistle was suddenly cut short by the appearance of one of the Law and Order Society, other-

wise known as the Faculty. This particular officer happened to be the commander-in-chief; and, consequently, the whistler disappeared into one of the class rooms.

Down at the other end of the hall were two senior girls, each one carrying a book. Did you ever notice that seniors always carry books? I think that to carry books must be one of the recognition signs of their order. Well, anyway, I was going to tell you about these two girls. They started arguing about who had the highest average. Pretty soon three more seniors joined these two, and each one of them was carrying a book. Then all five of them started talking, and they sounded like the World's Disarmament Conference. I listened, or rather tried to listen, for about a minute and then decided that what they were saying wasn't worth the expenditure of my valuable time.

I stepped into the library, and there was a boy standing near the desk. He was slim and fat, rather tall, but short; and had light, dark hair. He was wearing a pair of glasses that didn't have any glasses in them, and was looking at the pictures in a Mother Goose book.

The bell rang, the students began to disappear in the class-rooms, and the Conference was still going strong when I, like all the rest of them, disappeared into a classroom.

I had heard what I could hear, and had seen what I could see.

—James Fraley '23.

U & I

Forever and Ever

Though it hasn't the style,
The Ford is worthwhile—
    It lasts forever and ever.
While there's a screw
And a rivet or two
    A Ford ne'er gives out—no, never.
Its tin rattles on
Till the thing's nearly gone,
    But still it runs on—forever!

Gladys Shutt '22.

Ballad Of a "Tam"

He stood outside the office door,
Outside the door stood he;
A cold sweat broke upon his brow,
And trembling was his knee.

Slowly he went into the room
With cold hands and chattering teeth.
"Oh please, kind sir!" He fearfully
Commenced his faltering speech.

"Oh please, kind sir", he said again,
"Our family's had great grief!
My mother's great-aunt's cousin dear
Her sad, sad death did meet."

"So to her funeral I went
Instead of here to school.
I'd like to be excused," he said,
"For the breaking of this rule."

"Oh, no excuse I'll give to thee,"
He said in accents deep,
"For yesterday I chanced to see
You walking down the street.

And by your side a maiden fair
With crimson tam so bright
That everyone did turn to gaze
At this unusual sight."

"With my own eyes I saw you stop
Before the Orpheum.
I heard the shameless damsel say,
'Oh Boy! Ain't we got fun?'

If in the future you would skip
And take a girl with you,
Carefully choose a girl whose hat
Is of a dimmer hue."

Virginia Brennan '23.

Are We Sorry?

Why is it that the upper classmen always feel compelled to belittle the Freshmen? Is it because they have forgotten that they were once Freshmen, or is it because they well remember and are trying to do to others as others did to them? Usually whenever a thing is beneath our notice we pay no attention to it whatever. Not so with the Freshman class, as they come in for their full share of attention. Does this not show that the Freshman class causes the other classes to sit up and take notice? You often hear of the sorrows of a Freshman, but this is just a phrase invented by the upper classmen. The Freshmen really have no sorrow, unless it be sorrow for the Seniors, whose heads are so swelled. It gives us great pleasure to have the upper classmen put so much thought on us, for, if it were not for us, they would have nothing with which to occupy their minds!

I'm not sorry, though I must sign to this the name of

—A Mere Freshman!

Virginia Mumford.

U & I

A Christmas Surprise

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud! Some of you want to spoil it all!"

"There she is now—on the porch! Jim, get away from the fireplace. She might see you through the window."

The footsteps on the porch were coming nearer and nearer. Aunt Lucy was now at the door. The boys were breathless and excited as they heard the door knob turn. A thrill of suppressed emotion overcame them as Aunt Lucy entered. The next moment seemed an hour to the boys as they waited. Scarcely had Aunt Lucy turned on the light, when she heard a chorus of "Merry Christmas!" She was so surprised to hear the greetings and to see the familiar faces that she fell into a nearby chair quite speechless. The boys then spread before her their little gifts which were truly treasures to Aunt Lucy.

In the midst of the display of gifts, a knock was heard upon the door. Aunt Lucy opened it and a hackman, loaded with grips and bundles, entered. A gasp escaped everyone as a tall and rather handsome man followed the hackman.

All were spellbound. Then deep tears welled up in Aunt Lucy's eyes as she clasped the strong young form of her son in her weak arms. The fires were burning low in her feeble body, but yet her wrinkled old face lighted with a joy that passes beyond understanding—the light of a mother's love.

Erwin Latowsky '22.

U & I

"There Isn't Any Santa Claus"

There isn't any Santy Claus—Don't tell me that! Can't I remember Christmas after Christmas when he has come and left us good things? One year I remember better than any other. I must have been about five years old. The afternoon before Christmas we decorated the tree—bright, shiny balls, tinsel everywhere, but best of all, a big Santa Claus for the very top—almost touching the ceiling. When evening came and we were ready for bed, we hung our stockings in a row in front of the fireplace—first a long one, then a middle-sized one, and then a little one. The middle one was mine. It was a cold night and we thought Santa might be cold when he came. Mama made a cup of hot cocoa and this, with some crackers and a "Merry Christmas to Santa Claus", we placed beside the fire.

Next morning we were up bright and early. Santa had been there! There was a candy cane and a crisp dollar bill hanging from each of our stockings—no time to look farther in those yet! There under the tree was a beautiful big doll—and it said, "Mama"!

"There isn't any Santy Claus?" If you need further proof that there is one, let me tell you what happened. There from the fireplace, the crackers were gone and the cocoa cup was empty.

Catherine Barr '22.

Senior Class

Senior Class Notes

At the first class meeting, held September 14th, the following Senior officers were elected: President, Kenneth Lunceford and Secretary-Treasurer, Genevieve Gere.

A week later we decided to give a party. All members of the school and faculty were invited and, although not as many responded as we had hoped for, those who came enjoyed themselves. At this second class meeting we also agreed on gold and brown as class colors and fixed class dues at 50 cents per month. We chose Miss McHarry and Miss McCammon as our class advisors.

The next question brought up before the class was that of publishing a school magazine. Dr. Paul gave us some valuable advice about advertising and helped us with his ideas. The staff, including nearly every member of the class, was elected and the results — you may judge for yourselves.

Genevieve Gere, Secretary.

"U AND I" STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF_____*Katharine Schmidt*
BUSINESS MANAGER_____*Kenneth Lunceford*

Literary Editor_____Gladys Shutt
Art Editor_____Genevieve Gere
Joke Editor _____Catherine Barr
Athletic Editor_____Harold Lewis
Calendar Editor_____Helen Duffy
Exchange Editor__Dorothy Brooks
Ad Solicitor_____Roberta Moore
Ad Solicitor_____Eleanor Bogart

EDITORIALS

School Spirit

A foolish old fox in a fen
Gets up with a shout now and then,
And beats with his paws
In the wildest applause,
And cries, "Hip-hooray!"
Just delighted because
He is an old fox in a fen.

Are we all just "old foxes in a fen"? Any of us can give

a "chee-hee" or "nine rahs" for the school, but what does it mean to us? A little satisfaction, perhaps, in thinking we have done our duty, but it does not make our school a winning school, give us successful social functions, or a high scholastic standing.

Our building and our faculty are the best to be found anywhere. It is up to the students to put life into the school. We must have whole-hearted co-operation in everything, from everybody. When some of the students form a team—we cannot all be on one team—the rest of us can do as much to make our school a vital element in our community as the ones actually contesting. Our attendance, our yells, our songs, our entire attitude are considered. These can spur the team on to victory or let it become discouraged and fail. If we are backing the team, even though they are fighting in the face of defeat, we will retain our dignity as a worth-while school.

We are delighted because we are students in University High School. Then let's not just get up and clap our hands, but let's make our parties show that we are glad we are here. If everyone takes part, then everyone will have a good time, everyone will go away enthusiastic, and everyone will want to come back again.

When we are backing our teams, and enjoying our parties, knowing that they cannot be equalled elsewhere, then we will naturally want our grades and our conduct to meet a standard which will be a credit to our school.

We have chosen for our motto "Unity of Spirit." School spirit in our various activities has already been considered. After school spirit has been aroused, it is then necessary that we all work together for the fulfillment of our motto—we must emphasize the word "together". We will then have real school spirit. Our songs and cheers will mean something; not be idle "Hip-hoorays!"

C.B. 22.

———— U & I ————

In "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "To brag little, to show well, to crow gently if in luck, to pay up, to own up, and to shut up if beaten, are the virtues of a sporting man."

Going through high school is like playing a minor part in a big game. Although we may have only an unimportant part to play, we can play it well. The things we do, the way we do them, and the things we say now, will have a great deal to do in influencing the future spirit of University High School.

We can begin right now to do our best in getting higher grades on our next report cards. If our last report cards were unsatisfactory, let's try to "show up" with some A's and B's next time. Then we will "brag little" at our success but will keep plodding ahead and trying to have even higher grades in the following six weeks.

If it is not possible for us to play basketball with other teams this year, shall we grumble? No, indeed! We can practise hard all this winter and be all the better players next fall. Then we will "crow gently" at our victories and "shut up" at our defeats.

We can report absences and tardiness to the office immediately. If we stayed away from school for our own pleasure, we can say so, and not pretend we were ill. In this way we can "own up" manfully, and "pay up" for our selfishness.

If we learn this from Oliver Wendell Holmes, we will brag little, show well, crow gently if in luck, pay up, own up, and shut up if beaten. Thus we will be playing the game to our best ability.

Ruth Mylius '24.

U & I

A Mere Slip of a Girl

So pretty, charming and so sweet,
A mere slip of a girl;
To see this girl was quite a treat.
A banana peel disturbed her feet—
'Twas a mere slip of a girl.

—Swiped.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Doings

PROLOGUE

Following, you will find our best attempt to tell the news of our class.
After you read it, you may think perhaps our heads are made of brass;
But judge us gently, boys and girls, if poets you may be,
For some day we may be as grand and illustrious as ye.

THE ELECTION

Once on a September morning in 1921,
Forced to attend a meeting, we arose before the sun.
The sky was dark, and from heavy rain our umbrellas formed our protection,
As we slowly wended our way to the Sophomore class election.
Dwight Hubbart was made president, our "vice" was Charlie Miller.
The ballots came in fast, but Dot, our "sec", stood like a pillar.
Roy Barnes was made our treasurer, to hold our petty cash,
Mr. Foster was made our adviser wise, in case we acted rash.

THE PARTY

At seven some of us were there; our guests were due at eight.
'Twas the Sophomore-Senior party; we hoped they'd not be late.
The programs bore our colors gay, the purple and the gold,
There were music, games and dancing, later doughnuts and cider cold.

THE PAPER

The journalistic efforts of our Sophomore classes
Are given in Assemblies to the laddies and the lasses.
"Sophomore Pickups" and "Tiny Illini" are greeted with a cry,
In them you'll find the news and jokes of University High.

EPILOGUE

We may not be illustrious; fame may not be for us,
But, as everybody knows, we do not make a fuss.
We try our best to get some A's, and sometimes we succeed,
But when we fail we do not complain. Some day we'll take the lead.

U & I

History of Class of '23

A band of pilgrims were toiling along the highway on a hot September day. They were looking for the House of Preparation for Higher Learning, which was on the way to Knowledge. They had traveled a long way and weariness and discouragement had chased the smiles from their faces, and the laugh from their lips. But soon they came in view of a magnificent building where walks glistened in the sun. They stopped to admire it and exclaimed over its beauty. "What building is this?" they asked one another.

"It is the House of Preparation for Higher Learning on the way to Knowledge," said a passerby.

The tired pilgrims gave shouts of joy, for their search was at an end, and happily trooped in at the open door. Inside they saw a man sitting at a desk. One of the bolder pilgrims stepped forward and said, "We are a band of pilgrims who

have come from many different places, and we wish to see the Master of the House who will show us the Way to Knowledge."

"I am the master of this house, and I welcome you gladly," said the man. "But the way which I will show you has never been trod before; so I bid you go carefully and set an example for those who are to follow. You will get your provisions from the dispensers of learning, but their gifts are only to the deserving and are difficult to obtain. I give you my good wishes and name you the Class of '23.

So with courage and determination they started upon their way. Then one day one said that they should have some one to lead them away from the highway occasionally and into the meadows to rest and make merry. They should also have their colors and motto by which they would be distinguished from other pilgrim bands. After much deliberation they chose Margaret Cavanaugh, a dark-eyed, merry pilgrim, as Mistress of their Revels, Josephine Eden as her assistant, and Leslie Wheaton as custodian of the treasury. Their colors were crimson and gray, and their motto was "Possumus quia posse videmur." As Hallowe'en was approaching, they planned a great revel to which they invited their fellow travelers, the Master of the House of Preparation, and the Dispensers of Learning. The night of their fete, they came dressed in strange and wierd costumes so that they did not know each other. They danced to gay music, had their fortunes told and drank magic brew.

The next day they started on their way with lightened hearts and happy memories, and with determination to keep steadfastly to their heart's desire.

Virginia Brennan '23.

U & I

Senior Motto:

Early to bed and early to rise,

Work like Helen Advertise.

Will You Ever Forget—

The time that we first discovered that Mr. Williams was an adept at taking water fed to him from a spoon by Eleanor Bogart at the Senior party? That was Saturday evening, October 1st. Yes, the Seniors gave a fine party for the students and faculty, didn't they? My, how the faculty swarmed to the first party of the season—in fact, the first party ever given by University High! Wasn't it fun to see them off their dignity, scrambling wildly for a chair in the game of "musical chairs," perhaps known as "Going to Jerusalem"? Those Seniors provided some good dance records, too, if you noticed.

The night of the Sophomore party, October 15th, when they entertained the Seniors and Faculty, how Kenneth Lunceford nearly wore himself out on the dance floor substituting for the boys who were conspicuous by their absence! There were games for those who didn't care to dance, and doughnuts with whipped cream and cider served as refreshments for everybody.

What a creepy feeling you had at the Junior All-School party October 29th, when Miss McHarry proved her ability in telling that awful ghost story? And how chagrined you felt when you found that mask concealed a boy and you had thought him a girl all the time? And didn't you enjoy the dancing and the games that evening? (Sh-h-h! Say, what'd the fortune-teller tell you?) Wouldn't you like to have more parties like them?

How it did rain November 18th when the teachers held open house for visiting teachers at the conference? It didn't seem to dampen the spirits of the crowd anyway, for they seemed to enjoy it. They simply had to go all through our building, for those Seniors kept them going, and, besides, they couldn't have the "eats" till the very last thing. It paid in the end, too.

How that same evening the rain poured down in torrents, and, in spite of the fact, the Cantata "The Walrus and the Carpenter" was successfully presented before the Conference visitors at the Auditorium. It was given by the Urbana, Mon-

ticello, St. Joseph, and University High Schools under the supervision of Miss Phillips, our music instructress.

The new President of Classic Club, Katharine Schmidt's saying we would "meet three times a week on Thursdays" which was translated as meaning "every three weeks"? December 1st was the first meeting of the club and was under the direction of Mr. Foster and Miss Bowlus. Mr. Foster gave an illustrated talk on the "Excavations of Ancient Greece". Officers were elected as follows: President, Katharine Schmidt; Vice-President, Gladys Shutt; Secretary, Ruth Mylius and Treasurer, Dwight Hubbart. The club is open to all who are interested.

—Gladys Shutt '22.

U & I

Exchanges

"U. and I." acknowledges the receipt of exchanges from the following schools:

Horace Mann School, New York City, N. Y.
Soldan High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Central High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Country Day School, St. Louis, Mo.
Clayton High School, Clayton, Mo.
Champaign High School, Champaign, Ill.
Urbana High School, Urbana, Ill.
Hinsdale Township High School, Hinsdale, Ill.

Our youthfulness forbids our making comments upon those who are "older and wiser than we", but we hope to grow in powers of discernment, as well as in years.

?

..AND FLICKERS

Go, little joshes, go!
To you I've no more claim.
I hope that everywhere you've "went",
They'll be glad that you "have came."

U & I

Half a shirt, half a shirt, half a shirt homeward.
Back from the wash—there were six to be laundered;
Holes in the right of them, buttons were left off them;
Pins were all over them, five or six hundred.
Mine's not to make reply, mine's but to go and buy
Lay in a new supply—each time they are laundered.

U & I

Our Zoo

Chimpanzee—Harold Fraley
Giraffe—Leo Deahl
Bantam rooster—Tom Kane
Kitten—Irene Edwards
Peacock—Dwight Hubbart
Hippopotamus—
Carl Peterson
Flea—Donald Busey
Baby Elephant—
Frances Mann
Bear—Don Stoltey
Lizazrd—Frances Heinz
Parrot—Amy Turner
Hyena—Kenneth Lunceford
Owl—Junior Mumford

U & I

"A kiss," said young Charles, "is a noun we allow,
But tell me, my dear, is it proper or common?"
Lovely Mary blushed deep and exclaimed, "Why, I vow,
I think that a kiss is both proper and common."

U & I

John (translating in Spanish :—" 'Thrice I put my arms about her'—that's as far as I got, Miss Smith."

Heard in the Halls

Boy:—What makes you feel so good?
Girl:—What makes you feel so good?
Boy:—I had gym this morning.
Girl:—I had Jim last night.

U & I

Don, Spider or Heinie?

Those active appendages which he employed for purposes of locomotion seemed excessively elongated.

U & I

A Teddy Bear sat on the ice,
As cold as cold could be.
But soon he up and walked away,
"My tale is told," said he.

—Hinsdale "Log".

U & I

Our Walking Advertisements

Betty Wales Dresses——Virginia Brennan
Kuppenheimer, Good Clothes——James Frailey
Vanity Fair——Henry Elwell
Arrow Collars——John Strabel
Lash-brow-ine——Martha Harker
Melba Bandoline——Genevieve Gere
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil——Katharine Schmidt
Woodbury's Soap——Margaret Cavanaugh
"A skin you love to touch"
Pompeian Bloom——Frances Mann
Kryptock Spectacles——Harold Maddock
Oldsmobile Cars——Forrest Oakes
Jello——Agnes Johnston
Campbell's Soups——Thomas Kane
Fatimas——Harold Lewis

Love Story

Chapter I —Maid one
Chapter II —Maid won
Chapter III—Made one

U & I

"Well, I never," was his comment,
When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

U & I

Little Willie, sad to tell,
Pushed his sister in the well.
Mother said, in drawing water,
"My, it's hard to raise a daughter."

U & I

Tommy Kane:—I don't see anything to laugh at.
Heinie:—Well, you're not standing where I am.

U & I

This Takes the Hand-Painted Coffee Pot

Judge:—Are you married?
Swede:—Ya.
Judge:—To whom?
Swede:—To a woman.
Judge:—Is there anyone who did not marry a woman?
Swede:—Ya. My sister married a man.

—St. Louis Scrip.

U & I

Geneveive Gere:—What's the name of those things Mr. Smith was telling us about this morning?

Catherine Barr:—Why er-er microbes.

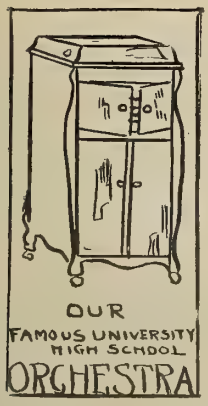
U & I

Miss McCammon:—I can't imagine two people living together for sixty years!

U & I

Miss Batterton:—What is a polygon?

Bud Shaff—A dead parrot.



Williams
SmitH
McHarrY

BoWlus
BEatty

Foster
BelL
BraUcher
McCammoN
Knox

Brotherly Love

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday School teacher:—"And Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year."

———— U & I ————

What Makes Lip-Stick?

Chemistry (?) Experiment:—It has been found that when potassium iodine (KI) unites with two molecules of sulphur (S) under pressure, KI unites with 2S to form a KISS. No violent explosion takes place although there is a slight sound not unlike a low fizzle. It is essential that this experiment be performed in a dim light.

———— U & I ————

Harold Frailey:—Don, your feet are not mates.

D. Busey:—Why not?

H. Frailey:—Because one's right and one's left.

———— U & I ————

Tom Kane:—Which side of the street do you live on?"

Genevieve Gere:—On either side. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left.

Her father suddenly appeared
And filled them both with wild alarm.
"This conference, it seems to me,
Has lasted long enough," said he.
"Will you young people please disarm?"

——— U & I ———

"You know, Tom, I speak as I think."
"Yes, dear, only more often."

——— U & I ———

Hilda:—Which way do you screw the barometer when you want it to be clear weather?

——— U & I ———

Dear Teacher:—Please excuse Ruth, she fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,

—Her Mother.

——— U & I ———

"Did you know they used to fight in pajamas in the olden days?"

"Impossible!"

"It says right here that ye goode King Arthur went forth to battle with his royal knightyes."

—Hinsdale "Log".

——— U & I ———

"Did you hear about the man who swallowed his spoon?"

"No, what happened?"

"He can't stir."

——— U & I ———

Algebra teacher:—No matter how many times one divides a given distance in halves, he can never reach the end.

First Voice:—Then if you were taking your girl home and kept going one-half of the remaining distance each time would you ever get there?

Second Voice:—No, but you could get close enough for all practical purposes.

It Really Happened

Heinie (in history class) :—Don's a good center—I played with him last night.

Mr. Foster:—What did you play?

Heinie:—Assistant water boy.

———— U & I ————

Mr. Foster:—Now you boys can imagine how you would have felt if you had lived in Virginia and hadn't seen a woman for thirteen years.

Don Busey:—It wouldn't bother me a bit.

———— U & I ————

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views,
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we do not use.

Christmas Footwear
for the Whole Family

"Footwear the most appropriate gift." You've heard that from times immemorial. Trite but true. Nothing so completely answers every desirable gift requirement.

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Evening Slippers, Comfy Slippers, Boudoir Slippers, Buckles, Goloshes, Silk Hosiery, Wool Hosiery, Spats.

FOR HIM

Dancing Oxfords, Comfy Slippers, Lea House Slippers, Wool Hosiery, Silk Hosiery.

KIDDIES

Comfy Slippers Storm Boots.

SHOE PRICES ARE BACK TO NORMAL

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FRUIT CAKES MADE TO ORDER

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For him, for her for the car

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2

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CHAMPAIGN,
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U. and I.

University High School Magazine

Published by the Senior Class

June, 1922

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Number Two of Volume One

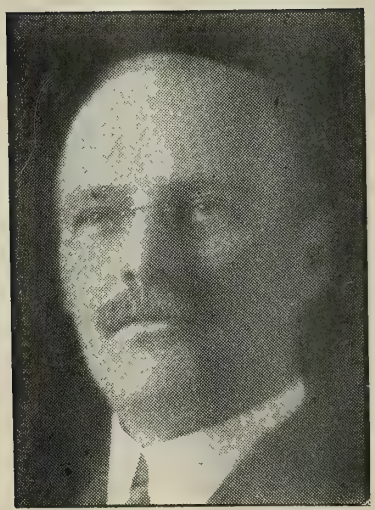
To Miss McCammon and Miss McHarry

Our Faculty Advisers and Friends,

We, the Class of '22, dedicate this Magazine

Greetings

From the Class of '22



Charles E. Chadsey
Dean of the College of Education

School of Education,
University of Illinois.—17

On the edge of our beautiful campus
  Stands this building so stately and fair
A monument builded to learning
  A palace for scholars to share.

Without, its Gothic arches point
  Toward the sky of azure blue;
Within, its marble halls and stairways
  Gleam with a pallid hue.

'Tis here we make our friendships,
  And here our books we ply.
We pledge our loyalty to thee,
  Our school—our own U. High!

—Roberta Moore '22.

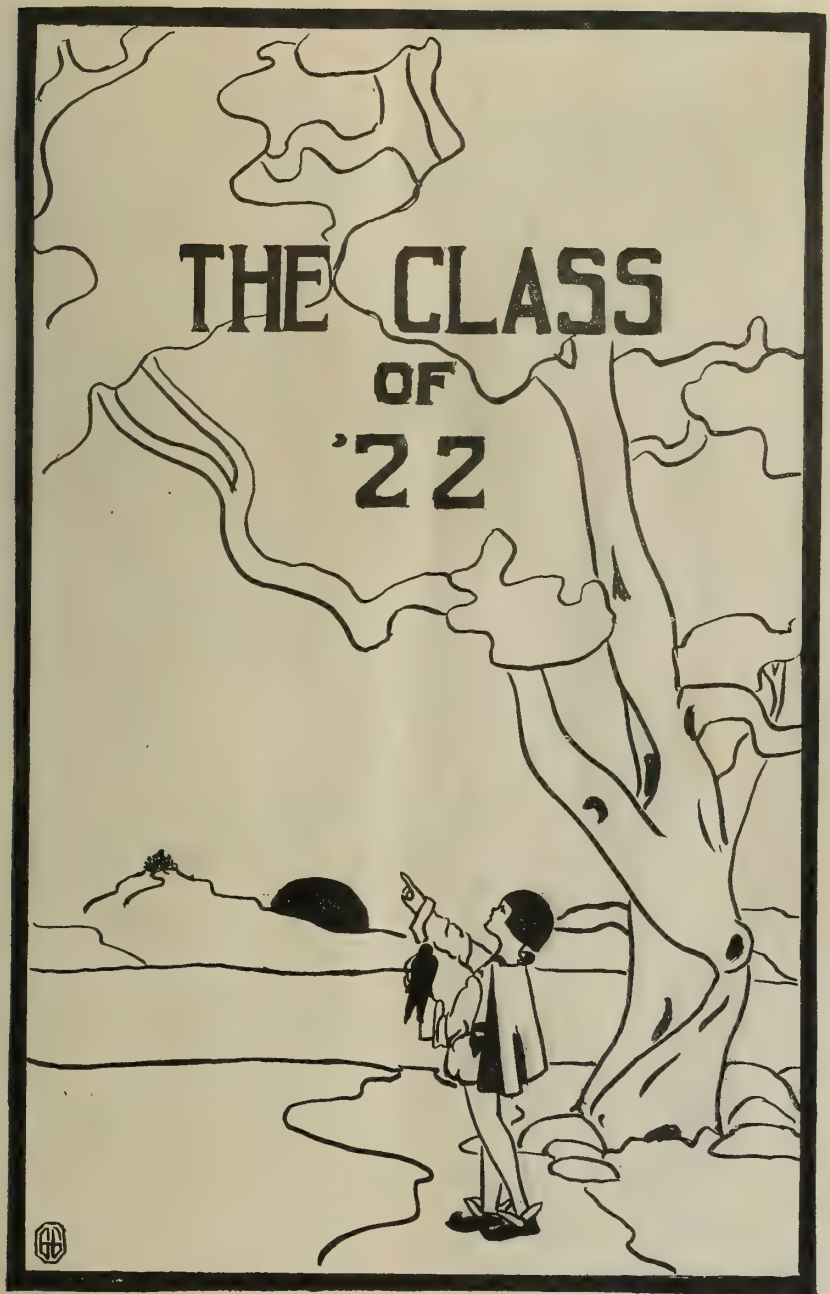
Top Row — Braucher, Bowlus, Foster, Williams (Principal), McCammon, Phillips, Croxton, Robinson, Smith.
Bottom Row—Beatty, Bell, McHarry, Batterton, Sankee.

Let all the other schools debate
From early morn 'till evening late
About their faculties sedate.
It makes no diff'rence how they prate,
For we've the best found in the state
At Uni. High.

Greatest pals that we've found yet,
Truer friends we've never met,
Taught us things we won't forget—
We're leaving them with deep regret
To reach the goal which they have set
At Uni. High.

Truly we know that under the sun
Are no finer folks—excepting none.
We've had our trials, had our fun.
When all is said and all is done,
We say, "God bless 'em, everyone!"
Our Faculty.

Gladys Shutt '22.


THE CLASS
OF
'22

CATHERINE BARR

"Come and trip it as we go, on the light fantastic toe."

GENEVIEVE GERE

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art."

GEORGE REX

"I love my wife still."

ELEANOR BOGART

"All eyes you draw and with the eyes the heart."

IRENE EDWARDS

"Dignity be hanged."

Dorothy Brooks

"The finest garden in her looks and in her mind the finest books."

Helen Duffy

"Congenial and friendly, tho' not in a too forward manner."

Julian Taylo

"Great men are always of a nature melancholy."

Gladys Shutt

"Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtility of intellect."

Martha Harker

"The enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth."

JOSEPHINE EDEN

"I do not own an inch of land, but all I see is mine."

TOM BRELSFORD

"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

ROBERTA MOORE

"Her beauty makes this vault a feasting place full of light."

ERVIN LATOWSKY

"I am a gentleman of blood or breeding."

BERNICE HUDDLESTON

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in a woman."

Class of 1922

One fair May day a little gray mouse, cowering in a corner of a corridor in the University High School building, overheard this:

"Hello, kids; why so sad?"

"Oh, we're thinking about the eighth of June and what it will mean to us. We'll be out of High School for always and always; the good times we've had here will all be over; and we'll probably not see one another again for a blue moon. Oh, dear, isn't it awful?"

"We've had some good times here ,haven't we?"

"We surely have. Do you remember the first day here when most of us wandered around and looked at the others—each one waiting for the other to speak?"

"Will we ever forget that memorable day, September twelfth?"

"And our first class meeting when we elected Kenneth Lunceford President and Genevieve Gere Secretary-Treasurer."

"And the first Senior party and the three hundred sandwiches that were left! We certainly had great expectations that night!"

"I think our class colors—orange and brown—are pretty, don't you?"

"I surely do," some one began when he was interrupted by a chirpy voice:

"Doesn't it give you a good feeling, kids, to think it was our class, the first class, that started the Senior magazine, the school seal, the design for the class pin, the Senior play, and Class Day?"

"I wonder if the Seniors twenty years from now will praise us as much as we feel we deserve for our efforts?"

"I don't know about that, but I doubt if their Junior-Senior banquet will be one-half as good as ours. It certainly was a success!"

"Didn't the list of Seniors published this semester surprise you though? We had to have another election for President. Catherine Barr was elected this time."

"Don't you like our invitations? We sure will feel dig-

nified in our caps and gowns Commencement time, won't we? I wonder if the caps will be the right size?"

"Let's hope so. Oh, here comes Miss McHarry. She and Miss McCammon have been awfully good advisors, haven't they? That party they gave for the Seniors was as much a success as the Junior-Senior banquet, wasn't it?"

The gathering moved away to meet Miss McHarry, and the little gray mouse seized the oportunity to make a hasty retreat.

—Helen Duffy '22.

Salutatory

In behalf of the Class of 1922, I welcome you. We have reached the milestone commonly called commencement. We realize that many classes have walked on similar paths, but that none have passed just this way before, and as we pause here, with the next stretch of the road in view, it is well that we consider how the past four years have prepared us for the things which lie before.

During these years of preparation, we have studied the fundamental principles upon which life and livelihood are based, and at the same time we have learned to apply these principles in the acceptance of our privileges and responsibilities as high school students. We have come to realize that to value happiness we must meet disappointment, that to enjoy leisure we must know labor, and that to appreciate success we must experience failure. We have been taught that either in happiness or disappointment, in leisure or in labor, in success or failure, we must regulate our conduct and our desires in such a way that they will be in harmony with those of our associates. With these lessons learned, we are ready to step forward. We appreciate the part that each of you, our parents, teachers, and friends, has taken in our preparation; and we welcome you to this, our commencement, the first annual commencement of the University of Illinois High School.

Catherine Barr '22.

Prophecy and Will

Time—June 8, 1942; 8:30 P. M.

Place—Brelsfordiski Ballet Boudoir.

Occasion—Three members of the Class of 1922 met as they had promised each other to make radio connections with the rest of the class to find what each is doing.

Characters—Thomasi Brelsfordiski,
Thelma Bernyce Huddlestone,
Sister Mary Irene Edwards.

THOMASI (tripping gracefully over to the divan): "My, twenty years have passed since the Class of '22 graduated from that famous institution, University High. There were only thirteen of us and I wonder if that has made any of us unlucky. I know I never dreamed of ever being so lucky as to have a ballet troupe. Especially, in that tiny old village, Philo. Ye Gods! Such an existence!"

SISTER MARY IRENE (as she folded her hands meekly in her lap): "I have been struggling years to uplift the fallen. But the task seems almost too great."

THOMASI: "Cheer up old sport, Thelme will be with us in a few minutes. She'll bring up the high lights, but little did we dream she'd ever enter the Follies."

(Thelme comes tripping in and hugs Sister Mary Irene): "Late, as usual! Why, Irene, what in the world has come over you? You aren't like you used to be."

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Yes, I have come to my senses at last and am leading the only true life."

THOMASI (goes over to the table to tune up the radio phone): "Let's get busy and tune up the phone. Oh, say, you remember Catherine Barr, the president of our class, is my assistant, and you remember my old friend, Tarzan?"

THELME: "He willed that name to Junior Mumford, who sure made a good one."

THOMASI: "Don't butt in; I was going to tell you, Julian is quite famous. He has beaten us all by getting into '*Who's Who.*'"

THELME: (Giggles).

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Well, there is really one member

who has done something to get into '*Who's Who*'. What did he do?"

THOMASI: "He rode his bicycle from coast to coast in a week."

THELME: "Ha! Ha! That's rich!"

(Sister Mary Irene gives a deep sigh of disappointment).

THOMASI: "Oh! here comes our first message! From Africa!"

THELME: "Good night! Who's playing with the animals?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Dear me!"

RADIO: "A missionary in Africa, Genevieve Gere."

SISTER MARY IRENE: "So it's Genevieve? She was such a dear girl. I know she brightens the lives of the heathens by her sweet smile and sunny disposition."

THELME: "Don't you remember that she was always with Catherine Barr and they were forever eating butterscotch, which privilege they permitted Hattie Jackson and Amy Turner to take."

THOMASI: "Gee! That must be an exciting life. Here's our second message!"

THELME: "Whew! They're bombarding us fast and thick."

RADIO: "Nurse girl of great grandson of John P. Morgan, Long Island.—Eleanor Bogart."

THELME: "Can you imagine yourself leading a life chasing after brats?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Oh that would be adorable. I know she is happy because she loved to play in gym and would wave her arms madly about."

THOMASI: "That was the Jane with the natural rosy cheeks, wasn't ——"

THELME: "Uh-huh! She willed that trait of beauty to Ruth Mylius, poor girl, who was always so pale and lifeless."

THOMASI: "Be still! Wow! Here comes one from Italy."

THELME: "Gee! they're scattered all over the world, even if there were only thirteen in our class."

RADIO: "A member of the Passion Play—Dorothy Brooks."

THELME: "Golly, we turned out to be a pious bunch, aye, Thomasi? I guess we're the only black sheep of the bunch."

SISTER MARY IRENE: "The dear girl, I know that she was so impressed by the Passion plays she saw abroad the summer after graduation, that she joined them."

THOMASI: "I remember the wonderful destructive ability she had in chemistry. She bestowed that blessing on Margaret Cavanaugh. Here's a message from Savoy!"

THELME: "Holy Mackerel; let me get a hold of it and see who's skipping the gay old life there."

RADIO: "Social leader and Belle of Savoy—Martha Harker."

(Thelme laughs hilariously).

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Oh, how differently that sounds from our sweet little Martha, the baby of our Senior Class."

THELME: *"Ho, Ho!* That's rich! She gave that title to la petite Frances Mann.

THOMASI: "Well, la petite Frances Mann certainly was deserving of that title, all right."

THELME: "Be still! Here comes one from Urbanie."

RADIO: "Model for Hart, Schaffner and Marx Company—George Rex, Jr."

THELME: "What a model!"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "George was always so imaculate."

THOMASI: "Don't you remember the shadow on his upper lip?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Oh, yes, I recall that he willed it to Leslie Wheaton."

THELME: "Oh, I forgot to tell you I have a piece of the rarest news. Don't you remember Helen Duffy, who was always so shy of men? She is the million dollar vamp of Hollywood,"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "How could that dear sweet girl have ever degenerated so? 'So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are, for blood it defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.'"

THOMASI: "Well, Sister Irene, this is not a church and ——"

THELME: "Here, Sister Irene, forget the troubles of the world. Say, don't you want to listen over the radio now?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Yes, I think I do."

RADIO: "Champaign—am living at home with my parents, and am riding around in an aeroplane, letting the sweet notes of music float from the heavens above, in sweetness to the earth beneath.—Roberta Moore."

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Ye Gods and holy catfish! If that ——"

THOMASI: "Hold! Hold! There Sister Irene. Don't get too excited and swear for us."

THELME: "Peace! Peace! Stranger things than that have happened."

THOMASI: "Well, we have only one more message. Wonder where it will be from?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "I do hope the thirteenth person is really doing something worth while."

RADIO: "Mahomet—Inventor and saleslady of Miraculous Freckle Lotion, *Lemon Dew*—Gladys Shutt."

THELME: "Best yet! Wandering from door to door selling freckle lotion. Ha! Ha!"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "Poor girl, that sure is a hard life."

THELME: "She certainly was blessed with freckles, and let's see—she passed them on to Roberta Glenn. But I always did think Gladys needed something for her freckles, and at last she has invented a remedy herself."

THOMASI: "Well, so ends the first twenty years. I do not think any of us have been unlucky. Rawther a fawncy time, don't you think?"

SISTER MARY IRENE: "May their lives be ever clean, and may St. Peter present Class '22 at the door of Eternity—that's what I hope and pray."

IRENE EDWARDS, Chairman.
BERNICE HUDDLESTON.
TOM BRELSFORD.

Hatchet Oration

As I stopped to rest one morning,
Stopped to rest, and think, and study,
I beheld a Red man coming,
Coming down the lane before me.
Dim and ghostly was his figure;
Slow and stately was his manner
As he turned to look behind him;
Sweet and friendly was his greeting
As he came to sit beside me.
Simply did he reach his hands forth,
Gladly did I give mine to him
As he looked down smiling, saying—
"Welcome to thee, O, my daughter
And the young men and the women
That have come to be among us!
Welcome to the new Illini
That have come to join our warriors!
Many moons have I been wand'ring.
Through good fortune and through trials
Have I dwelt here, o'er this campus,
Many marvels, many wonders,
Have I seen and puzzled over.
In my youth these very meadows,
Filled with grasses and with forests,
Gave to us our joy of living,
Gave my tribe its fame and honor,
Gave us dreams and many visions
Of great deeds we would accomplish
For the Great Soul of Illini.
Though the white man has usurped us
Taken from us all our lodges,
Taken of our dreams and longings,
All the best of that within us,
And by magic and by wisdom
Has surpassed our poor achievements
And has further'd towards completion
That which was past understanding,
Still our legends and our customs

Live today in all their splendor,
And our very thoughts and standards
Live as symbols of our valor,
In these passing generations
I have watched and guarded over.
Ever have I found the spirit
Of our tribe, the old Illini;
Ever have I found the spirit
Of this land that taught us courage,
In these ranks of white Illini
That have passed beneath my guidance.
Now you come to join our numbers,
Now your new blood comes to strengthen,
And I've asked myself this question—
"Will they triumph o'er misfortune?"

As I watched the old chief talking,
As I felt his deep emotion,
Then my heart was glad within me,
For I knew that we, my comrades,
Had to his traditions measured.
As I turned again to listen,
I beheld this battered hatchet,
Smeared and cut from ancient usage,
In the hands of the old chieftain.
Solemnly he gave it to me,
Wonderingly did I accept it,
'Till the old chief spake in this wise:
"Through the year that's past, my daughter,
I have guarded o'er your testing,
Unseen have I dwelt among you,
Unseen have I given to you
Aid and healing in your trials.
Now I give to you this hatchet,
Emblem of the old Illini,
Emblem of our faith and virtue,
Emblem of our truth and valor.
Even as the old chiefs gave it
In by-gone days, to youthful leaders
Do I give you now this hatchet

As the emblem of my trusting."
Then he 'rose up and departed.
I could not find words to stay him,
I could only grasp my treasure,
This, the hatchet that he gave me.

Ah, so soon the world has called us!
Ah, so soon we needs must yield it,
Our reward for faith and courage,
This, the hatchet that he gave us.
Still its meaning shall not leave us,
Still its spirit shall not wither.
It has taught us love and honor
We shall ever carry with us
Through the world whose call we answer.
May this trophy of ours guide you,
You who follow in our footsteps.
May you never stain the honor
That we give you now, unsullied.
May you know when you are troubled
This will solve your every problem,
This will heal your pain and sorrow,
For it came from one who guards you,
One who taught us love and honor,
One who never will forsake you,
Noble Spirit of Illini!

GENEVIEVE GERE '22.

Junior Response

Worthy Senior of Illini!
You the chosen of the chieftain,
Of the great Illini chieftain,
To receive his ancient token
Of the Spirit of Illini,
We, the Juniors of Illini
Honor and respect you greatly,
Praise your zeal and your devotion
To the trust which you've been given.

We admire the great achievements
Of your past year as Illini,
First and last year as Illini,
Nobly have you done your mission,
Triumphed over every hardship;
And we bow our heads in worship,
And we bend our knees in homage,
Homage to the mighty victors
The first heroes of Illini.

And your names shall live forever,
Have first place in our traditions,
Be the foremost in our history.

And the deeds you have accomplished
Will not pass away forgotten,
But your names will be emblazoned
On our memory forever,
But your fame will be passed downward.
They shall hear, and they will bless you.

Proudly we accept the challenge
Of the great chief of Illini;
Gladly do we take this token
Of the Spirit of Illini.
The great weapon of the chieftain
Which has been in many battles,
Has been stained with blood of many
Many famous Indian chieftains,
Many fierce and painted warriors
It has sent to rest defeated.
It shall be a magic symbol,
And within its charmed dominion
Bitterness will never enter.
It will ward away all evil
Hate and envy ne'er will enter,
Ne'er will dare to cross the threshold
Guarded by this mighty emblem.
Diligence and true endeavor
Toward a high and noble purpose,
And democracy and pleasure—
All will dwell in peace together

In our stately halls forever.
How our hearts thrill to behold it,
To behold this glorious token
Of the great chief's mighty challenge!

How our souls are filled with rapture
At the trust which we've been given!
How our souls are filled with longing
To prove worthy of this honor!

Now one last farewell, O Seniors,
As you sail into life's ocean,
Sail into the Sea of Struggles,
Sail on to the land of Doing.
We will carry on your mission
With a strong and dauntless spirit;
We will struggle to do better
Every simple daily duty,
Striving always to be worthy
E'en as you were always worthy.

And this toast to you, O Seniors,
Let us give before our parting,
Give before we part forever.
May you find in life great blessings,
May you bear your hardships bravely;
Wish you wealth, success, and honor;
May you live your lives as upright
As the great chiefs of Illini;
May your names be as untarnished
As this token which you cherish,
To the coming high school students,
To the long, long line of students
That shall come and go forever.
They shall hear of your achievements
How you set the campus customs,
The unwritten rules of students;
How you set a great example
So that everyone might follow,
Everyone who struggles bravely,
Everyone whose heart is fearless,
Everyone whose faith is boundless

And whose goal is e'er before him,
Everyone who wishes truly
To become a worthy student,
To fulfill all obligations
And line up to that high standard
Which you nobly set before us,
Great in learning, strong in friendship,
In athletics ever leading,
Full of pride and praise and honor
Of our great and mighty high school,
Ever adding to its glory,
Ever doing feats of greatness
With one thought before them always,
That of University High School.
All of this, O mighty Seniors,
Token of Illini High School.

VIRGINIA BRENNAN '23.

Senior Class Poem

How pleasant the hillside we're leaving
On whose slopes the soft breezes blow
And waft the sweet odors and perfumes
That make us regretful to go—
Regretful to go from this hillside
On which sweet forget-me-nots grow.
The road beyond does not seem easy—
Our climbing o'er rocks may be slow;
Yet turn now we must to the mountains
And leave the smooth foothills below.
We are hopeful, for far in the distance
Through the haze that is hovering low,
We behold the bright gleam of the summits.
Our future is there! We must go!

—GLADYS SHUTT '22.

Valedictory

"Alas! by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet,
Then part forever on their courses fleet."

Certainly fate has been thoughtless of us to decree that we thirteen Seniors should be brought together for only one short year, a second in life's hour. During this year we have undertaken similar tasks; we have acquired interests in common; we have been of mutual benefit to each other; we have formed associations which will long remain dear to us; yet the effects of these influences will be measured by our individual differences.

In this period we have been developing a power of will, an attitude of mind, which will have much to do in determining the measure of our future successes. The gain or loss to us, as travellers along life's highway, will not be so much affected by the storms, though they may be numerous, or by the irregularities, though they may be unexpected, since we have succeeded in bearing well our high school responsibilities.

In this parting, members of the Class of 1922, let us keep the faith of friendship and cherish the worth of ideals which have come to us as we have been together. Let us value the memory of our one short year at University High School, the time when we have been setting our sails.

"One ship drives east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That determines the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate,
As we journey along thru life;
'Tis the set of the soul, and not the goal,
That determines the calm or the strife."

Valedicto! I say farewell!

—George Rex, Jr., '22.

Activities

One nice afternoon not long ago, as I was strolling past University High, I could not resist the temptation to walk into the corridor and look around. How different the quiet halls seemed to me! Suddenly I heard a peculiar noise—I can't describe it to you, for I have never heard anything like it before or since. It seemed to come from the very top.

"What can that be?" I said to myself . "Seems queer to hear such a sound in here when it is so quiet. Well, I'll just tip-toe up and see what's the matter."

Cautiously I climbed the stairs hoping not to be heard. When I reached the door and looked in—what do you suppose I saw? Two of the cutest little Echoes sitting on chairs, chatting away. Imagine my surprise—

One of the Echoes said, "Unity of Spirit, what have you been doing these last nine months? I haven't heard a word of you since you came over to University High last fall. Oh, of course, I have ben so busy looking after the Illini over at Uni. Hall that I haven't had time to go visiting; but you, I shouldn't think you would have been very busy, for this is such a new place."

"Busy! that doesn't begin to tell the story. Why, I didn't have a second's rest all year."

"What did you do? Tell me all about it."

And then I listened eagerly for what Unity of Spirit had to say. He began, "As you said Uni. High is a new place. So immediately the youngsters had to begin something. First the Seniors gave a party for everyone. Then the Sophomores followed their example. Not to be outdone the Juniors gave a Hallowe'en party. And I wish you could have seen the cornstalks and pumpkins they hauled up here. I thought this certainly would be one mess. But when they got through it wasn't. Everybody enjoyed himself whole-heartedly.

"Everything went along quietly until Christmas. Then the whole school went together and had an All Christmas Party. King Christmas presided and we felt his genial presence until his throne was usurped by jolly old Santa, who

brought us little red Christmas stockings—then danced gaily to Moore's ten-piece orchestra!

"For a couple of weeks everything was quiet and I took a rest cure during vacation. After the students came back they had much work to do until exams were over. Then they had a Post-Exam Jubilee. In March, the Senior advisors entertained the wonderful Senior class. I wasn't invited but I sneaked in anyway. I wish you could have been there. I can still see Helen Duffy trying to walk the crack with an opera glass. Thomas Brelsford showed table etiquette with his feet, while Edward Olmstead demonstrated how a small boy acts at a wild western movie.

"One day the Sophs up and invited everyone to a party again. Whenever I think about it I almost die a laughing. I can still see Miss Batterton and Mr. Smith flying down the hall doing the suit case race.

"The last big event which I attended was the Junior-Senior Banquet. Say! The eats they had! It makes me hungry whenever I think about it. The whole program went off splendidly. They roasted and roasted everybody. My sides just ached from laughing."

"Did you attend commencement?"

"No! You see, I was called out of town, and I turned my work over to another Echo."

Here the two little people started towards the door.

"You know I wouldn't have come back again," said Unity of Spirit, "but Mr. Williams promised me that under no circumstances would he permit Robert Stebbins and the other boys to play tag in the hall, so I felt safe. You know sometimes I hated to venture into the halls on acount of them. But this first year has been a success with the youngsters, and I would hate not to come back."

I couldn't help but smile to myself at these memories. Do you really think the first year was a success? I'm sure the Echoes do.

—Frances L. Mann '23

Class of '23

"Possumus quia posse videmar." We can because we think we can." Early in the fall we chose officers, decided dues, and all things necessary for a class to be organized. Margaret Cavanaugh was president; Josephine Eden, vice-president; Leslie Wheaton, treasurer; and Virginia Brennan, secretary.

Two of the officers of the Classics Club were Juniors; one of the officers of the Literary Society was in our class too. We were especially proud of two members, Virginia Brennan and Josephine Eden, who wrote one of the school songs.

We gave the Seniors a banquet and I imagine some of them thought old Neptune had punched them with his trident. Anyway we toasted and roasted them thoroughly.

Our class consists of only eleven members, but by co-operation we have been able to do much. Without it we could not have given our parties and banquet. We could not have begun to do the little we did to establish an atmosphere of "unity of spirit." Now we're ready for our "try" at being Seniors. We hope for success next year. —Roberta Glenn '23.

Class of '24

On the twelfth of September, 1921, the first Sophomore Class of University High School enrolled with sixteen members. Soon, however, the ambitious members had a meeting and elected the following officers: Dwight Hubbart, president; Charles Miller, vice-president; Dorothy Bash, secretary; and Roy Barnes, treasurer. Purple and gold were chosen as our class colors, and the yellow rose as our flower. Mr. Foster was appointed as class advisor.

That our class has been loyal and full of school spirit may be seen in the fact that we were the second ones to give a party in our school. At this party we entertained the Seniors and the Faculty.

In the second semester we had the first and only candy-making party given the first year of University High's life. Not long after that we gave a party for the whole school.

Our class has worked hard and faithfully and we have tried to accomplish something worth while in our school year. We have tried at all times to be loyal and to uphold the class and school in every way possible. It has been quite an honor to be members of the first group of people entering University High School.

—Mildred Reeve '24.

PRESIDENT ----------JUNIOR MUMFORD
VICE-PRESIDENT ----------PLUMA REEVE
TREASURER ----------NORMAN WATSON
SECRETARY ----------ELEANOR PARMELEE

Do you know the class to which these people belong? Perhaps not, for we have so recently appeared on the stage. We are made fun of and laughed at, but we do not mind.

Being made fun of, laughed at, and scorned does not help to make one progressive. As a class we have done little. Individually, we feel that we have done much. Many of us have made grades of which to be proud. Few of us have absolutely failed. But more than this, to us, we have become acquainted with high-school life, and no longer belong in the grades. We are now classed as those renowned beings, "High School Students". Sad to say, our class as a whole has done little that compares with our individual records. Early in the year we attempted a class organization. This failed, and no more efforts were made until February at which time we succeeded in accomplishing some things. We elected our present officers and Miss Bell and Mr. Croxton as class advisors.

You say Freshmen are "green". We ask why? You say they are inexperienced and stupid. We no longer are inexperienced. We have not been stupid. A Freshman made the highest average on the mental tests which were given to the entire school. Other Freshmen averaged with the upper ten percent of the Seniors on the achievement tests. Three or four Freshmen made an A in every subject during the first semester, and continue to do so. Several made three A's and one B.

The upper classmen seem to think of us as the most "interferingest things" that are; but just ask yourselves, stern Seniors, scoffing Juniors, and laughing Sophomores, what kind of a high school you would have without us. Everything has a beginning. Even a line of students must start somewhere. We are at the beginning of such a line. The difference between us and you is that you are a step or two nearer the end. Were you never a Freshman? Do not pity us, we pray, for we are glad we are young and carefree and would not be so old and careworn as ye Seniors. Neither do you need to scorn us; for when you feel like teasing or bothering someone, is there not always an obliging Freshman within hailing distance? Is it not reasonable to be grateful? Oh, ye worldly wise upper classmen! Have you not learned, like Burns, that the power

"To see oursel's as ithers see us,
Wad frae mony a blunder free us."

Perhaps we—not as accomplished as ye—have not learned this lesson; but when we have, we shall be no longer Freshmen.

—Agnes Johnston '25.

LITERARY LIGHTS..

Diana and the Monarch

Once upon a time there was a land where the sunshine was always bright and warm, where the grass was always green, where the sky was ever blue and where a soft wind sang in the trees. The people of this land were always happy; they sang all day long at their work or their play. But the King was very old; he could remember when things had not been as they were now.

When the King had been very young, the land was ruled by a kind and noble monarch who was loved by all his subjects, but feared by the little dark people who lived under his kingdom. One day, a witch saw the Monarch's daughter playing in the garden, and she grew very jealous because the princess was so beautiful and so happy. Witch that she was—she went immediately to the underworld and conspired with the little people to overthrow the monarch, and to bring evil to him and all his subjects. While the little people set about making evil preparations, the witch conjured up all her powers. The spirit of evil was quickly borne along to the castle.

The monarch in his castle, beginning to feel chilled, went to the window to call his daughter. When he looked out, though it was not yet noon, he saw the sun sinking over the horizon; the grass was all withered in the garden, the sky became black, and the wind howled around the corners. The Princess Diana came running to him in great terror. Men and women ceased to sing at their work, but called their children to them and stayed close to their homes. As soon as an alarm could be sounded throughout the land, all his councilors hurried to the Monarch.

Hour after hour they searched for some solution to this unheard-of catastrophe. All the magicians and wise men of the land were called in, but no help could be found. During all this time the sky grew blacker and blacker, the air grew

colder, and the wind moaned and moaned.

At last the little Princess, black-haired and blue eyed, stole into the room where her father sat.

"Papa," she said. "Papa, why don't you ask the fairies?"

What a sigh of relief came from all the people! A messenger was sent to the queen of the fairies to tell her of the fate which had befallen them and to ask for aid.

One hour—two hours passed; and no word came from the Queen. Yet slowly the sky grew lighter, the wind died down, and the air became warmer. At last the sun grew bright and warm; the grass became green again, the sky blue; and once more the soft wind sang in the trees. Again all the people rejoiced; they sang once more at their work, while the children played in their gardens. The Monarch sent word throughout the land that a great feast would be held in the castle to thank the fairies for saving them from the vengeance of the little black people and the witch.

The next day all the people assembled,—the Monarch with his daughter, the Princess Diana, the fairy queen and her attendants, the councilors, the magicians, and the wise men. Suddenly a shrill cry was heard—a swish of flying garments—the witch was in the great dining hall! Before the fairy queen could lift her wand, her ugly sister made three mysterious passes in the air, mumbled a sentence, and was gone. As soon as those who had assembled recovered from their fright, they looked toward the Monarch; but he and the Princess had disappeared. On the back of the throne was a big golden-brown butterfly, while on the Princess' throne swayed a smaller one with wings as black as her eyes. But these beautiful creatures were not a curse but a blessing to the memory of Diana and her father—the Monarch. Ever afterwards they went by these names.

The King, as he looked in his garden, saw children running, laughing, and watching the Monarch as he floated from flower to flower and Diana as she flitted here and there.

—Catherine Barr '22.

The Star of Crowns

In years gone by the moon shown bright as now,
And many were enthralled by her beams.
Among them e'en a king his head did bow
To charms that shone in all his dreams.

Thus when he died his wish was to be near
The moon in heav'n; so he was made a star,
With beauty unsurpassed within his sphere
And crowns around him seen by men afar.

His earthly name he kept there, high above;
His brilliance brighter e'en than diamond white;
His heart, howe'er, turned red with his one love,
And now he glows, a ruby in the night.

To thee, O star of wonder, there on high,
Is due my reverence and my peace of mind,
For when I look at you, my God seems nigh,
I bow my head, O Saturn, with mankind.

—Dorothy P. Brooks '22.

The Old Lace Scarf

The old lace scarf is yellowed with age,
It has turned to an ivory color;
Yet many thoughts it brings to me
As it rests in the sweetest of lavender.
It breathes the air of a sunny clime
Far over a dark blue sea;
It tells a romance from long ago
Of a dark-eyed Senorita;
With its broken threads and tangled fringe
It bespeaks of sorrows deep.
The old lace scarf of long ago
Rests in the sweetest of lavender.

—Martha Harker '22.

My Garden

There are many things which a garden may mean. My garden is an imaginary one in which each kind of a flower represents a person, and the number of flowers shows how many things I have to remember about each; so you see, some beds are quite large while others are just beginnings. There are the new and the old friends, the present experiences and the old remembrances.

Now let me take you through my garden. First, there are many blue flax-flowers, which are most common of all. Do they not remind you of a laughing, blond-haired, blue-eyed, cosy girl? In direct contrast are those lovely Scotch Thistles which bring to my mind a reserved, stately, strong friend whom men and women love and respect at a respectful distance—or otherwise at their own risk. Then there are those sunny Columbines, which are close to the thistles, so like the sweet, merry girls I play with. Directly behind them, are some morning glories, climbing the wall. These might be compared with the girls who are looking for something higher yet always dancing through life in much the same way as these flowers dance in the morning sun.

Over by the wall there are the Catalpa trees which grow a pace as some tall boys. Under their shade we find a pond which reflects light and shadow and glory in the fragrance and bloom of the water lilies which "toil not neither do they spin," Even if they are not lilies of the field, like some of our pleasure loving beauties, they worry not about the toiling or the spinning.

But here we are at the gate where I must bid you goodbye, but before you leave me, I advise you to think and see whether you have not a garden similar to mine. Of course you have. Tend it well; gaurd the gate; love your garden for its sweetness. Treasures then will come to you as you give effort in cultivating the garden.

—Eleanor Parmalee '25.

To a Friend

Yours is the optomism
That brings a smile to the face;
Yours is the cheerful guidance
That smooths out the hard, rough place;

Yours is the faith and courage
That tells us not to fear;
Yours is the consolation
That has come to be most dear.

Yours is the understanding
Of thoughtless things we do
That day by day reminds us
That you were a "kid" once, too.

Yours is the gentle acceptance
Of loss that comes your way,
Loss that love and gratitude,
We know, can never repay.

Oh, I cannot put you in verses,
Phrases and words do not lend
Themselves to a high enough tribute
To express my devotion—dear Friend.

—Genevieve Gere '22.

Before and After

Part I—Before

I was on the very edge of a deep, black, gloomy chasm which yawned from unknown depths a few inches from my feet. A black, gloomy wall of unknown height moved slowly toward me,—threatening to push me into that awful, horrible, fearful chasm. Nearer and nearer it came,—creaking, groaning, and whistling like a ghostly wind on a winter night. Nearer it came, slowly, but surely. It was pressing against me. It was pushing me off into that yawning chasm. Finally,

I lost my balance. I lost my footing. I fell. No! I caught the edge of the precipice with my fingers. The wall pushed them off as it slowly came toward the edge. I fell. Where? Down into that awful chasm,—into complete nothingness. I knew no more.

PART II—AFTER

I awoke. I was in a cheerful, light room. A ray of sunshine fell across the foot of the white, soft, fluffy, bed in which I was lying. Around my bed stood three people,—a doctor and two nurses all clothed in white. I tried to sit up but could not.

"Now! Now! Lie back there, Sonny," said the doctor, with a cheerful smile. "I thought you never would come out from the anaesthetic. You were under the influence of it for more than three hours and I can tell you one thing,—you certainly were a hard kid to get under."—DWIGHT HUBBART '24.

A Romance

There is a maid that I know of
Who's fairest of the fair.
All fall a victim to her charms
To court her one doth dare.
Oh, he's a dashing young gallant,
Blue eyed, with dark, dark fur.
He sits upon the fence all day
And dreams sweet dreams of her.
He is not quite so much in love
As many lovers are,
Because at meal time and at night
He loves home better far.
They plan together to elope,
She faithful to her love,
Tries doors that are so tightly shut
He sleeps, forgets his dove.
The white Angora cat's blue blood
Grows warm at such a slight.
At men she never looks again,
An old maid is her plight.

—ELEANOR W. BOGART '22.

Ah Me!

As sweet the slumbrous time when you
Creep slowly into bed
To dream of knights so fair and queens
From story books you've read—

Of ships that go a-sailing by
Across the wide blue sea,
While on the shore you calmly stand,
And think a king you'll be.

To kill the dragons great and small
You think to war you'll go,
And fight and conquer all day long
And banish every foe.

Then when a victor you return
To a feast set for a king,
Before you get one single taste,
You hear that 'larm clock ring!

—Agnes Johnston '25.

My Lover

I greatly love a boy I know
His eyes are like the sky,
They twinkle like the evening stars
When clouds have all passed by.

On all friends, whether young or old,
His countenance does shine.
And pleasures, whether great or small,
He shares with those of mine.

Now do not think that I am bold,
My love to tell you here,
For he is only four years old,
And is my brother dear.

—Dorothy Filbey '25.

..AND FLICKERS

Quotations Personified

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"—Dorothy Brooks.

"A load would sink a navy."—Leonore Price

"The common curse of mankind,—folly and ignorance."—Kenneth Lunceford.

"Many headed multitude."—The Faculty.

"Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords."—Irene Edwards.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."—Norman Watson.

"There's daggers in men's smiles."—Phil Welsh.

"He reads much; he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."—Mr. Foster.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."—Miss Parsons.

"Let every man be master of his time till seven at night."—Mr. Williams.

"Throw Physics to the dogs; I'll none of it."—Hilda Latowsky.

"Stand not upon the order of your going,, but go at once."—Mr. Knox.

"His beard was grizzled,—No?"—G. E. Rex, Jr.

"The weird sisters."—Clarice and Myra Vokel.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."—Bernice Huddleston.

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."—Ruth Mylius.

"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."—Dwight Hubbart.

"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at."—Don Busey.

"Clothed, and in his right mind."—Wayne Jackson.

"Although last, not least."—Virginia Mumford.

The Ideal Girl Possesses

Amy Turner's hair,
Irene Myers' voice,
Irene Edwards' eyebrows,
Roberta Moore's spit curl,
Virginia Brennan's eyelashes,
Eleanor Bogart's rouge,
Dorothy Brooks' lone dimple,
Helen Duffy's mouth,
Genevieve Gere's smile,
Isabel Stebbins' teeth,
Jo Eden's dimpled elbow,
Martha Harker's hands,
Gladys Shutt's feet,
Frances Mann's walk.

Led Around By the Nose

Girl reciting memorizing:

"I dreamed that as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter was suddenly changed to spring;
And gentle odors led my nose astray."

—*The Tatler.*

Our Ideal Boy Has

Lawrence Monier's hair
Henry Shively's eyes,
Kenneth Lunceford's nose
George Rex's mustache,
Junior Mumford's mouth,
Tom Brelsford's teeth,
Charles Miller's voice,
Tommy Kane's head,
Wayne Jackson's hands,
Don Busey's six feet,
Dwight Hubbart's walk.

Spring has came!
Me n' my dog
Look what grows in the yard
Senior Play Cast
"Hi Kid"
All unsuspecting
Recommended for A's in History

It's nice to be a teacher
And be so awful wise—
To razz the poor dumb scholar
Who tries and tries and tries!

Just stand up, straight before the class
And in a voice most stern—
Assign twelve pages in advance—
For you don't give a dern!

Where are the Cuckoo Islands?
What is the comma fault?
Who started Shay's rebellion?
What constitutes assault?

Perhaps you cannot answer
A single one yourself—
But if you are the teacher
Put worry on the shelf!

You do not have to know a thing—
Just make them think you do;
And when they take up teaching—
They'll bluff the same as you!

IMA GAINSTEM.

Miss Bates (in Physics class): "Bernice, if light is transmitted through ether, and ether penetrates me, why can't you see through me?

Bernice H.: "One can't see through bodies that are dense."

Miss McHarry: "What do our parents mean to us?"

Irene E., (aside): "A pocket book!"

Old Lady: "Oh conductor, please stop the train, I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam; there is a switch just this side of the next station."—*Siren.*

Register — Delight!
We love our coach
Beautiful Countenances
Alright, let's get busy!
I guess we can find some scandal if we have to
Why Donald Busey!
Aw Shoot
Reading from left to right We have - - -
"I'm fussed, aren't you?"
Feats we love
You're a big girl now.

Smithisms

Mr. Smith: "If firemen stood and passed buckets from one to another, that would be conduction. But if they all ran to get a bucket, it would be ——"

Catherine B.: "A relay race!"

Mr. Smith: "Did we have telegraphs during the Civil War?"

George Rex (rousing up): "I don't recall."

Mr. Smith: "Now if I was down in the water, would I be able to see the other fish?"

Mr. Smith: "When there is no charge to begin with and a positive charge is taken away, what kind of a charge is left?"

Mr. Smith: "An open vessel is one that is not closed."

Ain't it funny Seniors
  Now that we're almost thru,
We'll soon be starting over
  As freshmen, me an' you?

Yes, I said as freshmen
  Ain't that an awful name?
We'll have to lose our dignity—
  Dog-gone—ain't that a shame?

No more with nose uplifted
  We'll stalk about the place,
But in our new found verdure
  We'll humbly hide our face!

But maybe we'll be better off
  (Tho' it seems an awful muddle)
As small frogs in the ocean
  Than big ones in a puddle!

—Roberta Moore '22.

Tom Brelsford: "I think I'll get some invitations. I sent out thirty last year and got results from all of them."

We had our pictures taken
He doesn't drink, nor smoke, nor swear
Eighteens in their natural habitat
Long and short
Proud, Proud Daddy
I'm tough
Looks Bad!
But it wasn't!
Lemons — All Varieties
Nice Background?
Lunatics - Ditto
Everybody eat-

In Another Century—

Tommy Kane would have been Napoleon.
Phil Welsh would have been St. Patrick.
Agnes Johnston would have been Queen Elizabeth.
Erwin Latowsky would have been Antony.
Eleanor Bogart would have been Cleopatra.
Lawrence Monier would have been George Washington.
Kenneth Lunceford would have been Columbus.
Wayne Jackson would have been Santa Claus.
Amy Turner would have been Queen of Sheba.
Margaret Cavanaugh would have been Marie Antoinette.
Robert Stebbins would have been Paul Revere.
Dorothy Brooks would have been Joan of Arc.
Jo Eden would have been Mary, Queen of Scots.
Charles Spears would have been Sir Walter Raleigh.
Junior Mumford would have been Solomon.
Irene Edwards would have been Elaine.
Francis Newhardt would have been Launcelot.
Julian Taylo would have been Tarzan.
Roberta Moore would have been Queen Guinevere.
Johnny Strabel would have been Apollo.
Dorothy Bash would have been Venus,
Norman Watson would have been Caesar.

Miss Phillips (reading about Orpheus and Euridice): "Now Agnes, who was Orpheus' wife?"

Agnes, Isabelle, and Dorothy (in unison): "Euradummie."

Miss McCammon: "This building was used for aviation several years ago."

Edward O.: "Maybe that's the reason we are so flighty."

Arnold (after church service): "I say, sis, did the Curate really mean that those black people don't wear clothes?"

Sister: "Yes, quite true, too!"

Arnold: "Then what was the good of grandpa's putting a button into the collection?"

—*"Tatler"*

SEVERAL YEARS AGO

We give you the Beauty Prize Agnes

Roberta Glenn In minature

Our Catherine was Such a Sweet Baby!

Cunning little Bobbie Stebbins playing in his Sandpile

Eleanor poses as Spirit of '64

Jo, you little rascal!

Listen my children and you shall hear—

Mr. Smith's "Now talk loud enough so everyone can hear."

Mr. Foster's "Now go right up, you're just in time for assembly."

Miss Sankee's "We'll have no talking. This is a time for study."

Miss Phillips' "Close your books, please!"

Miss McCammon's "I know when I was a girl ——"

Miss McHarry's "Well now, I'm wondering."

Miss Beatty's "You must have a reason for everything you think."

Miss Bell's "How much time did you spend on your lesson?"

Mr. Williams' "Attend to the matter at once!"

Miss Batterton's "How do you know it?"

Miss Bowlus' "Now, put more time on your Latin."

Mr. Knox's "Now if you don't have your lesson tomorrow, you can't come to class."

Miss Robinson's "Don't put your sewing so close to your eyes."

Mr. Braucher's "Get to work!"

Mr. Croxton's "What I did along the Illinois river."

Bernice H.: "I wonder what Sunday we will have baccalaureate on?"

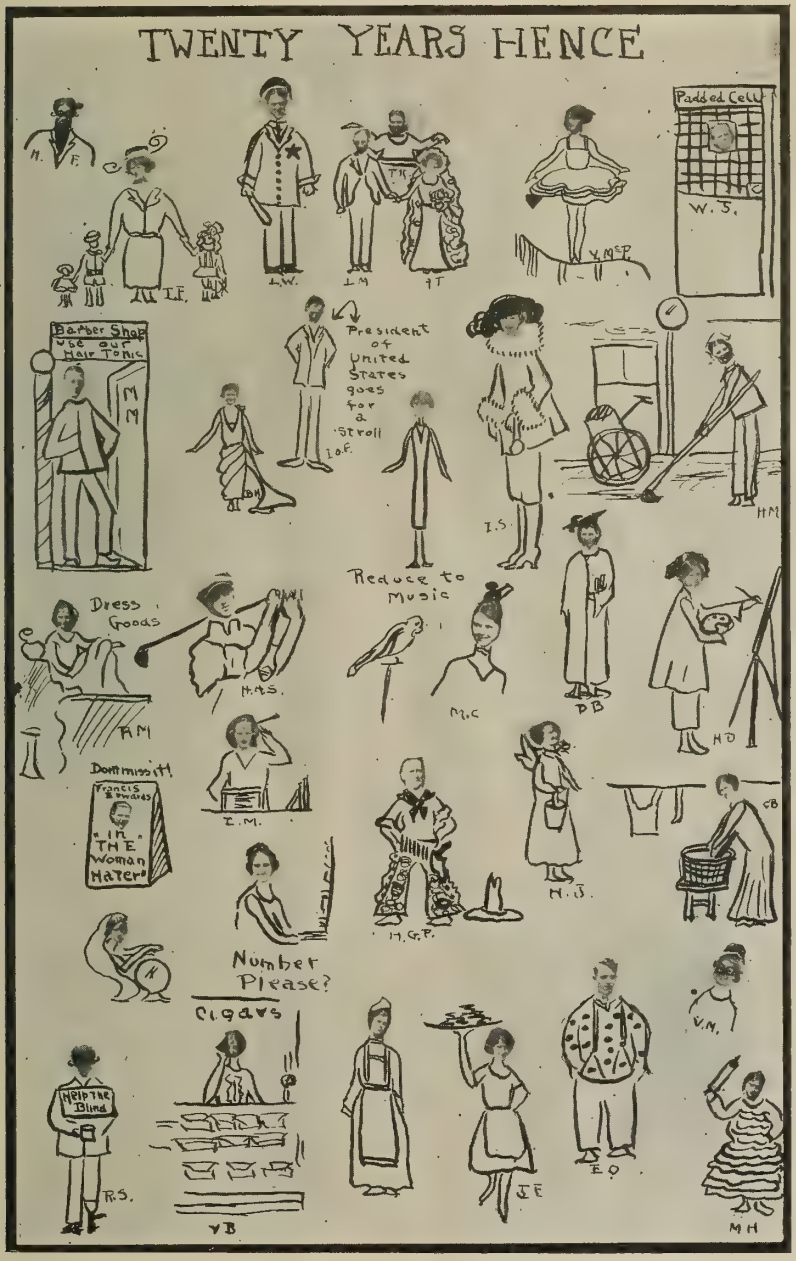
Ruth M.: "Baccalaureate! You don't have dances on Sunday, do you?"

Mr. Foster: "Don, what does a Roman nose look like?"

Don B.: "A Roman nose is long, thin, and straight and sort of rounded at the bottom."

Farewell

Though thy vacation's begun, brother,
Rub furrows from thy brow;
Be of good cheer—you'll get another
Just fifty-two weeks from now.


TWENTY YEARS HENCE
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M.C
D.B
H.D
A.M
Don't miss it!
Francis Edwards
"In THE Woman Hater"
I.M.
H.G.P.
H.J.
C.B
Number Please?
Cigars
Help the Blind
R.S.
V.B
J.E
E.O
V.N.
M.H

EDITORIAL

Our Seal

Have you examined our seal closely? Do you realize what it means to you and me? In its center we read the inscription, "Unity of Spirit." Is this motto to be simply an inanimate ornament to a meaningless gold artifice, or is it to be a vivid, living motif that will typify our school and our spirit? Already, I think, we have begun to answer that question. For the past year, in the face of many hardships and disadvantages, we have stood and worked together. The burden, of course, has rested largely on the Junior and Senior classes; but they have stood the test splendidly. We are now united as never before; this last year has seen much toward the establishing of a real school spirit. We faced some bitter disappointments, but we faced them and met them together. Our athletic aspirations were checked; our songs went unpublished; our funds were low; but still we worked together. It is more than likely that no year in the future will present as many problems as has this one, yet we have accomplished much. We upperclassmen have done our best to bring about a unity of spirit. The hard beginning is over, but we leave to you Freshmen and Sophomores, to carry on the task that we started; the honor and name of the school will be in your hands, as it has been in ours! Remember, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." You have our confidence!

We are leaving for you a seal; a seal that is not merely an ornamental trinket, but an emblem symbolic of all the hard work and loyalty of the first graduating class of University High School. Take the seal, use it, and be worthy of it, for the future of our school is yours.

—Editor.

U AND I STAFF

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JOKES

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To those of you who are leaving the University High this year we wish success. To those who remain we will be pleased to see you again this fall and trust we may continue our pleasant relations.

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Roberta M.: "Well, tell all you know. It won't take long."

Irene E.: "I'll tell all we both know, and it won't take any longer."

Miss Bowlus (to Helen arriving on time): "Helen, you must have a new alarm clock at your house!"

Joe Eden (seeing blue light in wood shop): "Oh! so that's where they make blue prints!"

This is a good year to start using more of our ice cream than ever before. Today is the best day of the year to start!

Our ice cream is made from rich, clean, pasteurized milk and cream, by the most modern machinery.

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U. and I.

University High School Magazine

Published by the Senior Class

January, 1923

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Number One of Volume 2

University of Illinois
High School
Urbana, Illinois

U. & I.

"U" and "I" is beautfullly symbolic of the spirit of University High School. Only two letters compose this title, but it represents the highest ideal an individual, a school or a nation could have. "U" signifies everybody in Uni High—the Seniors, the Freshmen, the most fortunate, the most unfortunate, the most gifted, the most stupid, the one of highest ideals, and the one of lowest ideals. "U" signifies the faculty who, by the example of their personalities, seek untiringly to mold our characters and thoughts. I signifies me or you. The "I" is he who wishes the friendship of "U". The "I" who can give much to "U" in friendship; or the "I" who can give but little; the "I" who is eager for learning and for the interest of his teachers; or the "I" who is a teacher desiring the respect and appreciation of his pupils. "And" connects the parts of our motto joining "U" and "I" and giving to it the wonderful meaning it possesses. There is also another important meaning to be derived from the term. Since "U" in our motto is placed before "I", it signifies that we should always consider others before ourselves; for, unless we do, our motto will mean nothing. Students and faculty, let us live up to our splendid ideal as we do to the rules of the school; for, in doing this, we are obeying the greatest of all rules—the Golden Rule.

Virginia Brennan, '23.

U. & I.

THE STAFF.

Editor in Chief.....Henry Parks
Literary Editor.....Margaret Cavanaugh
Business Manager.....Maurice Mattingly
Circulation Manager.....Philip Welsh
Art and Photo.....Bruce Morse
Joke Editor.....Clarence Mulliken

The farmer, when he plants his crops, knows not if the yield will be sufficient to meet the cost of production. The stock man takes a chance on the car of stock which he ships to market. The grain dealer takes chances when selling his grain on the board of trade. So it is in all phases of life, we must take chances.

Our high school career is no exception. Our chances are not directly founded on the dollar basis, but we are making an investment. Granted that this is true, the outstanding question which confronts you and me is, "Are we making good our investment?" There are various things that we must do to make our investment a paying one. As we have oft times been told that we are earning five dollars for each day in school, we have been inclined to accept the statement. Whether this be true or not depends upon the way each of us puts into practice the many opportunities which are continually confronting us. In addition to the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, the one great opportunity, that of forming friendships, is of primary importance, for in high school we meet our true friends who will stand by us through life. We should continually ask ourselves if we are measuring up to good standards? To state it in a business way—we should find out if our investment is a paying one.

—Editor.

Of all the factors contributing to school spirit, perhaps none is more potent than athletics. A high standard of class-room work makes an excellent foundation. An active literary society and various forms of dramatics awaken a group interest. School songs and yells tend to develop this and give it direction. Athletics, however, furnishes the motive which unites the various groups and calls them into action in behalf of the school as a whole, hence giving life to the group interest.

It is for this reason that it is highly desirable to have athletics in a school from its very beginning. It was, therefore, unfortunate that through a ruling of the State High School Athletic Association, University High was not permitted to have athletic relations last year with surrounding high schools. Though the ruling has been slightly modified, it still operates against us and will till we have an enrollment of 200 or more. The rule which affects us is this —high schools in connection with normal schools, colleges and universities have no districts. This means that a pupil, unless entering high school for the first time, is not eligible for athletic competition till he has been in school one year.

Under the circumstances, there is but one thing for all pupils at University High to do—go out for athletics or support athletics. Even if a boy cannot win a place on a team this year, he can develop for another year. Meantime, while he is here, he is assisting in the development of athletics and of a wholesome school spirit. *Wanted, Volunteers for Athletic Teams at University High!*

—L. W. Williams.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

—Shakespeare.

Literary

THE MARRY MONTH OF MAY

Old Mr. Coulson groaned a little, and then sat up straight in his invalid chair. He had a million dollars, a house near Gramercy Park, a daughter, and a very gouty foot. He also, had a housekeeper, Mrs. Widdup.

Mr. Coulson twisted the ends of his white moustache, cursed his foot, and pounded the bell on the table by his side. In came Mrs. Widdup; she was comely to the eye—fair, fat, and forty.

"Higgins is out, sir. He went to post a letter. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"It's time for my tonic. Drop it for me. The bottle's there. Three drops in water. Confound Higgins! There's nobody in this house cares if I die in this chair for want of attention."

Mrs. Widdup sighed deeply.

"Don't be saying that, sir. There's them that would care more than any one knows. Thirteen drops, did you say, sir?"

He took the dose and then Mrs. Widdup's hand. She blushed—this was done by holding the breath and compressing the diaphragm.

"Mrs. Widdup, the springtime's full upon us."

"Ain't that right?"

"In the spring, a y—, that is, a man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Lawsy, ain't that right?"

"Mrs. Widdup," said Mr. Coulson, making a face at the pain in his gouty foot, "this would be a lonesome house without you. I'm an—that is, I'm an elderly man, but I'm worth a comfortable lot of money. If half a million dollars worth of government bonds and the true affection of a heart that though no longer young throbs with the genuine. . . . ."

The loud noise of an overturned chair in the adjoining room interrupted the venerable and unsuspecting victim of May. In stalked Miss Van Meeker Constantisa Coulson, about thirty-five, high nosed, and frigid. She put up a lorgnette. Mrs. Widdup hastily stooped and arranged the bandages on Mr. Coulson's gouty foot.

"I thought Higgins was with you."

"Higgins went out, and Mrs. Widdup answered the bell. That is better now, Mrs. Widdup, thank you."

The housekeeper retired, pink under the cool inquiring stare of Miss Coulson. The next morning Miss Coulson met the ice man.

"I want you to deliver one thousand pounds of ice here each day for the next four days. Bring it in through the rear door to the basement."

About noon Mr. Coulson knocked two glasses off his table, broke the spring in his bell, and yelled for Higgins at the same time.

A short time later Mrs. Widdup entered the invalid's room.

"Did you ring, sir? I asked Higgins to go to the drug store, and I thought I heard your bell."

"I did not!"

"I'm afraid I interrupted you, sir, yesterday when you were about to say something."

"How does it happen that the room is so cold?"

"Cold, sir? Why now since you speak of it, it does seem cold in this room. But outside it's as warm and fine as June. The ivy is all leafed out on the side of

he house, and the hand organs are playing—it's a great time to speak out what is on the heart, sir. You were saying yesterday, sir . . . . "

"Woman, you are a fool. I pay you to take care of this house. I am freezing to death in my own room, and you come chattering to me about ivy and hand organs. Get me an overcoat at once. See that all doors and windows are closed. When Higgins comes back, tell him to bring me a hot rum punch. Now, get out."

Another night passed. The next morning Higgins moved the invalid's chair over to the window. The room was warm. In hurried Mrs. Widdup and stood by his chair. Mr. Coulson reached out his bony hand and grasped her plump one.

"Mrs. Widdup, this house would never be home without you. I have half a million dollars. If that and the true affection of a heart no longer in it's youthful prime, but still not cold could . . ."

"I found out what made it cold. It was ice—tons of it—in the basement and in the furnace, but I shut off the registers."

"A true heart that the spring has brought to life again, and—but what will my daughter say?"

"Never fear, sir. Miss Coulson ran away with the ice man last night, sir."

Clarence White.

THE PIN THAT STUCK

Jim was a serious minded sort of a chap. While all his fraternity brothers were flitting here and there carelessly and putting their pins on every girl they met, Jim shook his head and said, "There is going to be just one girl for me, and until she comes along I keep my pin."

The month passed, and Jim's "Lady O' Dreams" seemed to be slow in forth coming. But at last—one beautiful night in May, he met "her". She had the bluest eyes and the goldest hair, as all heroines must, and above all she seemed different, not the usual trifler, but a serious sort of a girl. As the boys expressed it, "Jim had fallen at last."

Just about a week before school was out, Jim and the beautiful "she" sat basking in the moolight. Jim, being young and imagining himself in love, decided this was the proper moment. So he carefully, after she had murmured a bashful "I do love you," pinned the nice shiny pin on her dress and reverently kissed her. About midnight, in a perfect daze of happiness, he left, but after he was a few blocks down the street he remembered his hat which in his delirium he had left lying on a chair on the porch. He decided to go back and quietly get it without disturbing any of the family.

As he reached the house, he heard that well loved silvery voice. Who could she be talking to so late? Surely her family were all in bed! When he reached the porch, he picked up his hat and turned to go. Through the open door came her voice again. Yes, she was talking over the telephone.

"Oh Jane! I couldn't wait until morning to tell you. I am two ahead of you now. I got another pin tonight."

Poor Jim! He staggered down the steps clutching at the place on his shirt where his pin had been. So different! Serious! Women were ever thus!

Helen Bess Finch, '24.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Dave Stuart was the son of a wealthy banker. He was nineteen and handsome. Every mother on Elm Street wove dreams in which Dave and her daughter were the central figures. No doubt some of these daughters had dreams of the same sort; but Dave was not interested in daughters and skillfully escaped all the traps set for him.

When he returned home from college for his Christmas vacation, two of his chums invited him to attend a dance at the W—— club in Chicago. When Dave was informed that he was to bring a girl as a guest, he politely refused the invitation.

"Fellows, let's don't bother about "dates". Let's all go to see "Bomba" tonight."

The fellows persisted, however. They urged him to let them get him a "real girl."

"Real girl!" scoffed Dave. "They are as scarce as A's in Rhet."

At last, rather than spend an evening alone in the big city, he consented to accept an engagement with a "real girl," a B. F. (as Jack styled it) of his own girl.

That evening Dave drove with Jack to the home of the girl. A butler opened the door and led them into a beautiful room. After an hour of bored waiting, Dave was presented to Miss Dorothy Grey.

"Ready at last!" he commented to himself. "But, say, you certainly are some 'looker'."

He liked the hearty handshake Dorothy gave him, and there was promise of an evening's fun in her dancing blue eyes. Her straight forward manner and frankness appealed to him. Here was no flapper nor trifler.

For a week after the dance, the fellows saw little of Dave, for during this time, he danced with Dorothy, dined with Dorothy and matineed with Dorothy. The evening before his departure for school, he spent at Dorothy's home. She sat at the piano playing softly while he stood beside her deep in thought.

All the reserve of the self-contained youth suddenly broke down.

"Dorothy," he said huskily. "Will you marry me?"

A coarse unrestrained laugh escaped from the lips of Dorothy, and she pulled off her beautiful brown curls to reveal the black hair of Tom McCann. Further unkind laughter came from the adjoining room and Jack and the rest of the gang bounced in, Jack doubled with glee.

Dave sat stupidly for a while before he regained his power of speech.

"A real girl!" murmured Dave, and he, too, joined in the laughter.

M. C., '23.

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

At one o'clock in the morning, the motor of our cunning little yacht was started. We slipped out between the lights of that unknown bay into the darkness of the ocean. The night lights of that great city of the bay illuminated the sky above it. We were leaving that place for the last time, probably, for the trip into an unknown sea might prove disastrous.

We were soon far out into the sea where we could no longer see the lights of the city. Now that there was nothing interesting at which we might look, we began to talk; and now we began to hear the consistent purring of the motor, which heretofore had attracted no unusual attention. We talked in order that we might not hear the noise. But it seemed that the constant, humming, buzzing of the motor interrupted. That monotonous, tantalizing, knocking sound was beginning to work on our nerves. We tried to forget it by telling stories or singing, but that same everlasting growling sound followed. Each minute it grew louder and deeper, until it seemed that it could get no worse. At this time there was an explosion, and we were thrown from the ship's deck into the air. We were doomed to take a death dip into that cold treacherous water. But we never reached the water; if we did it was hard water, for the jolt was sufficient to awaken me from a dream trip to the beautiful isle of nowhere.

C. M., '23.

HER CONSTANT LOVER

Her lover of yesterday was indeed a gallant one. He was polite to her on all occasions. He took her to the places and haunts where she loved to go, showered upon her her favorite flowers, and bought her the most delicious of candies. He praised and flattered her not only to herself, but likewise to others. He honored, respected, and loved her as only a true lover could.

Her lover of today is indeed a gallant one. Although his hair is white, and his face is wrinkled with time, he is still her constant lover. Her hair has also turned to white with age and care. Nevertheless, her lover is as gallant and true as he was in their first days of courtship. He is very kind and gentle to her now in every way. Instead of places to go, candy, flowers, and such, they have mutual joy in their children. He is still

as young in his spirit as a lover as he was years ago; for as the old adage goes, "Time does not change true love."

Helen Werts, '23.

THE SURPRISE

Everything seemed to suggest that something great was going to happen. The art class was working unusually hard, painting red and yellow roses on little white cards; girls came in early and stayed late in the evenings to make big red and yellow paper roses and little red and yellow paper baskets; boys made trip after trip to the woods in search of willow boughs and other greenery. Bob Richards, the Junior class president, scarcely had time to speak, and Helen Wilson was employed in figuring up how many red peppers to order for the salad and whether or not the potatoes should be scalloped. What was it all about? Why—it was the week of the Junior and Senior reception. Freshmen looked on with longing eyes. Sophomore girls waited anxiously to see who would be the lucky ones chosen to serve, Juniors prayed earnestly that it would be a success, while the Seniors were fully aware of the fact that they were to be the honored guests.

The corridors were all a hum.

"What color is your dress?" Martha Robinson demanded of Betty Taylor, and "What kind of a sash would you wear if you were I?"

"Who ya going to the banquet with?" Ruth inquired of everyone she met.

Not only were the particulars of the banquet discussed at school, but they soon became the main topics of gossip throughout town. All the grocery stores had been asked the price of nearly everything they had in stock. Every ice cream parlor had been asked if they could make yellow brick ice cream with a red twenty through the middle of it. All available red and yellow crepe-paper in town had been bought. The hardware store had been robbed of its heavy wire and the furniture store of its floor lamps. Most of the homes suffered, for mother was asked to loan her ferns—and Dad—his car. Then too, the telephone was by no means neglected, because, you see, Elmer Bradley just had to find out whether Ruth Marshall had already promised to go with some one else.

The banquet was to be given Friday night, and since Friday was a holiday the Juniors had more time to make their elaborate preparations. Thursday night they worked late, wiring up the willow boughs around the walls of the long hall and wrapping pillars. Every Junior was requested to appear promptly at eight o'clock the following morning.

At last the day of all days arrived and with it an abundance of work. Girls were in the kitchen peeling potatoes, shelling peas, and making salad and sandwiches. Boys were sent to buy, beg, or steel flowers, to finish the decorating, and to set up the tables.

Amidst all these gay preparations, however, there were several rather distressed girls.

"Say Bessie, is Everett going to bring you tonight?" Eva asked as they sat paring potatoes.

"Well he hasn't asked me. Is Jack going to bring you?"

"I guess not. He hasn't said anything, and believe me, I sure think it's funny when I've gone with him all season."

"Same here, and I'm about the next thing to mad. But listen—Kitty and Francis and some of the others are in the same fix."

"Well, for goodness sakes, what is wrong with the fellows. I think since the football squad has formed this block S. Society they just think they can get by with anything. It makes me tired. Now, they think we will come alone then they will ask to take us home. Well, it won't take me long to say No! What do you say we don't come at all?—just fool 'em."

"Oh no, Eva, that would *never* do. That is just what they expect. We want to show some spunk, and besides, I wouldn't miss this party for all the block S fellows in the world. Let's tell the athletic girls and all come together, then I'll have Dad take us home unless—"

"Oh yes, unless Everett asks you and you haven't the heart to say no. I think it's kinda queer all our steadies going back on us at the same time."

"Yes, it is, but let's make the best of

it."

Just as the girls were leaving the building, they met Jack.

"See you tonight, girls," he called, "we've a surprise."

"I think, surprise—I'll surprise him," Bessie sneered under her breath.

By seven o'clock everything was ready. The students, faculty, and board members were all astonished as they stepped into the hall. It had been transformed into a rose garden. The big rose arbor over the old fashioned gate at the entrance, the cut grass which covered the floor, the heavy foliage which hid the walls, the flowers, and the pale soft colors which were reflected on the long immaculate white tables by the floor lamps—all enchanted them. They were quiet and moved about carefully as though afraid of spoiling it all.

Then the orchestra started to play softly while the curtain to the stage at the south end of the hall began slowly to part. The lights were switched off except those on the stage which shone down upon a beautiful big gold football and the team, which had won it, making a scene that deeply impressed everyone. Silence prevailed for one long second, then everyone began to sing as the orchestra led out in the school loyalty song. Coach Niece stepped forward and explained to them that the fellows had gone to Fresno late that afternoon to receive the trophy and had got back just in time to arrange themselves on the stage.

"They wanted to keep it a dead secret so they could surprise everybody," he told them. "This is a dandy bunch of fellows you've got up here. I'm sure proud of them, and I know you must be, too."

Cheers arose and cries came for a speech from the captain. All eyes were fixed on Jack as he came to the edge of the stage. This handsome-looking, good natured, boy was not only Eva's favorite, but also a favorite of every boy, girl, and teacher in the school. Yes—and even more Jack was the whole town's fovorite.

"I'll say we didn't have much time to spare this evening," he began. "Didn't even get back soon enough to bring our girls—Fierce, ain't it? But just leave it to us. We're gona stay long enough to take them home, aren't we follows?"

He then went ahead to thank everyone for their hearty cooperation during the football season, but why repeat that when somewhere in the audience sat two rather flushed, excited girls?

"Listen Eve, I believe I'll go home with Jack after all. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"Oh no, Bessie—not in the least. Did you see Everett smile at me just then? And, oh boy, just watch those looks Verne is sending to Ona Hughes. Guess Dad won't be so popular tonight."

Grace Cotterell, '23.

'TIS SAD

From ev'ry class the spellers came—
Solemn Seniors, Froshes green,
Stuck-ups Sophs and jolly Juniors,
And teachers still serene.

They were lined up in their order
By our righteous referee.
All grew white and anxious,
And trembly as could be.

"Miss Beatty will pronounce the words"
And Miss Beatty soon came in.
She told the rules, and then she said,
"Already? then-begin!"

Down, down go the spellers,
Steadily, one by one.
On, on go the endless words
Until the victory's won.

. . . . .

So crown the victor, Lora,
The spellerette supreme,
And pity the other spellers,
Each with a punctured dream.

Dorothy M. Filbey, '25.

HE STOPPED

He stopped in the middle of the chorus and cleared his throat. His eyes wandered nervously from the figure of his brother, who had just entered, to the music. Through the turmoil of his mind, he saw the eyes of his brother fixed sternly to the region of his vest. A cynical smile parted his brother's lips as he turned to the slight girlish form

beside him.

The silent trembling one in the front of the room heard him say, "The dirty crook, he's wearing my best silk shirt. Just wait until I get him home."

F. M., '23.

THE DOWNFALL OF VERNON

The evening was a calm refreshing one. It was situated in the month of roses, of singing birds, of rippling brooks, and of June bugs. For fear you will not guess it—the month was June. The great silver moon threw a broad ray of light at the couple seated in a porch swing at the place of abode of Gloria Swanson. It hit them in the middle of their conversation. It played with the rings on Gloria's fingers. It played with her suitor's watch chain. It climbed up and up, perhaps to play billiards with their eyeballs. The other occupant was, as you have guessed. a man, by name Tom Jones. I have named our hero—for such he is—Tom Jones because what other name, I challenge you, what other name could express his honesty, his sterling qualities, his utter fitness for Gloria other than "Tom Jones."

Tom's head swam dizzily at the nearness of Gloria. Only six inches away she sat. Her hair swayed gracefully in time to "Clover Blossom Blues" whistled by a robin on a nearby branch and accompanied by the chatter of several squirrels, who looked hungrily down upon them. How lovely were the hands of Gloria which lay folded in her lap. Ah—h—h! One hand moved toward him a little. It moved closer. It slid gently along the swing until it touched—with a gesture half playful, half tender—his hat. What delicious thrills he experienced from this act. He lost all sense of time or space in the ecstacy of that moment. He knew only one thing, he lived only for one thing—that Gloria was beside him, that her fingers were touching—his hat! The contact inspired a marvelous courage in his breast; and in a moment of mad joy, he said in hushed voice,

"Gloria, which do you like the best, pancakes or waffles?"

"Waffles, Tom," she replied, with a sweet blush.

So Gloria liked waffles. Waffles! How touching! How wonderful! Never more would he enjoy any food but waffles. But hist! Once more her silvery voice was heard! O marvel of marvels! She was going to speak again. Gloria was going to speak to him again. Dreamily she was gazing at the flickering light on the second notch in the sixteenth board of the porch railing.

"I adore moonshine, Tom," she murmured, "don't you? It's so exhilerating."

But her silvery tones were interrupted by footsteps, the steps of feet coming nearer, ever nearer. Ah—ha it was Tom's rival, his deadly rival, who even now was coming up the steps. Up Gloria's steps! Vernon the Villian. walked proudly up aforesaid steps and seated himself in the swing but two inches from Gloria. Tom's heart sank 42° Farhenhait. His jaw dropped, his face fell, and with a heavy sigh he kicked them away dejectedly. Oh that he should have lived to endure this affront! But hark! The villian was speaking.

"My new Buick Sport Model awaits you at the curb. Would you consent to ride in its humble interior, Miss Swanson?"

For one instant Gloria turned her starlike gaze full upon Tom in hesitancy, as if her tender heart remonstrated at leaving him. But the lure of the villian's Sport Model could not be resisted. She reared her superb head and with dilated nostrils nodded assent.

With the eagerness of a child, she strode across the porch, shambled daintinly down the steps, and was picked up and folded carefully into the car. Tom was desolate. He felt the moisture welling up in his—collar. He tripped down the steps and out into the moonshine. He walked down the street. He saw a lonely caterpillar crouched on the sidewalk wagging his tail mournfully. Ah, poor fellow! He, too, was lonesome. Tom's heart smote him as he gazed into the limpid eyes of the caterpillar. He stooped down and patted the poor creature on its shaggy head. Then, he continued down the street with the cater-

pillar at his heels, now wagging it's tail for joy.

Suddenly the quiet stillness was cracked by an alarm, reverberating dreamingly on the evening air. Then the fire engine rushed madly by; it's polished trimmings gleaming in the moonshine. Tom ran at topmost speed after the engine, his heart pounding, his hair shining with excitement. Guided by the snores from the men on the now invisible engine, he finally came in sight of the scene of the disaster. Confusion reigned. Flames rushed out of the windows and marched single file, according to their rank, down the street. He heard screams and upon looking up, he beheld a woman standing in a window outlined on the background of flames.

"Help," she cied, "the flames are now only eight feet, six inches away. The fire is even now licking the floor with a thousand venomous tongues, parching my throat and reaching out hungrily for my one dollar and twenty-five cent spit curl. Come and rescue me."

Tom was stirred to action. He sprang through the crowd and onto the ladder. He climbed up one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ,eight steps. Only four steps more from where she stood. Nine, ten, eleven, steps. Ah! should he go on to that last step! He paused. Perhaps death awaited him on that last step. Should he turn back or should he valiantly answer duty's call. Three hours later, worn out with his internal struggle, he suddenly remembered that life was nothing to him now. He boldy ascended the top step, seized the lady with one arm and climbed down the ladder with the other. The crowd burst forth into loud cheers. Tom was a hero. On the edge of the crowd stood Gloria, breathless with adoration. But Vernon the villian whispered malignantly into her ear.

"Do not forget, my damsel, that my car has eight cylinders and an extra tire."

So she sighed and remained where she was. Then the rescued woman came up to Tom, kissed him on the necktie just where the purple stripe merged into the gold, and asked him what she could do to repay him. Gently disengaging his tie pin from her false teeth, Tom replied,

"Madam, you may give me a Cadillac Sport Model roadster with two extra tires. I vow that I did nothing, though that any other man would not have gladly done."

"Very well, my noble preserver, you will receive it on the morning delivery from Sears & Roebuck."

This was two much for Gloria to bear. The though of Poor Tom riding alone in his Cadillac roadster melted her tender heart. She ran up to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"I am yours, my noble hero," she shouted shyly, as he crinkled her in his arms.

Virginia Brennan, '23.

(Inspired by Leacock's "Nonsense Novels.")

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

The fellows alighted with a chorus of Ohs! with no wonder, for the quaint old town of Ching Chaw was surrouned almost completely by the giant mountains which were picturesque enough to delight most anyone.

My chum, Royal Webb, five other boys and I accompanied by my uncle Jack were spending our vacation in California and had for some time been pleasantly anticipating a visit to Ching Chaw and a trip into the mountains.

Immediately we made our way to the town tavern, where we secured rooms and refreshed ourselves, for the journey had been somewhat tiresome. The tavern interested us greatly. It was a low rambling building built of hewn logs. At one end was a huge open fire place, which gave a cheerful glow to the long reception hall. To the right of the hall was a bar, and a cabaret, and on the other side were our lodging quarters. We were attended by rosy cheeked maidens wearing immaculate white caps and aprons. Indeed, the life and cleanliness of the place surprised and pleased us very much.

Upon inquiring, we found that the trip into the mountains could not be made in less than two days.

Since it was now nearly noon, we de-

cided to remain at the tavern for lunch, and then to spend the afternoon in visiting the silver mines, which were extremely interesting, but the realization of the constant danger ahead tended to dampen the spirit of the party. Never theless, much excitement prevailed during the preparations of our main trip.

We rode burrows which we rented from the tavern, for our excess baggage was too heavy for our backs if we should climb the mountain on foot. Each one of the party wore khaki suits and carried a napsack on his back. In early morning when we departed from the tavern, the sky was clear and the air was cold enough to give one all the necessary pep. At first we made rapid progress, but as we neared the mountain, traveling became more and more difficult. Later in the morning along toward noon, the weather grew warmer, the hot sun beating on us, and we began to grow fatigued. We saw that it would take us all day to reach the half-way house where we were to spend the night.

After a restless and sleepless night in the old dilapidated house, we continued our journey. During the night it had grown extremely cold, so we provided ourselves with heavy coats. When we had gone only a few miles, it began to snow. At first we did not mind the snow, and so continued on our way thinking it would stop soon, but the storm only increased in violence, and the snow and sleet became blinding.

Royal and I had been some distance in the rear of the party, when the snow began, and we endeavored to overtake our companions, but the stubborn little burrows refused to go any faster. As the storm increased, we became frightened and called to our companions, but we received no answer. Again and again we called, being answered only by the echoes of our own voices. Then we realized the truth—we had wandered from the path and were lost in one of the terrible snow storms.

After much deliberation we decided to dismount and seek shelter near a tall pine tree, feeling sure that our companions would immediately search for us.

It was several hours later when our companions found us, badly frightened and half frozen. By this time the storm had quieted considerably, and we thought that we had had enough excitement. The majority of the party was in favor of starting on our return trip back to the tavern.

Leslie Wheaton, '23.

THE SASSIETY

"Sassiety in University High done opened with a Hallowe'en party. George Washington, alias Virginia Mumford, won a prize and so did Quentin Vines—he was a very tall man, taller than little Mr. Seehausen! There was just all kinds of funny looking people there besides the teachers. Some of 'em kept us guessing a while, but even then we were so well acquainted that we knew each other.

"The Juniors instituted what they call "Matnee Dances". They were popular, especially since they instituted some "eats" too. Institutions do be great things these days.

"The Sophs done their duty when it come their turn fer promoting the social intrusts of this school. They entertained us to a Thanksgiving party. 'Twern't sich fun to make up verses but 'twas to stick turkey togither and draw pictures on the board. Doctah Paul, Mr. Foster, and Miss McCammon done outshined demselves when it come to "hants". Now Doctah Paul teached us a song. I tell you it pays to go around dese lurned folks.

"If ye ever seed any kids, it wuz at dat Senior party. Of course all of them couldn't go down so low as to dress like a kid tho' Virginia Brennen didn't need to. Oh m! what is youth! They played "Drop the Hanky" and "Farmer's in the Dell" and all those exciting games. Even Miss McCammon managed to get out of the "mush-pot".

"Christmas time brought a party and Santa. It nearly broke our hearts to tell Del Wheaton that ite really wasn't Santa Claus. There was Carols and a tree and presents too. But nicest thing was the pleasure of the little girl that the Home Economics Club has "adopted", when she opened her numerous presents. The party helped strengthen

the good will of the students, too.

"So, I reckon Uni. Hi's coming along in the ways of sassiety, don't you?"

Thus Aunt Jemima, that big little fairy, whispered in my ears, as I thought of the good times soon to be left by me and the rest of my class.

R. G. G., '23.

As I sat
And thought
I wondered
If our Uni High
Attendance
Was as good
As it
Could be.
I thought
of tardiness
And wondered why
We did not
Try harder
To be on time.
And that
If we
Would but try
We might
All be on time.
What do
You think?
I thank you.

JIM'S VISITOR

The last player had placed his cue in the rack. All lights, except the desk-lamp at the cashier's post, were extinct. The hard composition pool balls, and the shining billiard spheres lay motionless on the green-clothed tables that reflected the white light of the street lamp near the front window, shining in emerald-like rays on the walls and ceiling of the singularly quiet, creepy room. The great recreational hall, half an hour previously, had been filled with a throng of gay, sportive people, but now it was vacant save for the custodian, Jim Bryce, who, after checking over the day's receipts, was placing them in the safe which stood against the walls directly behind the cash register.

Tonight, Jim, a young, unmarried fellow of twenty-eight, who had managed the hall for three years, endeavored to drive away a fear which he had never before entertained, the fear that someone was in hiding in the room, and that something was going to happen. As he turned the safe-combination, he interrupted himself to turn around and look to see if someone or something was behind him. He saw nothing and returned to the business of placing the day's receipts in the strong box. He repulsed his suspicious feeling sufficiently long enough to place the money in the safe, but he interrupted himself again before locking it, for he heard a creaking squeaking noise. Hastily he walked to the font window and looked out into the street. It, too, seemed to concentrate his thoughts on that which was wierd. Again, from within there came the identical "C-r-e-a-k, squ-e-e-ak." Listening attentively, he mumbled, "Gosh, sounds like spooks in the basement."

Then after a brief silence, he chuckled and admonished himself for wandering. He walked to the clothes container, took his coat and hat from it, locked up, and nervously started for home. After having gone only a few steps, he remembered that he had forgotten to lock the safe. "Some luck," he remarked disgustedly as he hesitated. A fear of entering that room again, tonight especially, took possession of him. He debated with himself as to whether or not he should return to lock the safe. Duty triumphed over fear, however, and once more he stole into the dim, melancholy, green-hued room, which, tho' it had always been such, had never seemed more so to him before. He walked courageously toward the counter, but stopped abruptly when the "cr-e-e-ak, squ-e-e-ak" again vibrated in his ears. Mustering courage, he decided not to leave the place until he had discovered the origin of those disquieting sounds. He proceeded to the basement and entered the store room from whence he imagined that the noise came. Entering the storeroom, he switched on the light, and cautionsly looked about the place. Nothing was out of place so far as he could judge, and he turned to leave the room, but as he did so, the same "cr-e-eak, squ-e-eak" again sounded, now louder than ever, and from a source so near that he thought he had stepped on something that had caused

it. Momentarily there was a dead, monotonous silence, then again the agitating noise grated in his ears. This time, however, he solved the mystery. It was merely the swinging of an old tobacco sign just outside the store-room window. This, of course, satisfied his curiosity, but it did not lessen the uneasy sensation which the creaking had given him.

Slowly and stealthily he began to ascend the stairs, and as he reached the top, he gave a start uttering "My God! What now?" The door of the fire escape had shut with a slam! Hurriedly he made his way to the safety door that could be opened from the inside without a key. As he opened it, he pulled his revolver from his pocket and held it firmly in his hand. The darkness was intense, so intense that he could see nothing. He hesitated momentarily, then fired his revolver into the large rubbish box beneath him thinking that this would frighten away the intruder, if there were one.

Hearing nothing, he relocked the door and went to lock the safe. Nearing the safe he noticed that its door was not as he had left it, but now wide open. Further investiation revealed that the strong box was empty—not a cent remaining of its former content of twenty seven hundred dollars. Staggering from the safe, Jim fell into a nearby chair, dazed.

Silently he sat there, sprawled out, for twenty minutes or more. Finally he pulled himself together, locked up, and ran to the police station where he reported the theft, then home.

The next morning when he opened the door of the hall, he was greeted by Jasper, the janitor, an emotional negro of about forty. Jasepr was excited—very much so. His eyes seemed to be all whites, and his quivering lips could scarce utter the words,—"Jim,—there's a dead man in the rubbish box." It took but a short time for Jim to absorb what the negro had said. Then in a flash he visualized his actions of the preceding night, of hearing the fire escape door slam, and of standing on the grating and firing his pistol into the rubbish box below.

With Jasper close behind, Jim ran to the rubbish box. His eyes bulged, and his heart pounded in his breast as he looked down on the crouched form of a dead man with blood stains on his coat. In a moment Jim summarized that this was the person who had stolen the sack of money, and that unknowingly he had shot and killed him the night before. He coaxed the still trembling Jasper to help him lift the body from the box. Only a moment's search was necessary to reveal the fact that he had the canvas bag containing the stolen money.

Maurice Mattingly, '23.

AT TIMES

On rainy days I like to sit
And hem or knit or darn
And draw my chair up to the fire
While gradpa "spins a yarn."

On sunny days I like to play
With Tom and Bob and Molly
While others sit sedately by
With elder sister Polly.

Everyone's together
On a jolly rainy day,
But on a bright and shining one
We're everywhere at play.

Margaret Guild, '26.

HEAVEN OR EARTH

The scene was typically that of a yacht club—women grouped about sewing, knitting, and talking; men, at cards smoking, strolling, or looking after the repairs for their boats.

As one glanced over the numerous yachts, there was one especially which caught the eye. It was singularly shapely and graceful, with its tall varnished spar, held in place by thin steel wires running down to the gunwales so very near the waters edge. The great white sail slowly climbed its stately path, finally reaching the top to form a large triangle of snow white silk, snapping briskly in the breeze.

A young fellow, tall, very handsome, dressed in white duck trousers, blue coat and cap, busied himself fastening ropes here and there, making adjustments, testing each piece to make sure it was

properly in place. He stopped with his work completed, and jumping to the pier, sliped back at at angle to make a final inspection. A slight upward curve about the corners of his mouth signified his aproval. A brighter light appeared in his eyes as he read the glittering letters on the prow; they spelled the word, "Jessie II." What a wonderful tribute to the girl he loved—like the original, a perfect specimen!

Leaving the boat, Alonzo Pawling, for he is the hero of the story, made his way up the wide stone steps, tipping his cap with a word or two as he passed the groups of ladies. Thence he went on into the building, making his way towards the locker room to clean up before escorting his fiance in the maiden voyage of his new boat. It was truly to be an occasion for celebration. Lonnies' celebrations were usually spiritous. And so it was on this occasion that he emerged from the locker rooms forty minutes later with a hail of cheers on a strong breath. Let it be understood, however, that Lonnie was far from drunk, simply feeling the glow and vigoration of the liquor taken.

Approaching a group of young ladies who had turned to meet him, for he was popular with them all, he stopped to chat a bit, then spying Jessie, the heroine, at the oposite end of the long open balcony over looking the bay, he excused himself and went to her.

"Well, dear," he said, for the sail was prearranged, "Are you allready?"

"I hope," she said, "that you have not been drinking too much Lonnie."

"No fear, Jessie it was but a sip to the health of Jessie II."

With this they stepped down to the water's edge, Lonnie holding her arm firmly as she jumped into the cockpit.

"All right," he called to several young fellows who assisted him in putting out from the pier. Then pulling hard over on the tiller, he brought the boat full into the wind. The great sail snapped over, the water began gurgling and slapping under the brow as the boat spead ahead. It was a good sailing day but dangerous, due to the puffy, changing wind, almost immediately the boat was carried up on edge, bringing one of the plates far out of the water. To Lonnie this was sailing, with a real thrill. To Jessie, while sailing was far from novelty to her, it seemed a little too far over for real comfort.

"Coming about, watch the boom," he cried in real marine style ending with a laugh, at the same time bringing the boat around sharply, the two chuckled as the boom swung across, then back and then cracked out again on the other side. This time they were headed full out into the open water. They passed other small boats plying back and forth nearer the shore; passed several fishing tugs farther out. It was Lonnie's idea to circle the lightships, another two miles out. This was by no means a new feat, but dangerous in a boat of this type.

Away they swept now tacking this way, and now that. Now they were rounding the light-ship with the wind off shore. It became more of a problem to get back to the club. But the task was a pleasant one, considering the company, and he set about it with a smile. The tacking was harder and had to be done more frequetnly but with all the work the actual gains were small. After a number of tacks they were no greater distance inside the light ship, tho' even yet it was far from tiresome, in fact, both were now feling the excitement of the situation. There was free and light converastion, punctuated by the snaping of the sail, or a little cry from Jessie as the boat rolled up on edge.

"Oh, Lonnie, I'm afraid we'll never get back." She seemed well pleased with the idea, however, and Lonnie signified his wish that she might be right, tho' inwardly he was wishing he had not taken that last big drink, in the lockers; but instead had used his brains by not coming out so far, for he was realizing all the more, as time went on, how hard it would be to get back, and besides, the liquor along with the motion of the boat did make him a little dizzy. He admitted it to himself, but said nothing to her. Well, it was time for another tack.

"Coming out," he called in the usual manner. Both ducked, the boom swung out to place on the other side. He was about to take up the course again, when,

without warning, a strong puff hit them from the other side. Lonnie didn't see it until it was there. Jessie, sitting back to the boom was watching a sea gull high in the air, quite unconscious of her surroundings.

"Duck!" he cried, but saw it was too late. Jumping to his feet he tried to stop the boom with his body—there was a sharp snap in the back of his head. For an instant things were dark; when he could see, he was crazed to find that Jessie was gone. Turning, he beheld her floating limply in the water near the stern. A twist of the body sent the boat flying around. But alas, a strong puff caught the boat in the middle of the turn and sent it over on its side. Lonnie fell in and got tangled in the rigging which held him like an octupus. It seemed ages before he was able to fight his way free and make a swim for the dark spot, a hundred yards off, which marked the body. He swam as hard as he could but ere he reached the place, she was gone. A bubble came to the surface, and marked the spot of the tragedy. From his life had gone the one thing most dear to him. He thought again of the drinks in the locker room and cursed them, but it was too late.

He was tired out, he was sinking, but his fighting power was gone. He didn't want to live, there was no incentive.—Now he could feel the cool waves playing over the top of his head as he slowly sank. His eyes were open, and, as he slowly receded farther and farther into the depths of his watery grave, it grew darker and darker, until finally there was no light left. He closed his eyes. There was a drumming in his ears which grew heavier and heavier until it seemed his head would split asunder. Oh why, oh why didn't he die? It was his one wish. The drumming slowly merged into ringing which grew lighter and finally ceased entirely. He was enveloped in a complete shroud of blackness. Was this then death, with simply a consciousness of the past? If this was death, then he must repent in full for his misdeads on earth, a repentance far worse than could be meted out during life by any human. A repentance which was imposible to avoid in the black solitude of death!

But wait, was it black, was the solitude as complete as he first had thought? Was there not a sensation similar to that of the waves playing thru his hair, only far more wonderful and sublime? Was there a grayness as of early dawn swiftly increasing until finally the warm, soft light of the sun shown full upon him? Yes there seemed to be all this and more. Then this must be the eternal death, for it was perfect bliss. He looked again at the warm light as it came gently to him and played across his face. Was there a sun in heaven? Certainly that was queer. He tried to move to see his surroundings better. A pain like the thrust of a red hot iron sent him back into his old position. Evidently his body was now cold and stiff, never meant to be moved again. He glanced around anew. Above him he saw a blur, it took form as he watched. It was the face of Jessie in her full beauty and glory. He shut his eyes lightly. Oh, God, how he hated to think that he was the cause of the death of such a wonderful girl. Still he could not resist another glance at the memory of one so sweet. But lo! was it a memory? If so, it was certainly life-like, for it spoke—the words for all the world sounding like the far off sound of a thousand woodland nymphs. He smiled and closed his eyes again. It must be a memory, for anything else was out of the question. But still the singing continued; now he could distinguish words; he heard his own name spoken. Again he opened his eyes; she was still there.

"Lonnie, Lonnie, are you feeling better now? No don't try to move, please, your shoulder is broken. That boom hit you while we were sailing yesterday. Do you remember? Luckily the lightkeeper came to our rescue."

"But you, dear, I thought—I—Oh Lord, I don't know what I thought. Oh thank God it was but a delirium of the brain! Tell me, are you all right?" he cried.

"Why I am perfectly all right! I turned in time to see the boom coming and ducked. But for you Lonnie, well, the doctors were worried for a time this morning but I guess you will come along all right now, tho you do need rest."

"I guess I'm glad it's not heaven", he murmured half audibly to himself.

William Whiffen, '23.

SPIKE

Spike moved uneasily and pulled his collar up around his neck, as it was the only protection he had against the cold winds that were blowing. These winds foretold the coming of a snowstorm.

Poor Spike was without money, food and a job. The job was a small matter to Spike. His worries were also few; the one uppermost in his mind was how he was going to keep warm during the winter. He had his choice of going South, or going to the Island. The "Island" he preferred, as the warm breezes of the South were too far off.

The other matter that worried Spike was how he was going to get "pinched" without doing some crime that would send him up for more than five months. The idea of getting a big dinner without paying for it would do the trick. But luck was against Spike. He enjoyed a small banquet all by himself in a little lunch room. But instead of the manager calling a cop, as Spike suggested, two waiters roughly picked him up and threw him out into the street. This, of course, was a great disappointment. This could not be tried over as Spike could not eat another bite. The "Island" was getting farther away from Spike.

In a cigar store he saw a well dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella was standing in the corner by the door. Spike stepped inside, seized the umbrella and sauntered slowly out. The man with the cigar followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Spike. "Well, why don't you call a cop? I took it."

"Your umbrella!"

"There stands a policemean on the corner."

But the man with the cigar retreated, remarking that it was all a mistake. He had picked it up in a restaurant that morning, and if Spike recognized it as his, why he—"

At this Spike threw the umbrella into a trash can and went on in disgust.

A sudden change came over him. He thought of his old home. How he longed to see his home again. Tomorrow he would hunt for work and make money enough to go home. While Spike was wrapped up in this thought, a cop tapped him on the shoulder and invited him to see the magistrate in court the next morning.

"Three months on the "Island" for bums like you."

Frank E. Rupert, '23.

THE COMEBACK

Far back in the hills of Kentucky, lived a man and his son. M. Gentry was tall, handsome, and straight as an Indian. His high cheek bones, steel grey eyes, and the set expression of his face, marked him as one not to be tampered with. His son on the contrary, was small with clear grey eyes, red hair and a cheerful disposition.

Their home was a low log house of three rooms, two large living rooms and a room at the back which was used as a kitchen and dining room combined. The floors were covered with rugs, made from the pelts of wild animals. Several large deer heads hung on the walls. Pictures of the well known race horses were hung in the conspicoius places on the walls. Such pictures were a strange sight to be seen so far back in the hills.

Some distance from the house, at the head of a large cannon was a big barn. It was a much better constructed building than the house. Instead of being made of logs it was constructed of sawed oak for frame work and yellow pine for its finishing. There were several conveniently arranged stalls for the horses and room for corn and provender. In addition to this, there was a room for harness and race trappings.

"What do you want?" was the question Mr. Gentry asked a man who had stopped in front of his house.

"Mr. Northcut is my name, and I am in the hills doing research work for an eastern university. Could you give me a place for the night?"

"Yea," was the slow answer. Calling his son, he said: Loyd, take this man's horse to the barn and feed him. Put him in Flag's stall. We leave Flag out tonight."

Turning, he invited the stranger into

the house. After supper they sat in front of the fire place talking and smoking. Suddenly Mr. Northcut arose and walked across the room to the picture of a race horse. "Two years ago I saw that horse running in the Kentucky Derby, and I never will believe that he was beaten, if Black Bessie did get the honors", he said.

"Then you saw that race?" said Mr. Gentry, more to himself than to his guest.

"Yes, it was a race that would be hard to forget. Mr. Gentry, do you know who owns Flag at the present time?"

"Sure I raised and trained Flag and will own him until he dies."

"Did you own him when that race was run?"

"Yes, I would have won the race had it not been for the trickery of Bill Norman, the owner of Black Bessie. I shall win the next Derby if I can keep everyone from finding out that Angon is my horse."

This conversation continued until late into the night. Mr. Northcut agreed to enter Angon on his name in the next Derby. So plans were laid for the great race in the summer.

While working in the hills Mr. Northcut made his headquarters at Mr. Gentry's. He spent his week-ends in a small town with his wife and little daughter.

Mr. Gentry, with the help of his son, was spending a great part of his time in training Angon. Angon was a half-brother of Flag. He was unruly, high strung, and hard to train. However, this would not discount his ability for the track if he were properly taught. He was fast, but had big feet which were a disadvantage to him on ordinary occasions, but might prove the source of his success on some occasions.

As spring came, the work became more strenuous. Every day, Floyd gave Angon a good work out. Under the trained eye of Mr. Gentry, every three days a race was held, Flag against Angon. Angon was showing improvement. Mr. Gentry had great hopes. He intended to lose all or gain a great deal in the Derby, July the second.

The early part of June found Mr. Northcut, his trainer, and jockey in Lexington. Mr. Gentry and his son were registered as Mr. Carter and Johnnie Reed. They worked hard all through June. Some of Angon's nervousness passed, but he was still bad. The odds were high against them. The favorite for the race was King William II, Bill Norman's entry for the race.

The morning before the big race in the afternoon, Angon was brought out and warmed up. He was called "club foot', by some one in the crowd, and the name stuck. Just before noon it began to rain, and for some reason Mr. Gentry looked very happy. He had stacked all he owned on the race and expected to win.

The rain stopped at one o'clock and the crowd began to gather for the races which were to start at four o'clock. The track was muddy and slick, but the Kentucky Derby is never postponed. The crowd was in high spirits; for they were going to see a real mud race—a race where breaks mean everything.

At three thirty, the entries were all on the track. Angon was in fine shaps, and the little red headed jockey knew how to handle him. Angon did not slip very much but was more nervous than usual. The jockeys unsaddled to weigh. The returns came out, "Saddle and jockey No. 5 riding Angon weigh ninety pounds. Saddle and jockey No. 2 riding King William II, weigh one hundred five ponds, etc., etc., down through the list.

The horses were brought up to the starting line. Mr. Carter stepped up to number five and said "Loyd, boy, I am depending on you, hug the inside rail, and don't give Angon too much rasin, and watch out for No. 2."

The horses were lined up. The size of the crowd made Angon show his true nature. He was prancing around and when his rider pulled on the reins the horse stood on his hind feet. It looked as tho he might lose his balance and fall backwards. Before he came down, the gong sounded. Loyd hit him with his quirt, and he leaped forward.

At the end of the first half Angon had nosed his way to third place, while King William was running first. In the next quarter he passed No. 4, who had been running second, and when he pulled into the home-stretch, he was at No. 2's

flank. Loyd pulled Angon so he would be out of reach of foul play from No. 2. Then he loosened the rein on Angon. Angon, feeling the cut of a quirt, bounded forward and broke the tape at full length ahead of No. 2.

Mr. Northcut and Mr. Carter (Gentry) crossed the track to the judges' stand. Bill Norman was contending that No. 5 was ineligible. He said, "That club-footed horse is more than three years old." The door opened and Mr. Carter (Gentry) stepped in. He walked up to Norman and said, "You don't seem to know me."

"No and I don't care anything about meeting you," came the reply.

Mr. Carter smiled and pulled off his false mustache.

"Blue-grass Gentry" hissed Mr. Norman.

"Yes, Bill I've come back."

Hillis Sanford, '23.

BROADWAY LANE

Two huddled figures sat shivering under the shelter of a single plank. The place where they were was called Broadway Lane; a mere thread in the great web of Allied trenches. Although it had rained with diabolical persistency for almost two months, this particular night, rain fell as though there had been draught for an entire year. The figures were only two of the hundreds that were in the same situation, out in the rain and cold, keeping guard over their comrades, who were sleeping in the ground hog-like holes, which dotted the sides of the trenches. They were just sitting there absorbing moisture, smoking wet tobacco, and talking about that funny, blonde, French-American girl they had met in Paris the week before.

Not a single bullet had whizzed by, not a single shell had exploded, and not a light could be seen; in fact, it was just as peaceable as if they were sitting out in the rain at their own homes. Their conversation finally drifted to their homes, to their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and sweethearts. One was just telling about his last Christmas at home when the other jumped up, peered down the trench, and then said,

"Good Lord, look what's coming!"

Trudging up the trench was a group of soldiers, dragging a small trench mortar behind them. This group of men was the most hated and despised in the whole army. They would find some peaceable section of the trenches, and there, they would set up their gun, fire a few shells in the general direction of the Germans, and then move on, leaving that particular part of the trenches, the hottest and most uncomfortable place imaginable.

The two soldiers made sure who they were and then ran to each hole and yelled, "Turn out, our own devils are coming." By the time the group of men arrived, they had a hot-headed reception committee awaiting them. To reach their desired sight of action, they had to run the gauntlet of men, who jeered, cursed, and made fun of them as they passed. The only answer made as they passed up the line was, "Don't blame us boys; orders are orders." They silently arranged their little cannon, and then, Bang—a shot whizzed in to the air; then all was still; then a thud was heard; the shell had hit about a hundred yards away; then, the ground quivered, and a deep explosion re-echoed throughout the furrowed ground. Over head bullets sang by. They were answering the challenge of the little gun, which by this time was red hot from the rapidity of its firing.

An officer ran the length of the trench, waiving his hands and shouting. "Prepare to attack. We're going over." Men ran every way in excitement and confusion and in a few minutes were lined along the trench ready to "go and get 'em." After waiting five minutes a deep rumbling roar could be heard in the rear; shells burst in front, and about them. Then, they swarmed out of the trenches and sped into the unknown darkness before them, each eager to make the world free for democracy, or to die.

Donald Busey, '23.

VALUE OF PLAYMATES

Our country home offered many places or the setting of my dreams. A white looming apple tree or the whispering rees made my dreams more realistic han they had ever been before.

One of my favorite spots was a small ond in the woods. In the center of this ond was a small muddy island on which vas a brush heap. I fixed a board from he edge of the water to the island. Then y placing sticks around, I formed ooms. When this was finished, I called t my Fairy ship. This ship had cabins, saloon, dining room, deck, and engine oom, the engine of which consisted of n old carpet sweeper. Also, along the ide was an old buggy tire, called the fe-saving belt. The board from the ain land to the island was the gang-lank.

The first thing I did upon boarding ny vessel was to retire to the cabin. ater I would go to the dining room nd pretend to breakfast with the cap-ain. Such interesting conversations as he Captain and I had. Later I would troll along the deck and gaze at my nysterious green sea, mostly slime.

So on would go the day aboard the 'airy ship. Once in a while the peace vould be disturbed by "Man over oard", and then what a rush for the fe boat!

When evening came, I again dined vith the Captain. After dinner we all etired to the saloon. Here we danced nd sang. Sometimes at night a storm vould come, at other times the Fairy hip would be wrecked upon the cliffs of ocks.

When I grew tired of life at sea, I sually landed at some foreign sea port. There I chatted to the foreign people nd commented to myself upon their trange customs.

Surely I found more pleasure in my early voyages in the Fairy ship on the high seas of imagination than I did later when my dreams materialized.

Thelma Rector, '23.

NEW SEMESTER'S RESOLUTIONS

Resolved: That Viriginia Brennan and Roberta Glenn grow up so that they may realize their their positions as dignified Seniors.

Resolved: That Norman Watson give Phil Welsh a few lessons in strengthening his voice.

Resolved: That Junior Mumford stop smoking, keeping late hours and leave off his dashing irresistable manner towards the girls. The latter is the cause of much fluttering of hearts in this school.

Resolved: That Frances Mann take Home Ec. the second semester so she may live up to the class will of '22, (*'la petite enfant'* of the Senior class).

Resolved: To reserve the west wing of the lower hall to Virinia Ewalt as a place to entertain her various admirers.

Resolved: That Ira Johnson learn more about the ways of the world before he leaves his innocent sheltered existence and is exposed to real life.

Resolved: That Henry R. will learn how to pronounce "Miss McHarry."

Resolved: That Virginia Mumford will stop asking more than 6,873 questions a day.

NOTICE: Thelma Rector will open a Marinello Shop on the third floor in the Art room, February 2d. This will surely be a profitable business venture. It will save many University High girls, John Morse, Thomas Kane, and Clarence Mulliken their weekly trip to Haven's.

SOMEONE'S HOME

The sun has just set, and the cold bright light still lingers in the west, gainst whose radiance everything stands out distictly. There is one solitary little frame hut on the corner of the street, unprotected from the glare of the bleak, cold sunset and from the steely western wind. It is someone's home; and, withstanding all my efforts to repel, this thought still persists in my mind. I begin to observe closely the natural environments surrounding that home. The empty lots around are strewn with rubbish and paper. It is country, for there are no other houses. It is not country, for there is no grass. Neither are there any trees. The wind seems too strong for any living thing. Yet there is that one little house, someone's home.

From its chimney comes the faintest suggestion of a grayish wreath of smoke. Somewhere a dog is baying long mournful howls. Inside the house a child is crying, not angrily but hungrily. The wind whistles and cuts the air like ice. It catches up the dust and dirty papers and whirls them against—someone's home.

Henry Richardson, '23.

THE BOOK SALESMAN

During the leisure hours of one afternon in a dull season, I busied myself in loking over selections of poetry which appealed to me. After selecting the book of Edgar Guest's "Making A House A Home," I arranged myself comfortably and immediately became so greatly interested in the little book that I soon forgot my entire surroundings.

Suddenly I was aroused by a mannish voice which said,

"It does take a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it a home, a heap o' sun an' shadder an' ya' sometimes have t' roam."

I was overcome, because I was not aware of the fact that anyone was near. It took me several seconds to collect my thoughts, and when I had done so, I saw standing before me a rather short, stern-looking man. He lifted his hat and said,

"Did I frighten you? That was not my intention."

Somehow I mumbled an apology.

He picked up the book that I had just laid down, handling it very carefully and saying in his musical voice, "Of all the books I sell, this one is the one I like best." Then, he turned to the page which had the poem "Home", and, without an invitation, started reading. His face lighted up. He put his whole expression into these lines. A tear came into his eyes as he read of the taking of a loved one. He ended. My eyes glued to his stature. Words would not come. I could not speak!

"Beautful, isn't it?" If ever a man had a true conception of home and its meaning, Edgar Guest has expressed it within these few lines."

Who was this intruder? Before me stood a very neatly dressed man with beautiful hair which was turning gray; keen gray eyes which had an expression of sadness in them, and a smile that won a place in my heart.

Then he intoduced himself to me as an agent for Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. He asked several questions, and I answered them. When he found out that the buyer was out, he asked permission to come behind the counter and look at the books. This was granted. I stood staring at him. What would he do next?

He picked up a selection of Kipling's and read to me, "The Betrothal." All of a sudden he turned to me and asked, "Who is your favorite poet?" I answered, "Burns." Immedately he quoted, "A Man's a Man".

We then chatted a while about different forms of writing. Just before he started to go, he again picked up Guest's bok and said, "These are the lines that appeal to me most—'Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye 've got t' romp an' play, an' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day."

After he had gone, I pondered over the things he had said. My conclusion was that he learned to love the things by using them every day, and he also had learned to love the friends he found in these things—which were books.

Frances Mann, '23.

THE LAND OF HAS-BEEN'S

It was New Year's Eve. of 1922 in ıe land where time does not count. A ıeen, dressed in long flowing robes, ıt majestically on her throne idly play- g with the pearls braided in her long ılden hair. At her feet was a hand- ome knight whose raven locks fell to s shoulders. He was relating to the ueen how he had slain the great dra- on, for which act he had been given ıe Queen and half her father's king- om as a reward.

Not far off Cleopatra reclined on a lken couch. She gazed with langourous es at her lover as he drank blood red ine from a golden cup which she held his lips.

In another part of the room Apollo ıased unceasingly a graceful nymph ho eluded unceasingly his eager em- race.

The silvery laughter and mellow sere- ade which issued from a group of ung men who were drinking the ealth of a Kentucky belle corresponded ldly to the cheers of a group of cow- ys, for a daredevil girl with a revol- r in each hand was seated on a bron- o.

On a rustic bench sat a sweet young untry girl listening with wide eyes the words of love pouring from the s of the stylish city man at her side.

All of the past heroes and heroines of tion were doomed to stay here until rought into favor with our fickle world gain. The clock struck midnight, and, hen it had finished, there was an air tense expectancy, for there would w appear the characters who had urped their place in literature for the st year. Who would it be?

All at once on the threshold, there ap- eared a young girl about seventeen ears old. Her skirts were short, her ir bobbed, and her face, although not lely beautiful like the Queen's or veetly innocent as was the farmer's ughter, was brightly rouged and had expression of sophistication which emed to attract strongly the men of e group.

They turned from the ardent wooing their rightful ladies and gazed long- gly and eagerly at this new being. In eir gaze was a lack of comprehension, for they could not quite understand this latest arrival.

"In sooth she seems a beautiful and virtuous damsel" softly quoth the knight under his breath.

The cowboy eyed her from under his wide sombreo and drawled "There's a gal with some spirit, I cal'late."

Truly such a forward common per- son I have never before seen," said the Queen haughtily.

"She needs atmosphere," said Cleo- patra, condescendingly gazing at her with narrowed eye-lids.

"Still she has a certain way about her very alluring," she added after a little thought.

"Her hair is cut off short," shuddered the elusive nymph.

"Her face could never have launched a thousand ships," said the beautiful Helen of Troy in a hurt voice from her corner.

"And neither has anyone ever killed a dragon for her sake, I'll wager," said the Queen.

But the girl looked over the assem- blage of women, who had received much from the hands of man, secure in her powers, for in her memory were dances, shining cars, and good times.

Just then a masculine figure appear- ed dressed in bell-shaped corduroy trousers, loud checked flannel shirt and with glistening black hair. A chorus of longing feminine "Oh's and ah's" began at sight of him and continued as all the ladies watched him take the girl's arm and listen to her good chattering.

After a while, they settled back to their accustomed proceeding to wait until the end of the new year fiction of 1923 should cast another deserted pair into their circle.

Virginia Brennen, '23.

Grace is going back to the fruit grow- ing West. She sarcastically inferred that there are more lemons in the East, and less dates. However, Grace is of the strictly Sunkist variety.

Soph—"Say, did you ever take chlor- oform."

Frosh—"Naw, what hour does it come?"

Dwight Hubbart is getting to be quite the social teahound. He doesn't even stop at putting "sta-comb" on his hair, he carrier a powder puff! And could you believe it—he was seen buying two tickets for the "Virginia."

A Londoner looking over a country estate was startled by a peculiar screeching noise.

"I say, old chap," he asked the agent, "What was that?"

"An owl."

"My word, my dear man, I know that—but what was (h) owling?"

Drayman—"Say, fella; help me with this box, will you?"

Loafer—"Is there anything in it?"

Same Furniture Mover—"Sure, a victrola."

Same Loafer Bread—"I can't see the point. I guess it's in the victrola."

"Oh, well," sighed the old oaken bucket.

Hillis S. (In Chemistry)—"I know professor, but why put in the t-u-u-be?"

Tramp—"Please, mum, would you give me a sandwich for my pal?"

Cook—"Here's a sandwich, but you keep your pal."

Helen Werts brought her French lesson typewritten one day. She showed it to one of our bright Freshies, who made the serious query. "Say, could you tell me where you got those French typewriters?"

Can you imagine these sayings?

Junior Mumford—We should encourage rouge and lipstick?

Thelma Rector—Don't use that slang. It is very indiscrete.

John Morse—I like my hair, too.

Miss McCammon—I don't give a darn; do it yourself.

Lorraine Van Vleck—Let's run up and down the halls, yelling fire.

Agnes Johnston—I wish my voice wasn't so gruff.

Miss McHarry — Just remember where you're at, you dumbell.

Frances Mann—I'll creep silently up the scales and steal away.

Mr. Williams—If you fellows want to smoke, go down in the main corridor.

Phil Welsh—These magazines surely sold easily.

Mr. Smith—I think you study too hard on your chemistry, Clarence.

Miss Beatty—Tomorrow's Friday. There will be no asignment.

"Id like to get off something sharp, said the joke editor.

"Try sitting on a tack," was a Freshie's advice.

Leslie Wheaton (sleeping in English IV)....."What's the number of the first theme?"

We wonder what "Les" was thinking of—probably New Year's eve.

Heard in English IV—"One always uses the pronoun "she" in speaking of a ship. Do you know why?

Bright Student—"Because the rigging is so expensive."

C. C. GERE

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Urbana, Illinois

"If I haven't the rent this month, I think the landlord will help me out."

When I went to empty the joke box in the library, I found the following articles: two pennies, one camel, three matches, two broken combs, fourteen flower seeds, and a picture of Mr. Williams.

If ignorance is bliss, I don't see why so many of us are unhappy.

Mr. Smith (In Chem.)—"Which of these two formulas is right, Thelma?"
Thelma—"Why-er-yes."

He—"Is that you, darling?"
Juanita B.—"Yes, who is this?"

Mr. Foster—"Oh! come on boys, can't you take a joke?"
Senior Crowd—"Sure! Where do you want to go?"

We'd like to tell the one about the crude oil, but it isn't refined; and the one about the mouse trap that is too snappy.
Oh well—here goes—
"Sell me a mouse trap, quick! A want to catch a train."

Miss Mc (?) in English IV class—"Your themes should be written so that even the most stupid of people can understand them."
Master Key—"Yes, yes. What part don't you understand?"

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PIES HAMBURGERS

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G. A. BOYD, Prop.

Doctor—"What you need is a shock, something to stir up the emotions and arouse you from the lethargy into the dynamic state."

Patient—"Yes, doctor."

Doc.—"Er—I'll send you my bill in the morning.

Miss McCommon (In English I) "Can you have a sentence without a predicate?"

Freshie—"Sure, thirty days."

Joke Ed.—"The U and I joke column has seasoned jokes in it."

Inquisitive Soph.—"How's that?"

Ed. Joke—"Summer sure to Fall when we spring them."

John M.—"Oh, that's nothing. Why last year I took the first prize for scholarship—er—but the teacher was looking so I had to put it back."

Bank Inspector—"Where's the cashier? Gone for a rest?"

President—"No, to avoid it."

Bruce—"Let's put the magazine out without cover."

Henry—"That wouldn't be true to life, this is winter number."

Mr. Williams—"Sick yesterday, eh? But how is it that I met you running down Wright Street?"

Absentee—"Oh, that was when I was going for the doctor."

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U. and J.

University High School Magazine

Published by

The Senior Class

June, 1924

Number One of Volume Three

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

University of Illinois High School
Urbana, Illinois

TO

MR. WILLIAMS

OUR PRINCIPAL

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN

RESPECTFUL RECOGNITION

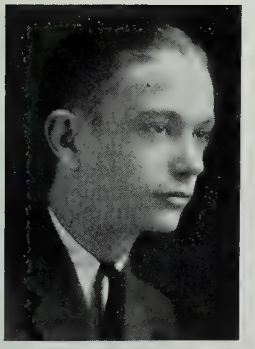
OF HIS INTEREST IN US

U AND I
BARNES

EDITORIAL

A Model School,—that is what the University of Illinois High School is commonly termed, and therein is a point for consideration. Some of our friends have twitted us on Webster's interpretation of the word *model,* "a small imitation of the real thing." We admit that our enrollment is comparatively small;—it should be. But when we come to the *imitation,* we are forced to differ from Mr. Webster's explanation and seek a further meaning, "a set standard for others to copy." There is the true interpretation as applied to University High School. We take pleasure in agreeing, with others of our friends and critics, that it is different; that it is an ideal pedagogic institution; and that it is a school in which we should feel a just sense of pride. The Unity of Spirit, for which we are constantly striving, is a very worthy standard. It is the end toward which we are aiming, and in accomplishing it, we will have rightly earned the title so facetiously bestowed upon us, *A Model School.*

THE STAFF



ROY BARNES
Art Editor

ORTON WISEGARVER
Joke Editor

DWIGHT HUBBART
Athletic Editor

JOHN MORSE
Editor-in-Chief

QUENTIN VINES
Business Manager

LOIS BAKER
Literary Editor

JAMES FRALEY
Circulation Manager

WINIFRED CAMERON
Society Editor

TO THE OPEN ROAD

The call has come, and the road is clear,
and the world is pressing on;
The need is the same as of yesterday—but
the wanderlust is gone.
If only now I could turn my back upon
the open road,
And drop this heavy burden down, and
take the lighter load!

The gypsy cry of yesterday is only an echo
low,
The stirring trill I heard of yore is but a
bugle's blow,
The beckoning curves no longer call to find
what lies beyond,—
The familiar spots we've known so long
hold with a stronger bond.

But all of life is a highway broad with
turnings for the years;
Courage is asked to pass them by—we have
no time for tears.
The smaller paths are for smaller feet—we
must leave them all behind.
We must turn our course to the open road.
Our path is well defined!

MARIAN MARTIN, '24

LOIS BAKER
Urbana High School
"When she will, she will;
And you may depend upon it;
And when she won't, she won't
And that's the end of it."

ROY BARNES
Urbana High School
"A real, true artist have we here!"

DOROTHY BASH
Champaign High School
"Let not her modesty conceal her attributes."

HELEN BOREN
Austin High School
"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there is mischief in her eye."

FLORENCE BUCKLEY
Champaign High School
"Her talents are many."

WINIFRED CAMERON
Urbana High School
"Here's to the girl with a heart and a smile,
Who makes this bubble of earth worth while."

DOROTHY CARTY
Murphysboro High School
"Short, but sweet, and hard to beat."

THOMAS V. COFFIN
Hope, New Mexico
"How silent, how meditative, and all
His thoughts are high because he's tall."

ALBERTA DUKES
Urbana High School
"A giggle, a dash, a shriek, and a crash."

JAMES FRALEY
Champaign High School
"None but himself can be his parallel."

DWIGHT HUBBART
Monticello High School
"A man of mystic mien."

IONE HUNT
Rochelle High School
"May I introduce you to our good health expert?"

WAYNE JACKSON
Urbana High School
"Cookery has become an art,
A noble science—"

LUCY JONES
Champaign High School
"It's nice to be natural
When you're naturally nice."

MAUDE JONES
Champaign High School
"And men are beginning to know, it seems."

MARIAN MARTIN
Arthur High School
"In fancy, we ride on and on."

JOHN MORSE
Rantoul High School
"A prince among men, and an idol of women."

KATHRYN PETTINGILL
Hyde Park High School
"Oh, the light that lies in Kathryn's eyes,
And lies and lies and lies."

ROY ROBINSON
Waverly High School
"What must be done, must be done."

STELLA SHAFTON
Starrett High School
"Worry and I never met."

VIOLET SPEALMAN
Chadwick Community High School
"I was an innocent child."

QUENTIN VINES
Pretty Prairie High School
"A mind for business."

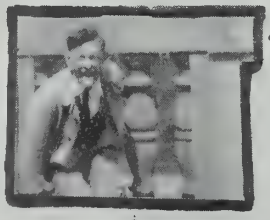
ORTON WISEGARVER
Soldan High School
"His smile goes all the way around,
And buttons in the back."

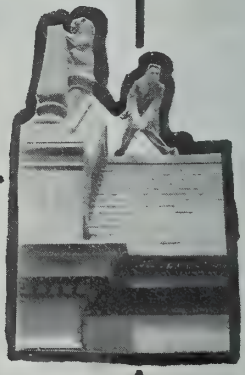
VIRGINIA EWALT
Champaign High School
"(?) behind the rouge and paint."

JOHN LOCKWOOD
Howe Military Academy
"He is harmless."

EDWARD BARRETT
Culver Military Academy
"Studying is not my favorite pastime."

CUTS FROM ~
"THE HUNCHBACK OF
UNI. HIGH" — .....





WHERE!

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	John Morse
Vice-President	Winifred Cameron
Secretary	Lois Baker
Treasurer	Florence Buckley
Advisers	Miss McHarry, Miss Seawell

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '24

The Circus Parade

"Hold your horses; the elephants are coming!" First comes the opening of University High School, September 1921, then, the band announcing the officers of the Class of '24 in their sophomore year. Dwight Hubbart steers the float for the first year; Roy Barnes is money man; Dorothy Bash is recording lady; and Charles Miller is assistant float steerer. There are a few monkeys, lions, elephants, and clowns in the first part of the procession.

After another long and tiresome wait, accompanied with peanuts, balloons, ticklers, etc.—there are more elephants, pretty ladies on white horses, and gaudy young men. This time the first float holds the Junior officers of the Class of '24. Roy Barnes wears the purple robes; Lois Baker chases the almighty dollar; while Dwight Hubbart helps Roy hold his powerful sceptre. There are many wagons or floats in this section. One of them is a Halloween party—ghosts, a tall man, clowns galore, a bride and groom, and many, many others—the horses can hardly pull the enormous crowd.

There are several wagons labeled "Matinee Dances—Tau Delts," but the first one of this group is the most important—it is marked "The Beginning." This circus of '24 has that to its credit.

The prettiest float is the "Junior-Senior Ship of State." A table shaped somewhat like a horse-shoe is sourrounded by many gaily dressed people who are eating, drinking, and making merry. Don't you wish you were there?

More waiting and more peanuts. At length the last part of the parade is in sight. Now John Morse is Big Chief; Winifred Cameron, Little Chief; Lois Baker, Quill holder; and Florence Buckley, wampum digger.

A Halloween party is stationed on one of the brightly colored wagons with everyone from Cupid to Santa Claus dancing to its hilarious music.

Next is a nice, social dance,—the little Indians are guests of last year's Indians.

After this, Brave Fraley tries to tell the truth, and more wampum is dug up. More fun, more scandal.

U and I comes next; look us over. It is all that it sounds and more. Unity and Spirit go hand in hand.

Graduation in a dignified cap and gown, carrying a diploma, is the last person in the parade.

Now for the caliope—it is too bad that it is over; but I hope these circus people will parade together in the big eleven ring circus of the U. of I.

Florence Buckley, '24

BACCALAUREATE

June 1, 8:00 P. M.
Wesley Foundation

Invocation . . . . . Dr. Baker
Music
Scripture Reading
and Address . . . . . Rev. Locke
Benediction . . . . . Rev. Page
Ushers and Decorations . . . Juniors

Committee

Miss Taylor, Miss Sargent, Mr. Appling,
Dorothy Bash, Lucy Jones, Roy Barnes.

COMMENCEMENT

June 5, 8:00 P. M.
Wesley Foundation

Music . . . . . H. S. Girls

Class Speakers . . . { Lois Baker / Quentin Vines

Address . . . . . Dean Babcock

Presentation of Diplomas Dean Chadsey

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Everett Warnes
Vice-President	Charles Spears
Secretary	Norman Watson
Treasurer	Virginia Benedict
Advisers	Miss Duguid Miss Taylor

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '25

As I read the old, old writings,
Writings of the years gone by,
Found I words describing truly,
Describing Juniors of Illini,
Recalling to me Junior students,
High School Class of '25.
I read again the ancient writing,
"Childe of Promise, Sone of Worke."
To these written words they've added,
Added further cause for greatness.
High ambitions, pride, and honor,
All of which the Juniors added.

First they chose and made new leaders.
Everett Warnes, chief and leader;
In his labors Charles Spears aided.
Norman Watson kept the records,
Records of the Juniors' efforts.
All the money gathered by them
Gave they to Virginia Benedict.

That the class were leaders surely,
Leaders strengthening the spirit,
Spirit of Illini High School;
Thus was shown at the beginning,
For they sold to all the students,
Loyal students of Illini.
Songs and yells of faith and honor,
Faith and love of Uni High School.

In social life were Juniors leaders,
First of high school parties gave they,
First the dancing of the season.
On a Friday, two weeks later
Was the first of Matineé Dances,
Dances given by the Juniors
To the students of the High School.

In basketball, twice on occasions
Were Juniors over Sophs victorious.
Later, when a team was started
With which to represent our High School,
Three of the fine and worthy players
Were from the ranks of Juniors chosen.
When the school in swimming battled,
Proud were we of Junior swimmers.
Charles Winters and Charles Hulbert,
winners!
From the worthy Junior students,
Richard Brannan chosen also,
Treasurer of Athletic forces.

In the Latin club the consuls,
Leaders of the Roman city,
Norman Watson, Dorothy Filbey,
Both were much admired Juniors.

In scholarship excelled the Juniors
Perfect records three could boast of.
Three of them were straight A students.

When the springtime called for parties
Once again Juniors inspired
Gave the gayest all-school carnival
Largely attended, much rejoiced in.

Fitting close to the years triumphs
Was the Junior-Senior banquet.
Banquet founded on tradition
Given to the honored graduates.

"Upward still and onward" climbing
Future hopes and life's ambitions
Realized at last in greatness
Earnest, loyal, faithful Juniors,
Honor, fame, success, attend them.
"Childe of Promise, Sone of Worke."

AGNES E. JOHNSTON, '25

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

A PSALM OF LETTERS

Tell me not, in mournful numbers
School-life's but an empty dream,
For the head gets E that slumbers—
A's aren't so easy as they seem.

Studying is real and earnest,
And while the grades are not its goal,
'E thou'lt get e'en if thou workest"
N'er was said by an honest soul.

Yes, enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end and way,
But we work, that each tomorrow
Find us nearer to an A.

The six weeks term is always fleeting,
And our hearts that know not fear,
Still like muffled drums are beating
When the grade cards do appear.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Liking work as well as play;
Still achieving, still pursuing
A longed-for, but elusive, A!

DOROTHY FILBEY, '25

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President	William Lloyd
Vice-President	Boland Brooks
Secretary	Betty Ketchum
Treasurer	Mary Elizabeth Goodell
Advisers	Miss Thompson, Miss Anderson

University High
Urbana, Illinois
April, 1924

Dear Bill:

It's ages since I wrote you last, and now that you've settled down to stay, we'll be able to correspond regularly. You asked me to write about school. There seems to be almost too much to tell. School has been fine this year—best ever—'specially being a Sophomore. The Sophomore Class is the best in the building. We took advantage of the fact that we weren't Freshmen any more right at the beginning, and had a lively class meeting.

Out of the general confusion that prevailed during the days of class meetings and elections, we were able to make out that the following Sophomores were elected: President, William Lloyd; Vice-President, Boland Brooks; Secretary, Betty Ketchum; Treasurer, Mary Liz Goodell. With these officers in charge, we had another class meeting, and decided that we should increase our dues (we ought to increase our dues with our pride) to fifty cents. We all realized that we could do so much more with fifty cents than with thirty-five, and consequently we turned our dues in promptly. Another class meeting proved that we were to have a class party at Betty Stiven's on November 25. It was very rainy, but for better proof of the ability of the Sophomores and the success of the party, every one had a good time. Our next class party was at

Betty Ketchum's on January 19, where beside the porch swing and the victrola, cards and Mah Jongg ("that fascinating Chinese game") were in evidence. The Bad Weather Man seemed to be matching his dates with ours, for he sent another shower.

The Sophomore English Classes, according to tradition, took the responsibility of the writing and editing of the *Tiny Illini.* A staff was elected for each of the two English classes, and alternating, furnished the school with the latest news and jokes.

We are very proud of our two delegates from our class, Mary Wiley and Tack Johnson who won the pins for having perfect scores in the Music Memory Contest, and who got to go to Chicago for the contest there.

Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you about our wonderful basketball team. Our best player, Fat Huddlestun, always took the heavy end of the games. Beside him we have Tom Malloy, who has played quite regularly, and William Lloyd, Boland Brooks, Tack Johnson, and Warrick Squires, who have also played.

The all school Valentine Party, given by the Sophomores, was a crowning success to all the parties we have given this year, and what with a good orchestra, good punch, a slick floor, and a great deal of red and white paper decorations, it was not excelled even by the famous all school Halloween party given by the Seniors.

So you see, Bill, if you want a good time in a good school, come to Uni High and be a Junior with us next year and you too will be able to show the others which class is best!

Yours ever,
Sally

Mary Scott, '26

EMBARRASSED BY A LOBSTER

John Taylor was a pledge, yes a pledge, this meant more things than one. While you are a pledge, the members seem to take it upon their shoulders to find out the things you dislike most to do. The boys had "had John's number" from the first. His one weak point was his self-consciousness; the least little thing embarrassed him beyond words. Consequently the boys in his frat had given him very difficult things to do. These experiences were really hard for John because it was actually impossible for him to overcome this known fault.

It was the last day before initiation, and John was congratulating himself for getting by without worse experiences than had so far happened to him. Then his opinion was utterly changed—he was asked to carry a package of borrowed silver-ware, done up in a newspaper, to a sorority house on the other side of town. He had to take a street car, and imagine his chagrin, in finding that in his embarrassment to conceal his conspicuous burden, he had accidentally sat down beside one of the most popular girls on the campus.

As it happened this girl had a similar package. But her package did not trouble her in the least. Although it was conspicuous, it was not her fault that the delicatessen had run out of wrapping paper; *she* looked upon it as a mere trifle. But poor John could not conceal the discomforture his load was costing him. The girl at once realizing his predicament and feeling sorry for him tactfully carried the conversation to football, so that finally in discussing a coming game, he entirely forgot his charge. All of a sudden he remembered his destination, and seeing that the next corner was his, grabbed his bundle, and with an embarrassed farwell, departed hastily.

He arrived at the sorority house much too soon for his own comfort. The girls knew that he was to bring back the borrowed silver. So teasingly they made him unwrap it in front of them all.

I will let you imagine his state of mind, when, on opening the bundle, he displayed a huge lobster. But also imagine the consternation of the popular Senior who had no salad for her afternoon tea.

Mary Elizabeth Goodell, '26

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President . . . . . HARRY IRVIN
Vice-President . . . . . LOUISE LOCKE
Secretary . . . . . SUSAN JANE SNODGRASS
Treasurer . . . . . MORRIS JOHNSON
Advisers . . . . . MISS SANKEE, MR. CROXTON

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

The Freshman Class this year, we think, is the best in the history of our school. Although we had only a few meetings, we chose good class officers and had a fine time.

Our first event was the election of the class officers: President, Harry Irvin; Vice-President, Louise Locke; Secretary, Susan Jane Snodgrass; Treasurer, Morris Johnson; Advisers, Miss Sankee and Mr. Croxton.

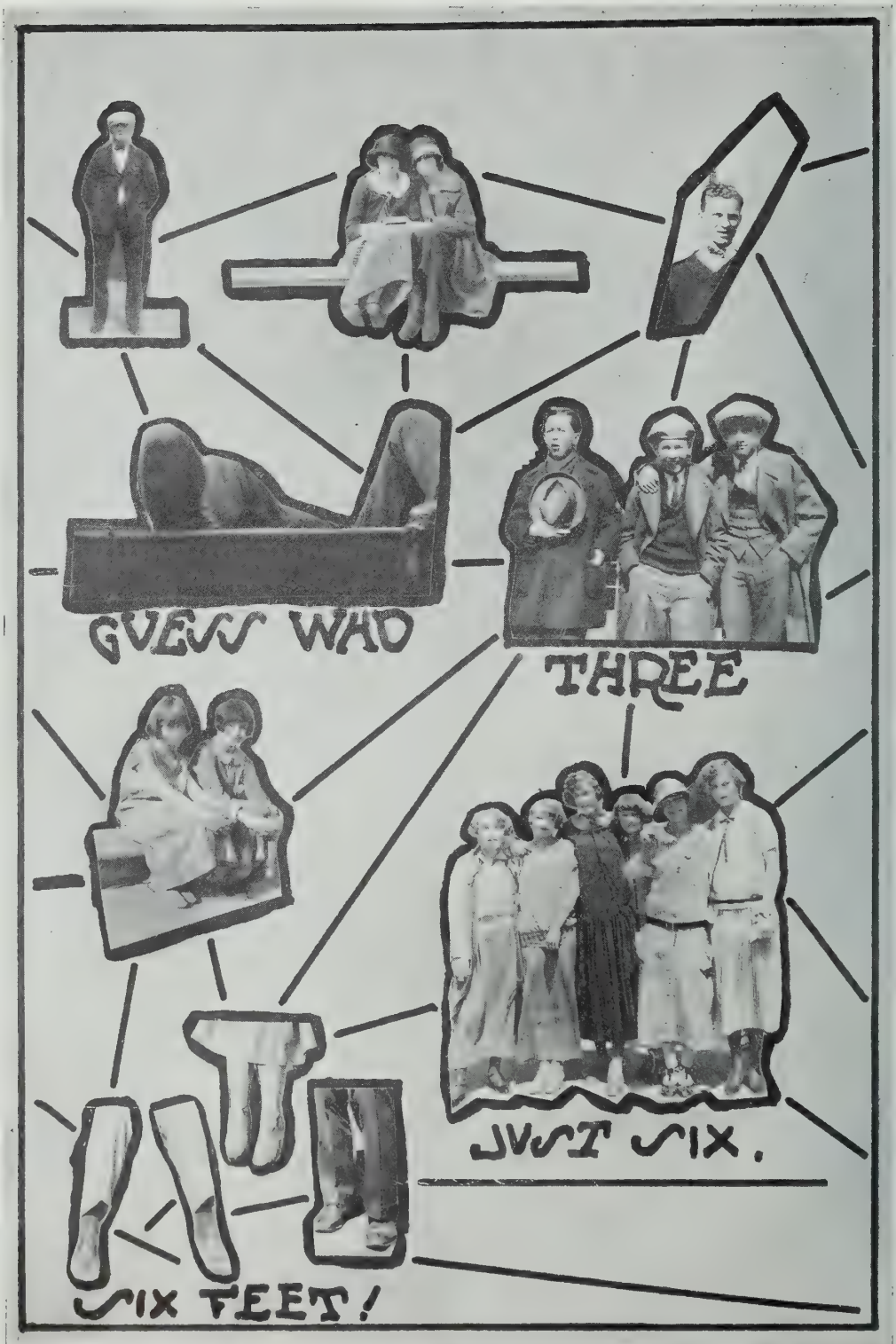
Our second great event was our picnic breakfast. This took place in the fall while the weather was still warm. We had wieners and buns with plenty of cider—then finished off with apples and pears. We played baseball and many other outdoor games.

Another good time we had was at Ruth Habermeyer's. There we held a class party. We played every imaginable game including (table) football. To satisfy our hunger we were given taffy apples.

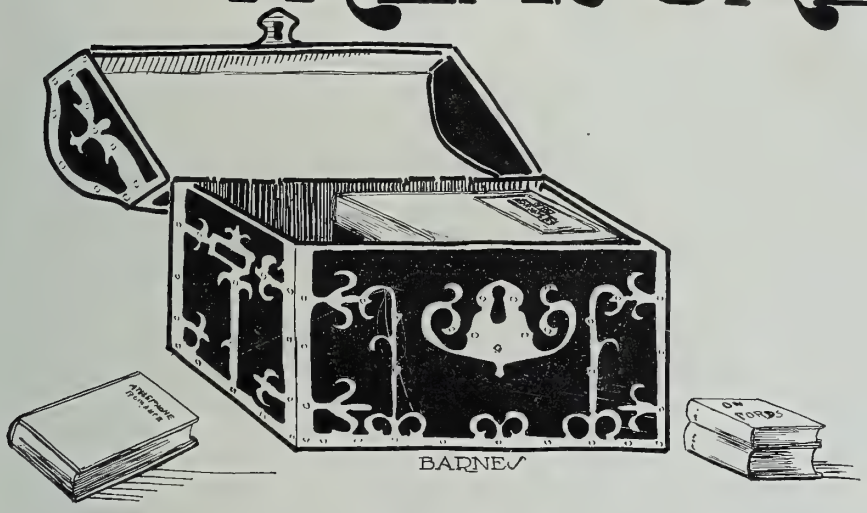
Our latest achievement was given an all-school April Fool Party. The president selected committees who worked long and mysteriously. When the party came, the Freshmen shone with pride. Even if they had not the age and power of the big Seniors, they had planned a party just as good as the one given by the Seniors.

As the school sits and watches the Seniors march up to get their diplomas, you will hear the Freshmen sigh, "When shall we be doing that? We seem so small and insignificant." But those sighs mean little. The Freshmen live in a world of rosy happiness. We all "know" that the Freshman class is the best class in the school.

ANNE JONES, '27


GUESS WHO
THREE
JUST SIX.
SIX FEET!

LITERARY TREASURES



PROLOGUE

This is the key—open the chest;
Within you'll find both thrills and jest:—

"A Telephone Romance," a love tale, does enchance,
"Strike One" slide, slide for fun gives chance.

"Orange Fruit Plus Orange Rouge" is one nice date,
"Mud and More Mud." Alas! oh tragic fate.

At dinner a "Radio Gossip" does rise;
Right here I'm sure you'll sympathize.

What happens when a turkey and an onion fight?

"Savory Quarrels" will give you some light.

"Just a Golf Story" here you see
How to put and how to tee.

Next comes "Whitmire Manor," dim and grim
Full of creeps up to the brim.

"Alarm Clocks" sound their insistant call
"Peter Delves Into Baseball."

A pretty "Brooklet" gurgles by; a rose
Beside some "Running Water" grows.

All these you'll find within the chest,
Song and story, thrills and jest.

A TELEPHONE ROMANCE

"City life is not what it is supposed to be," I declared confidently to the enclosing wall of my tiny room. "Everyone in Buenville spoke mysteriously of the 'gay life of the city,' but its nothing but boredom! Just endless routine day after day. Something happens quick!" But the monotonous walls only stared and stared at me blankly, and the telephone stood with defiantly sealed lips.

Probably it was the quietness of the little room which caused the jingle of the telephone to startle me with its abrupt scream. Probably it was the intolerable deadliness of my uneventful existence which gave me unusual boldness as I picked up the receiver and gasped out excitedly, "Oh,—Hello!"

"Is that you, Peggy?" naively inquired the very nicest male voice I had ever heard.

Courage rushed over me in a wave.

"Yes." (I lied brazenly, for my name isn't Peggy, but I had always wished that it were.)

"Guess who this is?"

How provoking! Now he would find out his mistake and my adventure would end suddenly. Well—here goes!

"Can it be Jack?"

"It can and is. How clever of you to guess it!" (Clever? just luck, I should say. But he was going on.)

"I just came back today. I had your old phone number or I never would have found you. Lucky you still live there. Busy tonight?"

"Yes, indeed yes. Piles of work," I lied desperately.

"That's too bad. But I'll call tomorrow."

I sat motionless and tried to think. My daring masquerade was not over. Something would break the dullness of tomorrow. But what of Peggy? Evidently the person had lived in this room before I took it. It had been pure chance that I had guessed his name. The daily telephone calls would continue as long as I could ward off destruction by my unexpected luck.

The clock threatened to stop on every mark the next day, but at last five o'clock came, and I hurried through the gaily lighted streets to my dark little cell, which I called home.

As I waited breathlessly, the other roomers came in, each slamming the door. The tapping heels of the roomer above ascended to her room. The heavy, thumping feet came to the room across the hall. Then came the swift feet of another, two steps at a time. I had just decided that that must have been the nice but timid boy at the end of the hall, whose name, the willing landlady had told me, was Mr. Waltham, when the telephone rang sharply.

"Fair Helen, will you fly with me to Troy tonight?

"Alas no, Paris, not even if Troy were the opening night of the Follies. But—perhaps the Gods will favor you in the third attempt—try again!"

"Then, by Hercules, I'll call tomorrow!" He hung up laughing.

Darkest despair settled like a London fog upon me as I replaced the receiver. This unknown cavalier must be undeceived tomorrow, even though the future would be as dismal as the past had been.

That next day was the dreariest one I ever spent. Perhaps that is why I was making faces at my reflection in the mirror when the shabby maid brought news of a caller for me in the living room.

A caller! Then "Jack" had come to call without telephoning before. My heart sank farther and farther with each step I descended until I reached the bottom and peeped into the room. Why, there was no one there except the shy boarder at the end of the hall!

"Pardon me, Mr. Waltham," I apologized," but Mary said someone was waiting for me here."

"There was," he answered, and his voice sounded strangely familiar. "He grew a little fearful and asked me to explain. He called you on a chance that you would take him up and pretend to be Peggy. I hope you are not offended and will allow me to show you the wonders of our city."

His unconscious inconsistency gave him away.

"You—you," I spluttered indignantly.

"Yes," he admitted it a little shamefully, "I am Jack." MARIAN MARTIN, '24

STRIKE ONE!

"Oh, George," queried the sweet one excitedly; "why has that man got two clubs? Is he going to hit the ball with both of them?"

"No, Annabelle, he will only use one." The batter stepped to the plate. Crack! as horsehide met wood.

Oh, George, why did he hit the ball way over there?"

To see how many bases he could make."

"Do they have to make the bases?"

"No, Annabelle, the bases are already made."

"But you said—"

"Well, he wants to see if he can get a home run. There! he's stealing second."

"Will they arrest him, George?" Utter disgust registered itself on that individual's face. The game continued.

"Oh you White Sox," bellowed a voice from the rear.

"George, he's making remarks about my hosiery," quavered Annabelle tremulously.

"No, he's not," consoled George, "he's only yelling for the team that came in from the field."

"What field?"

"Out there. Can't you see?"

"Yes, Georgie dear."

At this critical chapter in our narrative, Annabelle stood up to see if that was Mrs. Johnston down in the front row. A neglected banana peel—cruel fate—and Annabelle bounced merrily down the steps.

"Slide! Slide!" roared the crowd. Annabelle slid. She arose, with that schoolgirl complexion standing out all over her bruised self, and stole back to her seat. George, who hadn't noticed her absence, was all ball game.

"Hooray!" he shouted, the White Sox got a runner in."

"Well, you needn't laugh about it," sobbed his spouse "moisturously," "they cost three dollars and a half."

JOHN MORSE, '24

MUD AND MORE MUD

An awful sway, a plunge, a thud,
And there we were stuck right in the mud!
The engine roared; the cog wheels growled;
Even our pretty pet poodle dog howled;
But we were stuck in the mud.

Said Uncle George, "'Tis a terrible shame,
But we'll have to get out and push just the same.
Aunt Lucy, you stay in and drive
While the rest of us get out and strive
To push us out of the mud."

I jumped in the mud with a cute little skipper
And, goodness me, stepped right out of my slipper.
Then with Uncle George and Cousin Bill
I got behind and pushed with a will
To get us out of the mud.

"Step on her Lucy!" A roaring splash!
We were covered with mud as quick as a flash.
Then Uncle George near lost his head,
Began to swear, "back up, go ahead!"
But we were stuck in the mud.

Aunt Lucy said, "For shame, don't swear,
Climb that fence, go over there
And get some straw from that old stack
To put down in this muddy track
To get us out of this mud!"

So Uncle George and Cousin Bill
Carried and carried straw until
They nearly covered up all the road,
Then the old car jumped like a big hop toad,
And we were out of the mud!

FLORENCE BUCKLEY, '24

THE QUARTER-TO-SIX RADIO PROGRAM

For Thanksgiving dinner several years ago, we had planned an extra big menu: roast turkey, potatoes to match, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, and all the trimmings and side dishes. At half past five we were all sitting around licking our chops over the savory smells that issued from the kitchen and wondering if dinner time ever would come.

At quarter to six the doorbell rang. All

groaned, for we had invited no guests. As I opened the door, the groaning increased, for there stood the town radio broadcasting station with all antennae up. She came in, seated herself in the most comfortable rocking chair in the room, and started her everlasting program, all the while rocking back and forth.

Ten minutes passed, but she was only warmed up. (We were boiling.) At the end of half an hour, she was only to pickled pears and her great grandmother. (We were starved.)

For a full hour and a half she babbled on, growing more and more interested in her "program of the evening" regardless of time and her listeners' feelings. Her face was a picture of blankness, with her mouth flying open and shut, her eyes rolling, her nose twitching, and her hands flying here and there with gestures of pleasure or horror. At last she rocked once too often and hit the radiator with a bang. This seemed to ruin her sending apparatus and to cut us off from her.

She looked around at the row of bored, famine-stricken faces, got up, stalked toward the door. Just as she reached it, she started her apparatus going in time to say, "Good night folks! Have a fine Thanksgiving dinner!"

NORMAN WATSON, '25

ORANGE FRUIT AND ORANGE ROUGE

Jimmie Ward was a bit old-fashioned in that he was bashful. He wanted dreadfully to ask Betty Butler to the Delt dance with him, but he just didn't have enough nerve to ask her.

Betty was a pretty brown haired, dainty little miss with big brown eyes that fairly danced with life and mischief. Jimmie, himself, was a stalwart, good-looking athlete; but then, sometimes even the best of us are governed by that monstrous creature, Bashfulness.

The one thing that Jimmie objected to about Betty was the recklessness with which she used orange rouge and fiery-red lip-stick. They were such a decided contrast to each other and to nature's own respectable coloring.

If he didn't ask her today, it would be too late, and he would have to take his cousin—second choice. Cousins are all right in their places, but then, this wasn't one of those places.

He met her on the way to school and made up his mind to ask her then, but the words just would not come. She went to her class and he to his without a word about the Delts and their dance. The whole first hour he sat in class thinking, "What a fool thing, I was. Why didn't I ask her to go at that time?"

He met her several times that day, but whenever he was ready "to pop the important question," she would change the subject.

At three o'clock they met at the door, and since they lived within a short distance of each other, naturally they walked home together.

They were progressing homeward very nicely when, suddenly, as they turned the corner, they were violently met by a small boy on roller skates, who crashed into the two of them. With much ceremony, oranges, which he frantically tried to hold, flew in all directions.

The little fellow was so surprised, that he sat as though glued to the sidewalk, while Betty and Jimmie picked up the golden fruit, scattered all over the ground.

Betty and Jimmie reached for the same orange, and as their hands met, Jimmie was as though enveloped in courage and exploded, "Be, won't you go to the Delt dance with me?" The ice was broken; the awful deed done.

Betty Butler and Jimmie Ward went to the Delt dance together, and they had a "sumptuous" time. Really, after all, orange rouge and fiery-red lip stick look very well under lights.

What happened to the youngster on skates or rather on the sidewalk? Well for all Jimmie cared after Be said, "Yes," he may still be sitting there.

FLORENCE BUCKLEY, '24

JUST A GOLF STORY

Scene—The grill room of a golf club.

Time—Late afternoon of a hot July day.

Cast—Two tired golfers eating. Between bites discussing, or cussing as the case might be, their game. For convenience we will call one Bill, the other Bob.

"Don't believe I ever played worse," growls Bob.

"How do you get that way? Your score was only two more than mine, and I think I played a darn good game," retorts Bill.

Deep silence. Bob at last comes to life.

"Do you remember when I was trapped at the third hole, and pitched out only six inches from the cup? Evans himself couldn't have done better."

"Mere nothing. The 275 yard drive I made on the sixth hole was the finest that I have ever seen. She started low, but how that ball did travel! You surely remember, because that was the time you dubbed. Never will forget the expression on your face when you looked all around for your ball, and finally found it only ten yards away."

"I didn't look nearly as funny as you did when you missed your last putt."

"It couldn't be helped. That green is rotten, and I'm going to report it to the Greens Committee."

This "post mortem," as it were, is never ending. It is the life of every party when good golfers get together.

Florence Wright, '24

SAVOURY QUARRELS

Mother Brown has just set the platter of steaming stuffed turkey on the Thanksgiving table and is helping the children to get their overshoes off, brush the snow from their coats, and comb their knotted hair, when a series of debates takes place on the dining table.

"Can't you keep your elbow out of my face?" snaps the puny sweet potato to Mr. Fork.

"If you don't quit blowing your old smoke in my face, I'll jab your eyes!" yells back Mr. Fork, and with two grunts they settle down.

Then across the table, old turkey gobbles, "Say, carving knife, quit your edging up so close to me. You make me frightfully nervous."

"You think you're some bird, don't you? Yes, you look tough enough, but believe me, if I get mad once, I'll poke your ribs in and knock the stuffing out of you."

Mr. Turk quiets down at this remark, but sasses back, "You think you're keen!"

This end of the table becomes silent, but over on the far side a heaping bowl of whipped cream gurgles, "Little egg, you look as though you were hard boiled."

"Yes, sir, I am sir, but since you've been whipped once today, sir, I shan't soil my hands with you, sir."

Mother Brown enters and places Mr. Plum Pudding right at the head of the table, next to Mr. Onion.

"Good morning, folks," grunts Plum Pudding, removing his funny rag coat and passing forth into the room the most delicious odor of tempting steaming raisins and citron.

"I almost didn't get here this morning," he continues, "It was so cold and frosty." He blows into his hands the breath of a hundred different delicate odors which make the rest of the folks, excepting Mr. Onion, forget their troubles.

But Mr. Onion holds a deep grudge. He scowls and finally grunts, "Mr. Pudding, you seem to hold a very prominent position these days."

"Yes, Mr. Onion, if you were as big as —."

"Hold on there a moment, Pudding; if you were as strong as I am, you'd—," but old onion can hold himself no longer. He plunges out of the vinegar and walks over to the other side of the table, causing Irish potato to sniff and wipe his eyes.

Mr. Onion wrinkles his yellow skin, takes a deep breath, and with a force that makes the whole table tremble, blows across it. But his perfumed breath only mingles and blends with those of Mr. Turkey, Plum Pudding, and the rest. This causes Mrs. Brown's some fifteen guests to exclaim as they enter the room, "What a delightful odor, and how tempting!"

Ione Hunt, '24

HOW WHITMIRE MANOR WAS SAVED

Miss Amanda Whitmire walked up the lonely road from Whitmire Crossing to Whitmire Manor. As she approached, she looked at it sadly. If only she hadn't been a Whitmire! Then she would have lived in a cosy little bungalow in Mayburg perhaps, but she couldn't leave the manor now, for Stephen and his wife were too old to care for it much longer.

Away back in the beginning the Whitmires had been a very wealthy English family. They had moved to America and settled in this "manor" in Mayburg, Maine. From then on, the house had always been the property of the descendants of Gregory Whitmire.

The manor was the very picture of desolation. Its cold, bleak stone walls unadorned with vines or shrubbery; its huge, massive Gothic door with its knocker long unused, and its heavy stone Lantern, all portrayed the most lonesome sadness.

Two stone lions stood at the edge of the lawn, discolored and weather-beaten like the house, but still they guarded the manor with their ferocious looks.

"'Tis a cold night tonight, ma'am," Stephen greeted her as she stepped into the long hall, dimly lighted with two tall tapers.

"Yes," she said wearily, for outside the wind shrieked, seeking for some way to enter the tall, many-paned windows, and reminding her of the loneliness of the manor. "Tell your wife not to prepare any supper for me," she added.

"She wants to visit her sick aunt in Mayburg, but she doesn't know the way very well, and I—," he paused.

"You want to go, too? Well, then go," she finished.

"I'll be back as soon as I see her safely there," he promised her.

The door slammed, the interurban whistled, and she was left alone. Alone!

She sat down on one of the stiff, hand-carved chairs and read by the light of one of the tall, somber candalabras. Slowly and sadly the heavy clock in the hall chimed eleven times. She raised her eyes dreamily. Still more dreamily she climbed the wide, polished stairs. She went into her room, pushed aside the curtains of her four-poster bed, and put her book under the pillow.

Suddenly, a feeling of impending danger swept over her. The air seemed to be stifling her. She went to the windows and opened them. As if in a fury the wind blew her hair back and blew the bed curtains across her. The candle on the bureau flickered and went out. Outside, however, the stars, gleaming coldly and clearly almost reassured her.

But what did she see? Flames! Far off towards Mayburg a crimson glow was lighting the sky! Brighter and brighter, ever increasing until she saw distinctly little spurts of flame. The manor! How to save it! She clenched her fists and threw out her hands, but let them fall again, limply and helplessly to her sides. What was the use? She stood perfectly motionless, staring entranced at the wall of fire that was approaching so rapidly. Suddenly, she started. She must do something! She shut the windows and ran toward the stairs. She slipped, fell, and lay still. She was conscious of a terrible pain in her ankle. She tried to move, but could not.

She realized how much she loved the manor after all. Why, it was her home! She could not do anything. She could not even see the flames, for the window was stained—stained crimson. She was on the stair landing and would be burned, burned just like this. She felt the fire, she knew it, yet she could do nothing.

The door opened slowly. It must be the Spirit of Death! Slowly, slowly, the fingers closed about the door. She shut her eyes. It was Stephen!

"I'm here, on the landing; oh save the manor!" were her first words.

"Tut, the fire's out. I had the idea of turning the creek off in that direction. Gertrude's here, too. It was a false alarm about her aunt," he replied.

MARGARET CARNAHAN, '26

PETER DELVES INTO BASEBALL

Peter Hepworth Billings strolled carelessly along shady Birch Avenue, humming an air from Brahm's "Fifth Symphony." It was Saturday, and the employees of the Armstrong Fig Syrup Factory were enjoying, or beginning to enjoy, their weekly respite. In the trees over head, the birds twittered down at Peter's blissfully innocent face, and then resumed their efforts to reconcile the world to the happy fact that spring had come at last. That evening Peter would go and play second violin beside Etta Jones in the orchestra and be happy.

Mr. Billings was rudely interrupted in his pleasant introspections by the sound of loud cheering and yelling. Looking about him, he discovered that his wanderings had brought him to the outskirts of the baseball park. "But what could those men be doing out there on the grass, in knee pants?" Peter heaved a sigh of disgust, such as only a Billings can heave, and started on his way homeward, when another burst of applause arrested him. There was a figure dashing madly about in no particular direction; he seemed to be undecided as to his own destination, for he turned continually. Peter was much relieved to see him finally give up his heedless galloping, and head back to the place from which he started. This action seemed also to meet the approval of the crowd, for they once more began to cheer. This display of good sense aroused the true erudite instincts in Peter, and he moved closer, better to observe this queer game, for such he had termed it to be.

Peter had watched for about a half hour, when the object of the game dawned upon him with a peculiar intelligent light. The man with the club was supposed to swing as hard as he could without hitting the ball. If he succeeded three times, he was privileged to take his seat on the bench. If, however, he accidentally struck the sphere, he was made to run around the field. Peter was glad to note also that the offense was judged accordingly in that if the player hit the ball gently, he was allowed to take his punishment in installments. The complex arrangement of the men was too intricate for the musician; he ignored it. Before long, Peter recognized some of the faces as belonging to his fellow employees. This increased his bewilderment, which reached a crisis when a man suddenly appeared before him and shouted.

"Do you play?"

The connection between music and the game was too much for Peter, but he managed to stammer,—

"I play second—"

This confession was received with a shout, and Peter was shoved and pushed out on the field where a huge leather mitten was put on his hand. All this occurred too quickly to register on Peter's dazed brain, but he could now hear the shouts of the spectators and players;

"Hold 'em Armstrong, hold 'em."

Our hero saw a man step to the plate and strike. Nothing happened. He struck again. Still immobility on parts of all concerned. He struck once more. This time a crack followed, and Peter had a glimpse of something round and black speeding toward him. He turned his head just in time to allow this something to strike him just below where the part in his hair quit. As he fell to the ground, he saw the offensive object roll near his free hand. He reached for it and got upon his feet with the slow, red indignation of an injured Billings. All of the fire that had accumulated during the centuries of Billings quelled up before Peter's little red eyes. The spirit that had prompted his great grandfather, Ambrose, to declare. "Do not fire until you see the black of their ears," was evident in this more modern member of the ancient family. Suddenly a figure burst upon his view. As it grew larger, Peter saw that it was none other than the person who had dared to strike him. Still clutching the ball, he dashed toward the creature and sprang upon him with the ferocious animosity of a tiger. The figure was instantly stretched upon the turf, and Peter arose with the fierce exhultation of the conqueror that he was.

A roar burst forth from the crowd, furthering Peter's disgust for this terrible

blood-thirsty game. Realizing his grip on the ball, he drew back his arm and hurled the insidious thing far from him. Another roar followed this act, and Peter gazed about, dumb-founded, just in time to see the man at the plate catch the ball and touch another runner with it.

Suddenly Peter felt himself lifted up midst a cheering mob of people and carried proudly through the crowd. The admiring looks and cries softened even the heart of Peter Christopher Billings, and he began to enjoy himself until he was finally let reluctantly down and allowed to resume his homeward path, the pride of the Armstrong Fig Syrup Factory.

JOHN MORSE, '24

ON ALARM CLOCKS

A shrill jangling cuts the quiet repose of the morning like a knife. A stirring, and a tousled head appears from the turmoil of coverlets, blinking sleepily in the late sun. A hurtling shoe and again, all is silence.

Alarm-clocks are subtle. They let you wind them and set them with a disarming air of frankness and then they maliciously peal forth at unholy hours. Then when you reproach them they shyly cover their faces with their hands as if to say, "It was purely accidental." Yet again and again they do it, 'til driven beyond endurance, you murmur something about getting a new one. The next morning the rascal is spitefully mute, and you consequently sleep through your nine o'clock. You say "Oh! I forgot to wind the alarm," but you know as well as the clock does at whose door to lay the blame. In saying *door*, I refer to cuckoo clocks.

Besides their subtlety, clocks are very dishonest. In fact they are down right deceptive. You come home for your mail at noon and sit down to read it. You are in the midst of the last letter when your conscience assails you as to the hour. You glance at the clock and are relieved. You leisurely proceed to scan the paper and then saunter schoolward. Your reward is a tardiness. The clock is prone to stop without warning unless a penny is adjusted under the left leg with great nicety. It stops and starts again with joyous abandon—why lead a humdrum monotonous existence, when it is easy to vary the routine by running fast or slow? Ask the clock!

ORTON WISEGARVER, '24

THE ROSE

In the darkened forest
A rose-bud raised her head,
And whispered to the south wind,
"Have the snows of winter fled?"

The south wind gently fanned her cheek,
And then the rose-bud knew
That spring had come to the lonely woods,
And the violets would be blue.

As she grew higher and higher
She saw the stream trickle fast,
And the nodding violets curtsey
As the breeze was going past.

The spring rains softly fell,
And the bright sun came up,
'Til the rose was the pride of the forest
With perfume in her cup.

ANNE JONES, '27

THE BROOK

Oh you little brooklet
Winding in and out,
Where are you going
And what are you about?

Oh you little brooklet
With flowers upon your banks
Standing like soldiers
In columns and in ranks!

Oh you little brooklet,
Gurgling all the while
Songs of love and happiness
In and out each mile!

Oh you little brooklet
Through the lovely night,
Gliding along so swiftly
In the pale moonlight!

SUSAN JANE SNODGRASS, '27

THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING WATER

There is nothing in nature which has more happy music to it than the sounds of running water. Especially is this true in the mountains. The swift streaems are the merry harps of the wilderness rippling

over sandy strings with stones for sharps and flats and cascades for variations.

When you are wandering through the woods, you can hear, a far off, the trickle and splash of a mountain stream calling you to come and follow it. Once beside it, it lures you on and on—around a sudden turn to the majestic roar of an unexpected waterfall—or beside still pools bordered with soft blue for-get-me-nots and wild roses. If you are lucky, as I was once, you may catch a glimpse of a doe and her fawn come down to drink. Again you may even meet a grizzly bear—but this is a doubtful pleasure.

The stream is a good companion. It chuckles at your jokes and murmuringly sympathizes with your grievances. If you are tired, you may dangle your hot dusty toes in its cool shallows or scoop up a handful of the clearest coldest water on earth for a drink. If you are sleepy, lie down, sniff the wild flowers about you, make pictures out of the glimpses of clouds over your head and the stream will sing you the sweetest of crooning lullabies.

Lois Baker, '24

ACTIVITIES

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

10—'Tis the first day of school. Strange how blue everyone feels. The day is lovely and we feel somewhat out of place.

11—The first assembly—we just assembled, that's all.

12—Mr. Foster has trouble in American History Class, keeping his students awake, who are used to an afternoon nap.

13—From now on, permits are required for us to enter class late. Oh dear, "such is life."

14—This is the first Friday—Good Friday.

18—Miss Seawell beat Orton to-day—playing tennis.

20—Roll call is no longer called. In other words our names are known and all hope is gone.

23 Most of the one o'clock history class went riding 'til ten after one. We don't know where they went, we only know *when* they came back.

24—The American History Class makes up time.

26—Second assembly. We moved upstairs, we're getting so big, you know. Mr. Croxton talked on "Mushrooms."

27—Our first Matinee Dance and it was a fine one.

That night we had the Senior Class Party, and pumpkin pie and whipped cream.

OCTOBER

2—A Home Economic Meeting.

3—We tried to sing at assembly. Many people seemed to have colds.

4—It rained so much that the mushroom hunt was postponed. Instead we danced in the attic. Sort of jolly!

5—Class Elections. (For returns see Class Histories)

8—Carleton Johnston called his friends by telephone, to announce that tomorrow he would appear in long trousers.

9—We went mushroom hunting.

10—No casualties from the mushrooms—yet.
11—Professor Paul gave readings from Riley, in an assembly.
12—A Latin Club meeting. Strange, but interesting.
15—Blue Monday again.
17—An assembly. Professor Lytle spoke on "Mathematics."
19—The Junior All-School Party, but we stayed on the first floor most of the time.
23—Six weeks have gone—like a flash? Grade cards are out.
24—Mrs. Brooks spoke to us about Europe, in assembly.
25—The Seniors entertained us at an All-School Halloween Masquerade. (Oh Johnny and Orton, we certainly hope you make Phi Mu!)
28—Monday—'Nuf said.
30—Halloween—Don't ask me what happened.
31—Assembly. Mr. Brancher spoke on "Wood." Several students were absent because they thought it might be personal.

NOVEMBER

1—Another Matinee Dance.
2—Everybody's happy—no school for Homecoming.
5—School again.
6—The Juniors played the Sophomores in basketball.
8—Hamburgers, apples and milk were sold by the Home Economics Club.
11—We didn't know it to-day, but Leonore PRICE went to Danville!
12—The weather is getting chilly.
14—Candidates are announced for the Latin Club and now this wicked bribing starts.
15—A Matinee Dance—Eats furnished by the citizens of the Roman State.
19—Excitement intense—Mr. Williams saw them.
20—Question: "Will they be kicked out?"
21—? ? ?
22—Answer: "No."
23—All's quiet again.
26—Nothing happened.
28—The Juniors entertained us at a Matinee Dance.
29—We are thankful because Vacation starts for Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER

3—School once more.
6—Assembly. Our motto?: "Make good music popular and popular music good."
10—Dean Leonard spoke to the Girls in assembly. That is, a Girl's Assembly.
11—The Music Memory Contest begins. We all think the Marche Slave is the easiest to remember. It sounds so dismal.
14—Matinee Dance again.
17—One week and one day 'till Christmas.
19—Dreams of sugar plums dance in our heads.
21—Our Christmas Party. Most of the Freshmen get dolls from Santa Claus. Vacation starts at last.
22—The girls took four Christmas baskets to needy families.

JANUARY

3—Just about everyone is back at school to-day. Some pretty wild tales are floating around, too.
4—School becomes a reality again.
12—To-day is Saturday. The Frosh have a party at Ruth Habermeyer's home.
15—The weather's beastly. It's doggone cold.
18—Our Juniors gave a Matinee Dance. The Seniors had a class party here at school. Ask them what happened.
21—Last day of school this semester.
22—Registration.
23—Exams and agonies.
24—Exams and more agonies.
25—Registration some more.
26—No school.
28—Post Exam Jubilee—a Jubilee for some.
31—A Girls' Assembly was held to-day. Mrs. Foster and Margaret Clark played a duet for us.

FEBRUARY

1—Basketball: Uni Hi *vs.* Fisher. They won but we'll do better next time.
3—It seems like spring, but we all know it isn't.
5—The first U. and I. staff meeting. It's all too deep for me.
7—Professor Fitz-Gerald spoke in assembly about Spain.
8—A Matinee Dance. The Alums gave the Seniors a lovely party upstairs.
9—The Valentine Party. (Some people

had marcels in honor of the occasion)
11—Uni Hi plays St. Joe in basketball.
14—'Tis Valentine's Day.
18—The Girls' 10 o'clock confab is broken up. It seems too bad but we realize it is better in the long run, of course.
19—We all went fishing in the janitor's ash can for our galoshes.
20—Tryouts for Senior Play.
22—Assembly—"A live wire Athletic Association." Remember?
25—Virginia Ewalt has acquired bobbed hair and a black eye.
27—Lots of people are bobbing their hairs —"Good work," say I.
29—A Matinee Dance.

MARCH

1—The Box Social. We made 32 dollars. Yes, we are pretty good.
3—They sold the rest of the candy from the Box Social, in the Hall.
4—We go bicycling between hours.
6—Athletic Association meeting.
7—Everyone feels peppy. School is out at 2:00 o'clock and we go to yell at the District Tournament.
10—Senior Play Practice No. 1.
11—The Girls start practicing basketball on the fourth floor. Did you ever see anyone more tickled than Eva was when she made a basket in front of Jimmy?
13—An assembly in the Engineering Building. Miss Fehrencamp spoke on "Greece." Some people do like back seats.
14—Matinee Dance.
17—Did you see the Halfback of Notre Dame?
18—Margaret goes quite regularly to the dentists in the Lewis Building. Have you noticed?
20—The Music Memory Contest and we won! Congratulations!
21—The State Tournament and also the first day of Spring. Does it feel that way? Well, you're mighty warm blooded if you think so.
25—Who said it "ain't gonna rain no more?" It just poured to-day.
27—Charles Winters had a hair cut.
28—The Freshmen fool us with an April Fool Party.

APRIL

1—April Fool!
3—It's Spring.
4—It's Winter.
7—'Though we won't know what it's all about, a very nice man asked us to chase electric lights for the sake of psychology.
10—Where were the Seniors when the lights went out?—Well,—"we'll let that pass."
11—Senior Play. Now tell us the truth what did you really think of it?
14—Miss Seawell entertained the cast so just ask them about it.
15—"April showers bring May flowers" and it rained to-day.
16—We had an intelligence test.
18—Easter vacation so we vacate.
22—There is a tear in every eye, Jim's Stutz, the pride of Uni High—is smashed.
23—Snap Shot day—more work for the—
24—The whole school took a taxi ride along Green Street, in one taxi, at nine-fifty.
25—Just six more weeks of school. Do your spring studying early.
28—Class Pictures taken—Well Eva, are you afraid you'll break the camera?
29—The girls all went to take "Jim"—Oh, to be so popular.

MAY

1—*Three o'clock* assembly—Well, some people have all the luck.
4—Several Seniors snub Orton. They saw his roast section.
7—Junior-Senior Banquet invitations out.
8—Great rush about speeches, etc., for the banquet. For the first time everyone notices the Seniors.
9—Oh! the great night, much roasting, eating, and talking. Thus the Senior Banquet becomes History.
12-13-14—The Freshmen and Sophomores threaten to slap the next persons, on the wrist, who tries to tell them about the banquet. Such is fame.
16—Why the University has to have an Interscholastic, and get us out of school to-day, is more than we can see —but not more than we can stand.
19—Back again, wrecked but happy.
20—Though he denies it, we all know we saw Ed Barrett with a rope around his neck following a man with a grind organ at the circus.
22-23—Sorry, but it was "censured" here.

26—One week and then—Exams!
28—Twilight concert, good excuse for getting out.
30—If one were to visit our eleven o'clock study period one would be struck by the fact that our honorable instructors don't seem to be up on answering the phone. Well, who does answer?

JUNE

1—Baccalaureate Sunday.
2—"From the sublime to the ridiculous." Exams are here again.
3—And again.
4—Class Day.
5—We, the Seniors, commence.

W. C., '24

THE SENIOR HALLOWEEN PARTY

TIME: One Saturday night.

PLACE: The Fourth Floor.

The curtain rises on the attic, decorated with yellow cats, black pumpkins, streamers, and lattice work.

ENTER: The mysterious guests, who are given pencils and orange cards on which they are to write the names of the masqueraders, according to the numbers on each one's back. A lull ensues, during which time Vernon Ferris is announced the winer of the previous game and Virginia Mumford is presented with a balloon as prize for the best costume. The costume is a Bishop's, but she can be recognized by her shoes.

At this juncture the orchestra arrives through the back door, and John Morse and Miss Seawell lead a grand march. The dancing then begins. There are a few Tag dances, and once or twice all run around in a circle and then count five right to get partners.

ENTER: The punch and doughnuts from the left entrance.

There is a sign up at the right entrance which declares that one may have one's fortune told if one will enter the entrance.

After a few more dances the curtain falls, and all the actors leave with the usual quiet which distinguishes them.

W. C., '24

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

We all went up on the fourth floor, pretending it was the North Pole, and there was a Christmas Tree for us, and Santa came down through a hole in the chimney.

Everyone sat in a circle hearing the girls' chorus sing, and then Mrs. Santa helped Santa to give us gifts fit for a king —of a dime store.

And then came the hour for saying we'd "had a nice time," and when we had on our galoshes, all voices just seemed to chime: "Merry Christmas."

W. C., '24

THE BOX SOCIAL

"It takes the girls to do it every time." They proved it at the Box Social, when they earned thirty-two dollars for the Athletic Association. The boxes were beautiful, my dear, beautiful." The boys were good sports, but how could they help buying, when the boxes were so tempting and the auctioneer (James Fraley) so urgent. As I remember it, Mr. Foster ate with Virginia Ross, and he paid an enormous sum for that pleasure. When we had eaten just everything we could, some of us danced and some just talked. This was one of our parties which lasted 'till eleven o'clock. That's a sign it was a good party.

W. C., '24

THE U. AND I. PARTY

Did you ever go to a party where they had such good eats? They had—oh, but I must start at the beginning! Well when the orchestra arrived, the party really started and we danced. Between you and me and the gate post, I thought the orchestra was pretty good. While the dancing was going on, punch was served, and it was delicious. It was at this time also that it just poured outside. Then came those good eats I started to speak of. Well, there were maple nut ice cream and Brownie cookies and more punch. How's that for refreshments? While we ate, Virginia Mumford was given the prize for getting the greatest number of ads for the U. AND I. She got about fifty dollars worth, I heard. The prize was a little gilt basket for trinkets.

W. C., '24

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

Of course we had a good time at that party at the Ketchum's. The victrola fur-

nished music for dancing, and the people who had not yet learned to manipulate their most important means of transportation played cards in the card room.

Then, to give the orchestra a rest, refreshments were announced, and at this a great rush ensued. Those who were a trifle warm from over-exercising brought their body temperatures down to normal by partaking of ice cream and cookies. Then "Her Majesty," Miss Thompson, and Betty McGrew entertained us with piano and vocal solos, all guests joining in on the choruses.

After this, dancing and card playing were resumed, until it was the twelve o'clock for youngsters of the Sophomore age. B. McG., '26

THE MATINEE DANCES

The Matinee Dances fell to our lot,
For we were the Juniors this year.
We all did our best to help you have fun,
Though bankruptcy often seemed near.

And, now that this school year is over,
And *our* dances are things of the past,
We sigh in relief, while we fervently say,
"Thank goodness, that's over at last!"
D. M. F., '25

YEAR'S RECORD FOR THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Faculty and the Mothers of the Home Economics girls were entertained at a Christmas Tea given by the club. As each guest came into the room, one of the girls pinned a sprig of holly on her. Delicious date-nut bars were served with Bohemian tea.

At Christmas time the club held several sales at which hamburgers, sandwiches, cocoa, and apples were sold. The money from these sales was used to buy materials for a complete outfit of clothing for a needy little girl. The students of the Clothing Class made these garments in class. At the all school Christmas Party this little girl received her gifts.

Soon after the Christmas holidays the club gave a play at a school assembly.

Do you remember the style show? Wasn't it good? That was given for the benefit of the Home Economics Club for "Health Week." During "Health Week" a prize of five dollars was offered for the best essay on any topic pertaining to health. Ione Hunt was awarded the prize at the assembly on April the 24th.

One morning in April the girls went on a picnic breakfast at Crystal Lake.
V. M., '25

THE JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

We started the evening by playing ping pong and cards. Later the "ping-pongers" played "patent medicine." It was very amusing to hear them get so mixed up on their pronunciations.

Four of us played Mah Jongg, that very fashionable game. Mr. Foster was "coached" and behold! He won his first game with a score of—oh, too much to count.

Norman had purchased an aluminum record, the kind that you can *yell* into, and record a slight squeak. Junior Mumford ruined his larynx, and so did the rest of us attempting to make this slight squeak. I'm afraid it didn't work so very well, but trying was great fun. V. M., '25

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

Ching Ching Chiney Man
Chow Chow Chow

But it wasn't chow that this year's Juniors gave last year's Juniors on May 9th for the banquet. True we ate inside of a teapot, not that time honored institution of China, but the University banquet "shop."

The members of the faculty and the two classes assembled about seven o'clock at the festal board. A four course dinner was served, starting as usual with a cocktail and ending with ice cream in the class colors. The order was the only usual thing about the feast for jollity and merriment "went round the board" in waves as the skits on the last year's Juniors were given, or toasts proposed.

The wall was built by Miss Duguid and promptly broken by Virginia Mumford. As the game progressed Manderin James Fraley told of drawing the honors and his fellow Manderin, John Morse of how we Mah Jongged and last but not least, Miss McHarry, explained to us of the coming class how to pay the winners.
E. P., '25

THE FRESHMEN PICNIC

Upon a morning sunny
The Freshmen class got up
And packed their baskets neatly
With many an old tin cup.

They walked on their own strong legs,
Or rode on the old street-car,
Or drove their Pa's tin lizzy
Which was much the better by far.

They built a fire by the lake
Under an old elm tree
And ate their wieners and buns
By Crystal Lake's broad lee.

They played baseball and relays,
They reveled in the fun
Until their homeward journey
Was announced by the regal sun.

A. J., '27

MARY WILEY RUTH HABERMEYER MARIE MAGEE
CARLTON JOHNSON LUCY JONES DWIGHT HUBBART

THE MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST

One day in Assembly we were told that Uni High was to enter in The Music Memory Contest. As a taste of what it would be like, Miss Streator taught us how to spell Tschaikowsky. This was easy if you could remember how to combine "chair," "cow," and "sky" to make a composer. Later on we began to practice for the contest. Soon it grew easy to distinguished the various pieces, for we just had to remember that *The Hungarian Dance No. 6* was the small record while *The Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* was the large one; a big bite had been taken out of the *Sorcerer's Apprentice or Finlandia* was on a big record with blue in the center. But Miss Philips soons discovered our method and told us that that would not help us any, for at the final contest the orchestra was to play the pieces. Then we had to work hard. A team of twenty-one was chosen from the school to enter the final contest. At last the day of the contest came, and with it our success. Six of our team made perfect scores, and we won the fifty dollars prize. The next week those six went to Chicago to the final contest. There, Marie Magee made a perfect score.

The numbers which were selected for us to learn were chosen because they are among the most well known and best liked of the classical music. This Music Memory Contest was a very fine thing for us to have because it helped us to become familiar with many of the well known pieces and their composers. It will help us in the future to enjoy better the concerts to which we go, for we will be able to recognize and enjoy to a greater extent, many of the numbers which are played at concerts. I hope that we may have Music Memory Contests here again so that we can become acquainted with other great pieces.

S. P., '26

ALUMNI

Dear Thelma:

How I wish you could have come down for the party which you Alums gave us. You would have had the time of your young life dancing with everyone you used to dance with long ago. Genevieve Gere made the little dance programs, they were very attractive and had our Senior pin designed on them. I saved mine, and I'll show it to you when you come to visit us.

It was such a snappy party. The refreshments were ice cream cones with little red hearts on them to remind us it was a Valentine party.

There were so many of our old friends there, it made us feel quite ancient to see those whom we hadn't seen for so long.

Alberta told me the other day that you are in an Art School, and also that you had one of your pictures in the Art Exhibit in Detroit. We are awfully proud of you and any time you need encouragement, you'll find all of your old friends ready to back you. Keep up the good work.

Love from us all,

THE SENIORS

May we add also that Miss Margaret Cavanaugh has the place of honor in the beauty section of the 1925 *Illio*.

We also wish to announce that Roberta Moore of the class of '22 is president of the new Honorary Music Fraternity for girls.

We hereby wish to announce that:

Twenty-five Seniors graduated from the University High School in 1923,

Fourteen of those Seniors are here at the University of Illinois,

One is married,

Two are working,

One is away at school, and

Seven, we are very sorry, but we know nothing about.

JUST A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

"Hello, Del? Glad to hear you're back in town for a few days, how do you like working in Springfield? Fine? Well, good; there's lots of news about all your old friends. What? Oh all right, here goes. Remember Catherine Barr? Oh, surely you do. It said in the U. AND I. of 1922 under her name, "Come and trip it as we go, on the light fantastic toe." I thought you'd remember her, why—she was trying out some new toe slippers, what ever they are, and she fell and broke her arm. What? Oh yes, I was awfully sorry, but she's getting on all right.

I suppose you've been in to see Phil Welsh at Lloydes. He's working there you know. Yes, he's just the same old Phil.

Oh, and did you hear about Audrey Norton? You didn't? She got married! Yes, sir last fall. What? You hope she's happy? Well so do I, I've heard nothing to the contrary.

That reminds me, I heard some one say that Frank Rupert nearly got married! Can you feature that?

Oh say, I suppose you see Ira Johnson up in Springfield every once in a while? Oh yes, he went back in the winter. Sure, you better look him up.

Do you remember Laura Deere? She got the Freshman Scholarship cup for last semester. I tell you what, Uni High is a pretty good place to come from. Hey, what?

I'm not letting you talk much but—whom? Oh, Spark Plug—Juanita Brown. Why—she's not going back to Kentucky. No. Remember how they used to tease her about that? Maybe that's why she's not going back.

Oh, by the way, Frances Mann comes over here to school every once in a while

to get inspiration from Miss McHarry and Mr. Foster. Yes, she's pretty good at that.

And Henry Parks? They used to say of him, "It's better to wear out than to rust out." Well, he goes here to Uni. I see him every once in a while. Yes, he looks just fine and he's on the staff of the *Commerce Magazine.* Well, I should say that is pretty good for a Freshman.

Oh, Bruce? Sure you can see him most any time on the campus with his little green "spot" sitting on one ear, and "Kank" too, he goes here to the University. Say, guess what I heard. Why, just that all these kids would call Miss Taylor up any time of the day or night to get her to work a specially hard problem for them, over the phone. Pretty slick, eh? Guess I'll try it next year.

Oh yes, they finally came to it, Margaret Cavanaugh and Genevieve Gere both bobbed their hair. Yes, it looks lovely.

Oh, didn't you hear that? Eleanor Bogart and Dorothy Brooks came home from abroad long ago, but Dorothy is East at college, and Eleanor is here.

Bobby Glenn? No, she hasn' tgrown an inch, but she's been doing quite a bit in athletics at Uni. You bet, wasn't she good at making baskets?

Yes, "Ginny" Brennan comes over to school sometimes. I guess she's studying quite a bit, she always has plenty of books. Strange for her? Oh, I don't know she wasn't lazy at school last year.

Oh, Martha Harker came to the Alumni Party. Yes, I guess she enjoyed seeing everyone again. I don't see her much but she's here at the University.

Wish you'd come over here and visit school. Perhaps you'd enjoy being a member of Mr. Foster's history class once more.

Oh, that's all right, I like to rehearse what everyone is doing. This is a funny old world, wonder what we'll all be doing five years from now. Thanks, Goodbye.

W. C., '24

THE HI-Y CLUB

OFFICERS

President	Junior Mumford
Vice-President	Norman Watson
Secretary-Treasurer	Miles Norton

THE HI-Y CLUB OF UNI HIGH

The Hi-Y Club is an interdenominational Christian club organized in High Schools. The four planks in the Hi-Y platform are: clean speech, clean sportsmanship, clean scholarship, and clean living.

Early last fall, four or five of the boys

in our school received letters from the University Y. M. C. A. telling about the club and asking them to meet at the Y hut. From this nucleus an organization of fifteen was soon perfected with the aid of Mr. Colvin, the boys' secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Powell and Mr. Tilton, student Y workers. Mr. Tilton became the club's permanent leader and adviser. Mr. Colvin and Mr. Powell helped it at times. The officers elected were Herbert Windsor Mumford Jr., President; Norman Watson, Vice-President; and Miles Norton, Secretary-Treasurer. These officers served until the closing of the Hi-Y year, about May first. New members were admitted and went through the induction ceremonies arranged for and gone through earlier by the charter members.

The regular meetings were held once every two weeks, and special meetings were called if needed. Men from the University talked at some meetings, and business was discussed at others. About once a month our club with the clubs of Champaign High and Urbana High held a supper at the University Place Christian church. All these meetings were interesting and very worth while.

On March 14, 15, and 16, the Champaign County Older Boys' Conference was held here under the auspices of the three Hi-Y clubs. In this, many good speakers talked to the boys and gave them their ideas of "Life at Its Best." Besides speeches there were suppers, personal conferences, and recreation.

On March 22 the club gave a party at the home of Warrick Squires. Games of all kinds were played and refreshments of all kinds eaten during the evening.

At the meeting on April 16, the officers for next year, beginning about May 1, were elected. They are Norman Watson, President; Warrick Squires, Vice-President; and Boland Brooks, Secretary-Treasurer.

This year the club did not do all that it planned to do because it was so new. However, next year it plans to work harder and to "spread Christian influence throughout the school and community."

N. W., '25

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

October 2

Well, we have a new organization at Uni High, that I think is going to be lots of fun. This morning, instead of going to our regular eleven o'clocks all the girls went to the assembly room. We sang popular songs with great spirit and especially "Yes, we have no bananas"—Funny how everyone likes it. Then we went around the circle to see how many people we could name and it proved a good way to get acquainted. Each class made up yells for their own class and we all tried to see how much noise we could make. Some of the yells were pretty good. I call that a good starter and we are going to have more of them.

December 10

We had another one of those girls' assemblies. Dean Leonard spoke to us and I think everyone enjoyed it. Some of the girls were slightly impressed about wearing more sensible clothing to school. After the talk Miss Leonard said she'd come back again, and then we went to the Library for popcorn balls. It seems that there is a committee made up of one girl from each class, which arranges our meetings. These are: Dorothy Carty, Virginia Mumford, Mary Scott and Margaret Clark.

December 17

Dean Leonard seems to have started something, for here we are in the midst of a contest amongst the girls, not to use lipstick at school, or wear inappropriate dresses, or talk with the boys out in the halls. I think it a pretty good thing and yet it is extreme. But I imagine it will help the situation which is now at almost the other extreme. It lasts for a week and there are people watching us all the time. We don't know who they are, though.

December 22

We took four Christmas baskets, one from each class, to needy families today. Each girl signed up to bring something and then we collected everything. The boys helped by contributing pennies and

we got enough money to buy a chicken for each basket. There were jelly and olives and potatoes and just everything for a Merry Christmas.

May 6

Dean Leonard came again to speak to us and we had a jolly time. I heard today that we girls are going on a picnic or a hike pretty soon. Won't that be fun?

W. C., '24

THE ROMAN STATE

All of you have probably seen announcements of "Contio" on the "Palatine Hill," but only those of you who are Roman citizens, in other words Latin students have been admitted to the proceedings. These have consisted of various programs, carried on in the true Roman style. At the beginning of the year a long and exciting election campaign was held, during which candidates made speeches and tried to gain votes by gifts of such Roman food as cheese, olives, and cheese crackers to the Plebians, Equites and Senatores (Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors in Latin.) A group of the candidates banded together under the name of Optimatates, meaning the Best, planned their campaign so successfully that, with one exception, their ticket was carried. The final results of the election were:

Consuls:
Dorothy Filbey
Norman Watson
Quaestors:
Boland Brooks
Anne Crathorne
Censors:
William Lloyd
Lois Baker
Aediles:
Agnes Johnston
Winifred Cameron
Tribunus Plebis:
Mary Scott
Pontifex Maximus:
Lillian Smith

The officers were elected and were known by their Roman names and cognomina (nick names) such as, Cincinatus, curly headed; Poeta, the poet; and Rufus, the red head.

Shortly after the elections, the citizens who had been divided into tribes and families met in a Contio, to discuss the merits of their ancestors, and each family tried by speeches or acting to give an idea of its former importance to Rome. The Mummius family, through its descendant, Boland Brooks, proved itself able to communicate to the gods directly.

The greatest event of the year, however, was the Roman program presented by the citizens of the school. The two consuls presided, Roman scrolls (each containing an English version of the play) were passed to each member of the audience, and a play in Latin was produced, in which Betty Ketchum and Mary Elizabeth Goodell as Cicero and Caesar, Agnes Johnston, as magister or teacher, and Boland Brooks as young Crassus had important parts, beside those many other "quos fama obscura recondit."

A. J., '25

HUBBART SPEALMAN WISEGARVER BUCKLEY ROBINSON SHAFTON
JONES MORSE CAMERON FRALEY BORÉN

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY
Presented by the Class of '24
April 11, 1924

MISS RUTH SEAWELL, *Coach*

THE CAST

Robert Bennett, E. M. Ralston, Richard Donnelly — partners in a brokerage firm	James Fraley, John Morse, Orton Wisegarver
Clarence Van Dusen, a customer	Roy Robinson
Bishop Doran, a charitable clergyman	Dwight Hubbart
Gwendolyn Ralston, Bob's fiancée	Winifred Cameron
Ethel Clark, a friend of Gwen's	Helen Borén
Mrs. Ralston, Gwen's mother	Maude Jones
Mabel Jackson, Sable Jackson — acquaintances of Dick	Violet-Spealman, Stella Shafton
Martha, the maid	Florence Buckley

First Act—The brokerage offices in the Hotel McAlpin, 3 p. m.

Second Act—The Ralston's summer home on Long Island; 1 p. m. the following day.

Third Act—The same, two hours later.

UNI HIGH SENIORS PICK CLASS PLAY

"Nothing But The Truth" To Be Staged Friday Night in Auditorium

"Nothing But the Truth" a comedy by James Montgomery, will be presented by the senior class of the University high school Friday night in the school auditorium. Miss Ruth Seawell of the English department has been coaching the play for the last month.

W. C. Croxton of the science department is business manager. Miss Marie Anderson and Miss Lisette McHarry of the English department are in charge of the properties. They will be assisted by Ray Barnes, Lucy Jones and Dorothy Bash.

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the idea of the hero speaking nothing but the truth for 24 hours. He bets a friend $10,000 that he can do it and boldly tackles the truth to win the money. For a short time the task is placidly easy, but truth routs out old man trouble and then things begin to happen.

The part of Robert Bennet, the hero, will be played by James Fraley. E. M. Ralston, the head of the firm in which the men are employed, will be John Morse. Orton Weisgarver as Richard Donnely and Roy Robinson as Clarence VanDusen are the other stock brokers who are in on the bet. Winifred Cameron will take the part of the leading lady. Other members of the cast are: Dwight Hubbard as the bishop; Maud Jones as the wife of Ralston; Helen Boren will be Ethel Clark, an ingenue; Violet Spealman, Mable Jackson; Stella Stafton, Sable Jackson; and Florence Buckley, Martha.

UNI HIGH SELECTS SENIOR PLAY CAST

Miss Ruth Seawell Will Coach "Nothing But The Truth"

The cast for the senior class pay "Nothing But the Truth" to be presented at the University high school has been chosen and work has been started on it. Miss Ruth Seawall of the English department is the coach.

The play is a comedy by James Montgomery. The first scene is laid in a brokerage office where Ralston, Bennet and Donnedey are partners. Bennet in a moment of rashness bets that he can tell "nothing but the truth" for a whole day. His two partners and Van Dussen, a friend of the trio ,take him up, and in the scenes that follow in the Ralston's home many humorous situations occur.

The cast follows: Robert Bennet, James Fraley; E. M. Ralston, John Morse; Dick Donnedey, Orton Weisgarver; Clarence Van Dusen, Roy Robinson; Bishop Dorun, Dwight Hubbart; Gwendolyn Ralston, Winnfred Cameron; Mrs. E. M. Ralston, Maud Jones; Ethel Clark, Helen Boren; Mable Jackson, Violet Spealman; Sable Jackson, Stella Shafton; and Martha Florence Buckley.

PARENTS ENJOY UNI HIGH SHOW

"Nothing But The Truth" Pleases Full House in School Auditorium

By FRANCES GUSTAVISON

Giving evidence of training, the seniors of University high school presented their class play, "Nothing But The Truth," a comedy by James Montgomery, to a large audience last night in the school auditorium. The play was well received since it was an exceptionally good expression of high school dramatic ability and credit is due to the coach, Miss Ruth Seawell.

James Fraley held the attention of the audience by the force of his own personality which fitted remarkably well the part of Robert Bennett, the young stockbroker, who made a bet that he could tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours. The task was easy for a time, but entangling circumstances which resulted produced annoying results.

James Fraley

John Morse, as E. M. Ralston, was exceptionally skillful in interpreting the part of the senior partner of the firm. Dwight Hubbard did a clever piece of character study as the Bishop Dorun. Orton Wisegarver was original in his humorous lines of the up and coming young stockbroker, Mr. Donnelly. Roy Robinson was the very necessary customer, Mr. Van Dusen.

Winifred Cameron as Gwendolyn Ralston, Bennett's fiancee, was charming in her simplicity of manner. Maud Jones enacted the difficult role of Mrs. Ralston. Violet Spealman performed very cleverly the part of the would-be-actress, Mable. She was supported by Stella Shafton as Sable. Helen Boren portrayed the part of Ethel, the millionaire's daughter. Florence Buckley took the part of the maid.

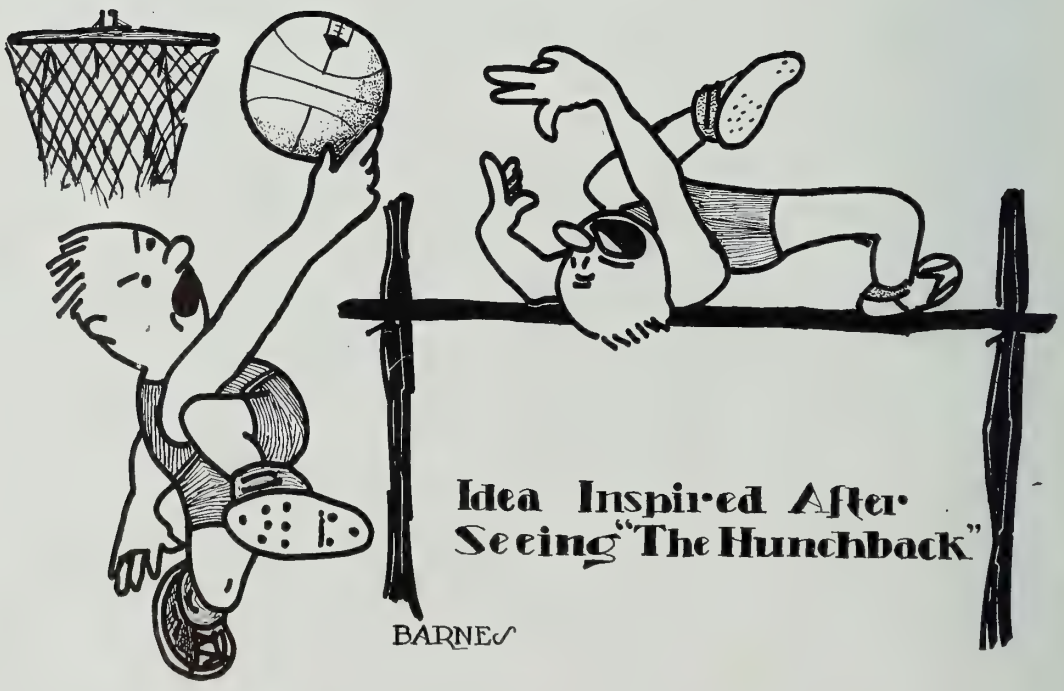
Miss Cameron

U.H.S. PLAYERS DINE WITH MISS SEAWELL

The cast of the play presented last Friday by the seniors of the University high school was entertained at a dinner last night at the Green Gate by the coach, Miss Ruth Seawell.

Places at the table were found by each person after identifying a line from his part written on a place card. Table decorations were sweet peas.

ATHLETICS



A SURVEY OF UNIVERSITY HIGH ATHLETICS

This has been our first year of athletics. It has also been our third year of existence. Why haven't we had athletics before? The Illinois State Athletic Association, which governs the athletics of the school, had a ruling which did not allow any high school student who transferred from another high school to this one, to take part in athletic contests until he had been here one year. Of course, because of this ruling, we were not allowed to have athletic contests during our first year.

The next year we had the same trouble. Most of the fellows interested in athletics were transfers from other high schools.

At a meeting of the association last fall, this ruling was repealed. After that action we had no trouble at all in getting up good basketball and swimming teams.

Our athletic teams this year certainly deserve a great deal of credit for their work They showed the fighting spirit that is necessary to make a team successful.

The coaches, Slaymaker in basketball and Singer in swimming, have much credit due them. It was only through their untiring efforts that our teams achieved the success that they did this year.

The students of the school gave expression to their school spirit and loyalty this year by organizing the athletic association during the second semester. This organization was formed for two purposes: the first was to give financial aid to the teams; the second reason was to stimulate school spirit among the students. The association has just been started. We predict great things from it for next year.

We wish to extend our thanks to those who so generously contributed to the advertising section of the "U and I."

Top row: THAYER, HULBERT
Second row: IRVIN, WARNES, HUDDELSTON
Bottom row: (MGR.) DEAHL, MARMION, (CAPT.) FRALEY, WINTERS, (COACH) SLAYMAKER

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE (2-9)

December 21 _____	Longview at Urbana	Won by Longview	Score 38 to 7 L
January 11 _____	Ogden at Urbana	Won by Ogden	Score 26 to 4 L
January 17 _____	Oakwood at Urbana	Won by Uni High	Score 23 to 17 W
January 26 _____	Urbana at Uni High	Won by Urbana	Score 16 to 7 L
February 1 _____	Fisher at Fisher	Won by Fisher	Score 42 to 17 L
February 11 _____	St. Joe at Urbana	Won by St. Joe	Score 10 to 9 L
February 26 _____	Oakwood at Oakwood	Won by Oakwood	Score 24 to 21 L
March 1 _____	St. Joe at Urbana	Won by St. Joe	Score 16 to 18 L
March 7 _____	Ogden at Urbana High	Won by Ogden	Score 22 to 9 L
Feb 15	Sadorus at Sadorus	Won by Sadorus	Score 10 - 9 L
March 6	Lada at Urbana Hi	Won by Uni	forfeit W

BASKETBALL

We played our first game of the schedule on December 21, with Longview, in the Uni gym. Longview had a very fast team, led by a captain who did some sensational work. Our neophytes were unable to cope with them, and we lost the game 38 to 7.

On Friday night, January 11, our team played the Ogden five in the University gym and were again defeated. Ogden has a light, strong team and had no trouble in piling up their 26 points to our 4.

The next Thursay, January 17, we played Oakwood in the Uni gym. The game was one of the best of the season. The contest was a fast one throughout. The first half was especially close, University High leading 13 to 12. We outplayed the visiting team the second half and won the game by a score of 23 to 17.

On Saturday night, January 26, in our gym, the Urbana second team defeated us to a tune of 16 to 7.

In a game that was much faster than the score indicates, the Fisher team defeated us at Fisher on February 1. The score was 42 to 17.

The next game was with St. Joe in the Uni gym on Monday night, February 11. For the first half the game was slow and uninteresting, our boys not seeming to get into the spirit of the game. The score at the end of the first half was 7 to 3 with St. Joe in the lead. During the second half, though our team rallied and fought a hard game, we made 6 points. The game ended with St. Joe one point in the lead, the score being 10 to 9.

The following Friday, February 15, we went to Sadorus where we put up another good fight. Fate was against us, however, and we had to take the under side of a 10 to 9 score.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 26, we played Oakwood at Oakwood. The game was one of the fastest of the season. Our team played fast and hard. If we had not had so many fouls which gave Oakwood numerous free throws, we would undoubtedly have won the game. The final score was 24 to 21 in favor of Oakwood.

On Saturday night, March 1, we had another good game with St. Joe. The first half was especially good. Our boys had the old fighting spirit and at the end of the half were 3 points ahead of the visitors, the score being 6 to 9. During the second half, however, our boys weakened. The final score was 16 to 18 with St. Joe leading.

Our next game was supposed to have been with Loda on March 6, at the district tournament held at Urbana High. Loda's team was quarantined, so she forfeited the game to us.

The next afternoon we played Ogden. We played a good game, but Ogden was too strong for us, and we were defeated. The score was 22 to 9.

DWIGHT HUBBART

PERSONNEL OF THE BASKETBALL TEAM

"Jimmy" Fraley was captain of the team, and played forward. He was a clean player, a dead shot from almost any part of the floor, and a good leader. It's too bad Jimmy graduates this year for he was a valuable man.

"Tommy" Marmion was our other regular forward. He was unusually successful in his free throws, and was a good shot from all over the floor.

"Chuck" Winters was our giant center, towering above the rest of the team to a height of 6 feet 3 inches. He was the outstanding feature in the last game with St. Joe, piling up 9 points out of the 16 that Uni High made.

"Scrutch" Irvin was our regular guard. He was a fighter from start to finish, and many an opponent's play was broken by his being right in the way.

"Fat" Huddleston was our other guard and was especially good on team work. He and "Scrutch" seldom let the opposing team look at the ball, and then for a very limited period of time.

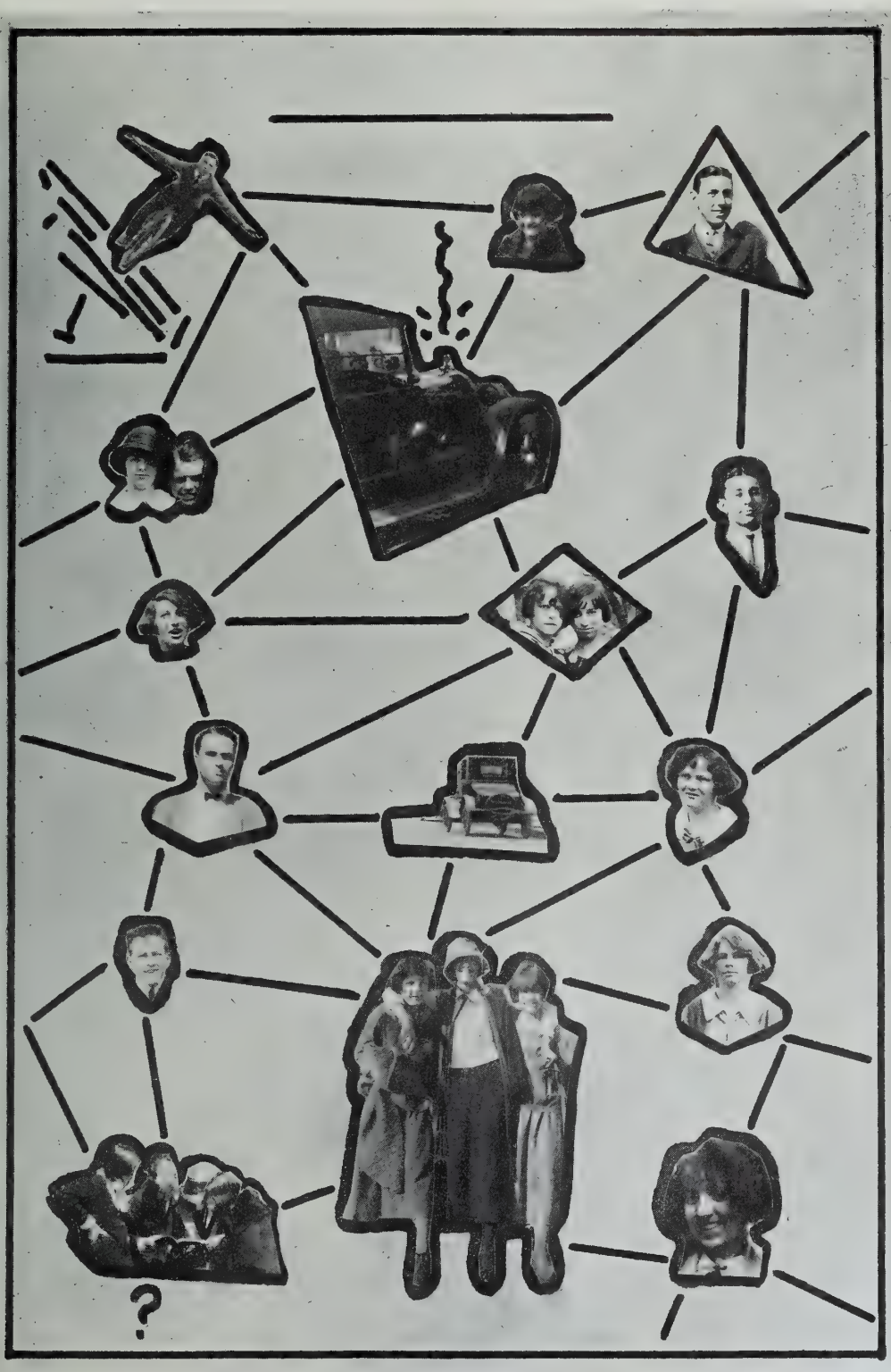
This was "Chuck" Hulbert's first year at basketball. He distinguished himself by his team work and his all-around athletic ability.

(Coach) Singer Lloyd Brannan Johnson
Morse (Capt.) Hulbert Brooks

SWIMMING

We competed in only two swimming meets this season. The first one was a dual meet with Phi Mu Delta fraternity on Tuesday night, March 25, in the Uni pool. We succeeded in nearly swamping the opposing team. We turned in a clean sweep, taking all the first places and taking both first and second places in the 100 yard back stroke and the 50 yard free style. Captain Hulbert and "Chuck" Winters were stars of the meet. Hulbert scored 11½ points and Winters 13. Hulbert got first in the 50 yard free style and back stroke and was a member of the winning relay team. Winters won firsts in the plunge and breast stroke and came in second in the 100 yard back stroke.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 1, we had a dual meet with Urbana High in the Urbana pool. Our luck was not with us that day as Hulbert and Winters were the only ones to cop first places. Hulbert won first place in the 40 yard dash and second in the 100 yard back stroke. Winters won first place in the 100 yard breast stroke and third place in the plunge. Morse won second place in the 100 yard free style and third in the 40 yard dash. Brooks copped a third in fancy diving. The score for the meet was 40-19 with the Urbana natators in possession of the larger score.



Name	Distinguishing Trait	Noticeable Peculiarity	Ambition	Result	Chief Worry
Morse	Curly Locks	Same	Successful Bus. Man	Trombonist at Beardsley	Curly Locks
Pettingill	Clothes	Clothes	Kindergarten Pilot	Chorus girl	Phi Mu Delta
Jackson	Feet	Face	Restauranteur	Who knows?	Miss McH (?)
Cameron	Eyes n'everything	Society Ed	Plenty	Telephone Operator	None
Barrett	General Indolence	Same	None	Same	That Girl in Culver
Ewalt	Swagger stick	Needs a Neck Shave	Prom	Beardsley	Riding hour
Fraley	Stutz	Ford	Dirt-track Driver	Methodist Minister	Eva
Dukes	Saint Joe	Sigma Nu			Sigma Nu
Barnes	Coils	Jazz-bows	Radiotrician	Pat. Med. Salesman	Dorothy
Carty	Roy	Roy	Roy	Roy	Roy
Orton	Shoes	Room-mate		Censured	The check
Baker	Reticence	Pulchritude	Psychotherapist	Phrenologist	Can't think of more
Robinson	Dandruff	Abundance of it	J. P. Morgan	Secret	Trousers creased
Martin	Grades	Bobbed hair	Reduce	Poet	Grades
Dwight	Walk	Hair	Lion tamer	Traveling Companion	Beard
Violet	Powder	Powder	Enough powder	Too much powder	Powder

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

SCENE—One
TIME—Flies
PLACE—Same

The scene suddenly shifts. The audience plainly hears it being shifted. The villain took his cue and entered and smote the ball right jauntily. He was a master of English. "Alas!" cried the hero, and one entered. She was a fair maiden, fair in all things.

"Is this the rightful heir?," she gurgled.

"Forsooth, thinkest thou 'twere a wig?," quavered the Bishop.

"Why Bish, you wrong me; but the hue, oh! I look at the hue and cry 'But say the word and I will dye with you!' "

"The audience is asleep," heaved Roy, halitoscially.

"Who shall wake them?" countered Martha with one foot on the bar. Like a flash came the inspiration. She drew a deep, dark breath and whispered, "Let us draw straws!"

"Order! order!," bellowed Miss Seawell.

"Three beers," quoth Jimmy, John and Orton. She really hadn't Orton to but the sky is blue.

"Help! help!," cried Harvey T. Woodruff plaintively, and lo! it fell unto Mabel that she should awaken the sleepers. In the front row a man sobbed bitterly. He sobbed on and on. On what? The floor you idiot. Great saline globules coursed down his cheeks. He was crying. Mable placed a consoling foot in his lap, an act so typically Maybelline, and eyed him pityingly.

"My poor dear man," she crooned, "what is the matter?" He stifled his soul racking sobs and said simply, "I wrote that play."

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CHAMPAIGN ILLINOIS

Correct this sentence: "John is going home to study, and Orton is going home."

Voice: "Does James Fraley live here?"
2nd Same: "Yeah, bring him in."

Dot Carty: "Did you go to the dentist?"
Roy (of course): "Yes, I was bored to tears."

Hair-Raising Episode
Mr. Appling grows a mustache.

H. Shively (attempting a pun): "The guy that wrote 'Bebe' ought to be shot."
L. Thayer: "Smatter? Didn't she answer him?"

Tom Coffin: "It was a man with a wooden leg named Smith."
Q. C. Vines: "What was the name of the other leg?"

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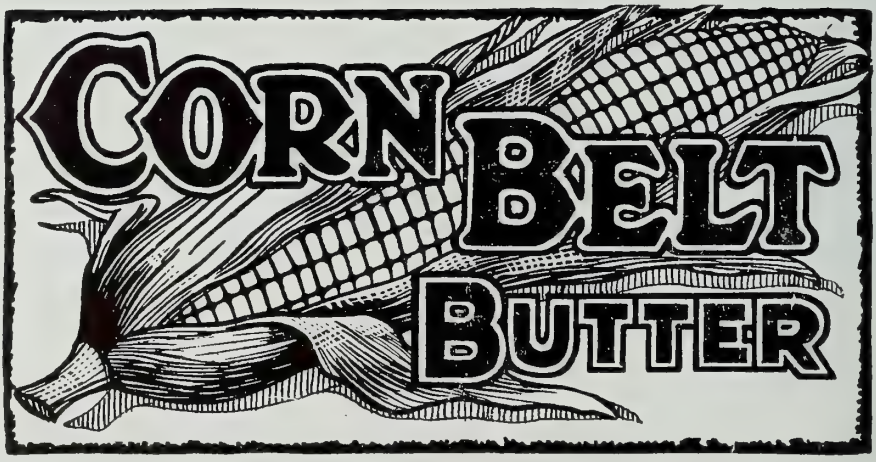

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Listening, with most girls, is just a matter of waiting until the other person has finished.

Pettingill: "Stella is a decided blonde."

Other Cat: "Yeah, I was with her when she decided."

The guy that wrote Bebe ought to be shot.

Just because Harry Watts was born in White Heath is no sign he is a White Heathen. He lives in Champaign, now.

Dukes: "Gee, you look funny in that hat."

Pettingill: "S'matter with it?"

St. Joe: "Oh, it's a good-looking hat."

Caroline Duffy

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Are Judged by the Company They Keep.

Some one mentioned big feet and Alicia Vines said, "Why, when Donald Taylor came over to borrow our soup-bone last night, his feet stuck out so far in front he had to back up to the door to knock."

Jimmy was taking Eva to the Orph. The following break is the result:

Jimmy: "Do you want me to get a Mezzanine Loge?"

Eva: "No, no, Jimmy; I want to sit in a box."

Stude: "I got a falsetto voice."
Prune; "I got a falsetto teeth."

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A. C. COOK W. F. COOK

Chas. Winters: "Why do they paint wooden chicken houses?"

Second Farmer: "To keep the hens from eating the grain."

Mr. Braucher complains that since he swallowed his false teeth he has gnawing pains.

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McGrew: "Have you lady-fingers?"

Jimmy Kennedy: "Yes, we have no lady-fingers, but I got pigeon-toes."

In Solid Geom

Miss Taylor: "Define poles."

Wilber Gwinn: "Poles are natives of Poland."

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"Red's Old Standby"

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Dr. Sargent estimates that 86 per cent of our worries are due to people who mean well.

Miss McHarry has received her Bachelors Degree. Was that necessary?

William Lloyd was presented with a box of cigars. Having no matches, he took a cigar out of the box and made it a cigar lighter.

In Memoriam

Lenore Blair—married.

Mrs. Foster: "Oh, you're not the only man that proposed."

Mr. Foster: "Well, I wish you had married the first fool that asked you."

Mrs. Foster: "I did."

[Ed. Note: How much does it cost to have a broken arm set?]

THE GUY THAT WROTE "BEBE" OUGHT TO BE SHOT.

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Dumb Act No. 3658½

"Did she get a Mandate?"

"Didja think it was a woman?"

Mr. Appling Puts His Foot Down —

"What would happen if gravity ceased to act?"

"That depends on the sort of live you've lived, Violet."

"Done your outside reading yet?"

"Nope, 'sbeen too cold."

"My land," said the Condemned Man, as he watched the grave-digger.

Mr. Foster: "Tell us all you can about the Caucasian race."

Lenore Price-Blair: "I wasn't there; I went to the May fete."

Jimmy: "What's the dope on the Derby?"

Orton: "Looks like gravy."

PORTRAITS OF SENIORS IN THIS ANNUAL

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Generosity

A little lass from Uni Hi,
Lay sprawled upon the turf,
And by her side the trusty steed,
A cycle fallen to the earth.

"Have an accident?" he asked;
(A harmless boob was he.)
But the little dear just shook her curls,
"No, thanks; I just had one," said she.

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A buxom little bum,
And as he took him home he said,
"The wurst is yet to come."

He took the Stacomb and fried it.

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PHONE 1698

"This steak is so tough my knife won't cut it."

Waiter: "Another knife for the gentleman."

Tom Marmion: "How do you spell 'its'?"

Ditto Kane: "I-T-S."

First Sapp: "Aw, you can't fool me; that's an Interurban Company."

At the Op'ry

"That is Mephistopheles."

"The Devil you say."

[Ed.: The foregoing perpetrated by J. D. Morse, Jr.]

Miss McHarry suggested that the teachers be roasted. How inhuman!

"DID SHEET?"
"I'LL SATIATE."

Rodolph Hulbert's idea of a bachelor is a man that can come in at two a.m. without noticing that his shoes sqeak.

It has come to our immediate notice that steps have been taken to exclude good-looking teachers from the profession. May we protest that, under the circumstances, it is hard enough to secure an education, without having the incentive removed.

Rhet IV

Miss Seawell: "What is the objective of 'he'?"

Harry Spence: "She."

Ancient History

Miss Bowlus: "King Solomon had 1000 wives."

Roy Barnes: "Was he the guy that said, 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"

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Lins to H3sther

(Composed on a New Typewriter)

YOUR praiases the paeons of daWN PRoclaim,
WHEre the eearliest robinS SEQqested;
Alll Natude shall join in pronounouncing your name,
Fair Ha8thr— no, T$thEr— no, hesthe%!

(The old-fashioned QUill I have laid on the shelf;
Need i add I AM typing these lyrics mySLF?)

WOuld that my lips could derscibe you the r9ose
or the viloet hid in the hollows?
The flpwers that blvum in the $pring, tra l@,
Or rather, that 8loOm in the spriningtr— O' pshaw,
IT8s quicker to rite them as folllows:

% ? % ? % ? % ? % ? % ? % ?
? % ? % ? % ? % ? % ? % ? %

(If that doesn't go for a FUOWEring vine,
It should make an attractive linoLYum design.)

CAnnnnnot descripe what isdeep in kour eyes,
AS BLUe as the heavens ABove you;
There are j6ust three words thatmy lips devise:
i only can say: "8 ♯9'3 697 !"
(i pressed the FIG key, the meachine did the rest;
BUT The sentimens there, if it isn8t expressed!) *ccCorey foRD %—in Life*

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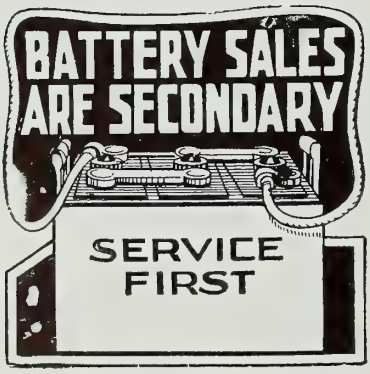

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THE GUY THAT WROTE "BEBE" OUGHT TO BE SHOT.

Harry Brunty was guilty of the following at the last party:

"Ketchum, can I have the next dance? Junior Mumford is sore at me and I wanta bump him."

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of the most
Particular
Appetite
Is the
Aim
of the
GREEN TEA POT

If the American Federation of Labor should sue the B. V. D. Company, would it be a Union suit?

There are come Grand Slams in this Annual, even if I don't play bridge.

"Mother, do all fairy tales begin, 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear; a great many start out with, 'Tonight's lodge night'."

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HIGH GRADE SHOE REPAIRING

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URBANA :: ILLINOIS

Morse: "—— and I haven't smoked since the first of the month."

Bob Graham—"Moreover, an' 'twer a commendable thing, a commendable thing, indeed."

Morsarcasm: "Yep; Orton's broke."

Saint Peter (in answer to a timid knock): "Who's there?"

Weak Voice: "It is I."

St. P.: "Oh, Lord; another teacher!"

Ned Barrett (applying for a position at the "Home of the Electric Waffle"): "Have you an opening for me?"

Mister Mead (himself): "Yes. Close it as you go out."

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You've heard the one about the cop who found a dead horse on his beat. It happened to be Kosciusko Avenue. Later, when he was writing his report, he discovered that he was unable to spell Kosciusko Avenue. So he dragged the horse over to Emerald Street.

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Trig Wise Crack

Stutz: "Why don't he sine the papers?"
Ned Barrett: "Cosecant."

The preceding took place the day Ned was in class.

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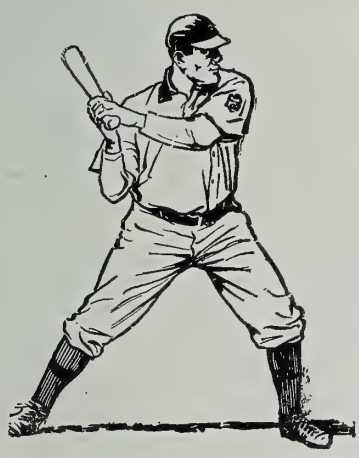
"What do you mean by staring so rudely at the lady?"

Waiter: "It aint rudeness; it's genuine admiration. This is the fifth time she's been down to supper?"



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University High School Magazine

Published by

The Senior Class

June, 1925

Volume Four

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Urbana, Illinois

IN APPRECIATION

OF

HIS INTEREST IN AND SERVICE TO

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL

THE CLASS OF 1925

DEDICATES THIS BOOK

to

CHARLES ERNEST CHADSEY

DEAN OF THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

AND
JUNE
1925

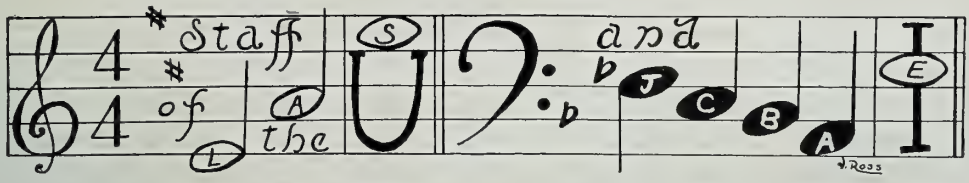
FOREWORD

This book is our attempt to record in word and picture the events of 1924-25 at University High School. We have tried to attain the high standard of work set in the editions of former years; we hope we may have surpassed it; we leave it to you to decide.

First appear the folk we have seen around school this year: the Teachers, the Seniors, the Juniors, the Sophomores, the Freshmen. Some of them are future writers and poets; we have given them a chance to show their ability. Then follow the activities of the various groups in athletic and social life. At last we laugh and joke together.

Years from now we shall look at this book and laugh again, recalling the old times and the friendly faces of high school life. Yes, we shall laugh; but another feeling, a deeper, finer feeling of Unity and Spirit will come to us.

NORMAN WATSON



LITERARY ART SOCIETY JOKES CIRCULATING BUSINESS ATHLETICS EDITOR IN CHIEF

Business, Junior Mumford

Editor in Chief, Norman Watson

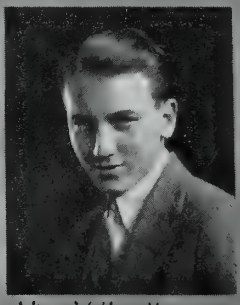
Literature, Agnes Johnston

Athletics, Boland Brooks

Circulation, Thomas Marmon

Society, Dorothy Filbey

Art Editor, Mary Mackay



Jokes, Wallace Howe

MARIAN BAKER St. Mary's Hall, Minnesota

Senior Play; Announcement Committee.

Deep brown eyes running over with glee,
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.

STELLA A. CAMERON Champaign High
"SLIM"

Glee Club.

On with the dance—let joy be unconfined.

R. BOLAND BROOKS Urbana High
"BROOKSIE" "ROBBY"

Chairman Senior Hallowe'en Masquerade Committee; Secretary Dramatic Club; Secretary-Treasurer Hi-Y Club; Senior Play; Varsity Basketball; Interscholastic Tennis; U and I Staff.

Comb down his hair; look, look!
It stands upright.

HELEN FRANCES DAVIS Arthur Township High

Class Prophecy.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
And full assurance given by looks.

DOROTHY MAY FILBEY
"DOPIE"

Girl Reserve; Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; U and I Staff; Class Poet.

And fair as is her blue eyes' smile,
Yet fairer is her mind.

WALLACE HOWE Long Beach Polytechnic High
"WALLY"

Captain Varsity Basketball Team; Dramatic Club; Senior Play; U and I Staff; Class Treasurer; Chairman Senior Announcement Committee.

The devil was handsome when he was young.

DOROTHY LORAINE HOLLAND
Centralia High School

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.

AGNES ELFORD JOHNSTON
"ATCHIE"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Stage Manager of Dramatic Club; Social Chairman of Girl Reserve; Senior Girl Solicitor for Athletic Association.

In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare.

THOMAS WILLIAM MARMION St. Mary's High
"TOMMY"

Basketball; U and I Staff; Business Manager of Dramatic Club; Senior Boy Solicitor for Athletic Association; "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife;" Senior Play Carpenter; Class Will.

Whether he is up or down,
He wears the grin that won't come off.

MABEL LANGDOC Oxford, Indiana, High
"MABE"

Mome Ec. Club (contest committee); Girl Reserve; Class Will.

As good be out of the world as out of fashion.

JOHN MOHUN — Omaha Central High

Class President; Senior Play; Social Committee; Commencement Committee.

The force of his own merit makes his way.

MARY MACKAY

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Publicity Manager of Dramatic Club; Home Ec. Club; Orchestra.

If there is an all-round girl,
She must be Mary.

HERBERT W. MUMFORD, JUNIOR
"JUNE" (bug, etc.)

Business Manager U and I; Business Manager Senior Play; Chairman Program Committee of County Older Boys' Conference; Hatchet Oration; Hi-Y Club; Dramatic Club; Swimming Team; Long Distance Track Team.

The gods bestow their gifts on men
With many a curious twist and whim.
They handed out an armful when
They chose the gifts they gave to him.

FLORA CHRISTINE MARTIN — Champaign High
"SHORTY"

U and I Snapshot Committee.

A girl—a curl—a heart a-whirl.

VIRGINIA MUMFORD
"JINNY"

Senior Play; Dramatic Club; Home Ec. Club; Treasurer Girl Reserve Club; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Cupid has not, in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

GLADYS E. NALLY — St. Mary's High
"GLAD"

Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair.

ELEANOR PARMELEE
"EL"

Secretary Girl Reserve; Home Ec. Club; Cheer Leader; Dramatic Club; Class Prophecy.

I dare do all that may become a man!

HANS B. SMEDEGAARD
Stenhus Kostskale, Denmark

Hi-Y Club; "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife."

The road to Luck is paved with Pluck.

VIRGINIA ROSS — Alvin High
"GIN"

Dramatic Club; Home Ec. Club; Senior Play Staff; Glee Club; Girl Reserves; Class Secretary; Class Will; Commencement Committee.

Quiet, shy, and timid;
Yet bright and sweet withal.

MARTHA HALLENE STEVENS — Bone Gap High
"STEVE"

Home Ec. Club; Girl Reserve.

Small cooks make best pastry,
And small athletes quickest runners.

CHARLES A. SPEARS

Senior Play Electrician; Hi-Y Club; Cross Country Team; Commencement Committee.

They always think who never talk.

DOROTHY FAY VOSE — Knoxville High
"DOT"

Girl Reserve; President Home Ec. Club; Class Vice-President; Senior Play Property Manager; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Farewell.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

DONALD TAYLOR — Virginia Community High

Senior Play; Class Treasurer.

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.

MARION WHEATLEY — Champaign High

Much study is a weariness of flesh.

NORMAN A. WATSON

President Hi-Y Club; Treasurer Athletic Association; U and I Staff; Senior Play; Business Manager of Dramatic Club; Orchestra; Welcome.

W-O-R-K spells success.

HELEN CATHERINE WOLF

I would be friends with you.

GLADYS F. ZENKE — Broadlands High

She's quiet, but she's friends with all of us.

CHARLES WINTERS

"CHUCK"

Dramatic Club.

It is excellent to have the strength of a giant, but it is tyrannical to use it like a giant.

HARRY M. C. WATTS

There is nothing so sweet as the sound of the human voice—to the one who is talking.

FRED CAIN — Tampico Township High

Men of few words are the best men.

LAWRENCE LYLE THAYER — Urbana High

Orchestra; Cheer Leader.

He looks as lazy as he is, but he is not as lazy as he looks.

Onward!

To us is come the end of what is old,
As well as the beginning of the new.
For four long years this time has been foretold,
That when it came we might distinctly view
What we should do.

How much we owe to those companions dear
Who patiently have helped us day by day!
Without their guidance, wise, yet not severe,
How difficult and dreary were the way
We now survey!

Our high school days are done; now must we face
The world, with all its hope and promise bright.
Our selfish aspirations we replace
By trust that we may serve this world aright
With ceaseless might.

Thus, self-forgetful, may we tread life's road
And ever seek for service, not for praise.
Then, like the nautilus, in each abode,
Shall we by nobler standards choose our ways
Through all the days.

Dorothy Filbey '25

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	John Mohun
Vice-President	Dorothy Vose
Secretary	Virginia Ross
Treasurer	Donald Taylor
Advisers	Miss McHarry, Miss Swander

Class History

We are the class of '25. We are the first graduating class which has spent its four years in University High School, and we are proud of the fact.

Four years ago, as mere infants in arms, we came to Uni High for the express purpose of absorbing more knowledge than we then had. With the aid of our very efficient class advisers, Miss Bell and Mr. Croxton, we began the numerous intricacies of our Freshman year. Our class officers were Junior Mumford, president; Pluma Reeve, vice-president; Norman Watson, secretary; and Eleanor Parmelee, reasurer.

In our second school year, we elected Norman Watson as our president; Virginia Ross as our vice-president; Junior Mumford, secretary; and Virginia Mumford, treasurer. Our class advisers were Miss Robinson, Mrs. Osgood, and Mr. Foster. With the thorough beginning we had made in our Freshman year, we felt that we could start to do our bit; therefore we began and carried through the project of having our school songs and yells printed. The publishing of these songs called for substantial support of the class; it was given willingly. This was the biggest problem of the year, and the class of '25, after the songs were out, felt that it had accomplished something for its school. Another problem solved by the Sophomore class was the *Tiny Illini,* a school paper which had been started by the foregoing class. The paper was published and distributed religiously by the Sophomores.

As Juniors, after our officers, Everret Warens, Charles Spears, Norman Watson and Virginia Benedict, had been elected, our first business was the continuing of the production of the Matinee Dances. How faithfully the work-worn Juniors labored under the strain of this chosen work, only they can say. Through our supreme efforts the feat was accomplished, and now the immortal Seniors look back and laugh! The Juniors gave several school parties all of which were greatly enjoyed by the student body. Among these was the carnival, which helped to produce funds for the Junior-Senior Banquet. Near the end of the school year, through extensive and intensive struggles of the near-great, a very delightful Junior-Senior Banquet was effected. (We will admit it!) With the Juniors serving as ushers at the class day exercises, Commencement, and Baccalaureate, came the end of one of the most prosperous years known in the school.

Our Senior year was filled with happy fun and equally interesting work. At the first of the year, we elected our last class officers. Our president was John Mohun, and his aids were Dorothy Vose, Virginia Ross, and Donald Taylor. Our class advisers, Miss McHarry and Miss Swander are worthy of our most sincere praise. Through the untiring efforts of the Senior class, the U and I was published. This is the first year that all copies have been sold. The Senior play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was greeted by a full house. The Juniors gave us such a very delightful banquet that we felt well repaid for our labor a year ago. Class Day was enjoyed to the full, and Commencement was the omnipotent assembly that the class had worked for through its high school career. And now, because we have done the best we knew how, and because we have upheld the spirit of our school, we are proud to be the first class to be graduated after four happy years in University High School.

Mary Mackay

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Baccalaureate Services

Sunday, June Seventh
Wesley Foundation, Henderson Hall, Eight o'clock

Prelude . . . . . Miss Elizabeth Stiven
Invocation . . . . . Rev. Paul J. Snyder
Hymn No. 1—"Come Thou Almighty King" . . Congregation
Scripture Reading and Prayer . . . . . Rev. Robert Locke
Special Music . . . . . Girls' Double Quartette
Baccalaureate Sermon . . . . . Rev. J. W. Malone, Jr.
Hymn No. 141—"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy" . Congregation
Benediction . . . . . Rev. Paul J. Snyder
Postlude . . . . . Miss Elizabeth Stiven

Alumni Association Banquet

Tuesday, June Ninth
In honor of the Class of 1925
Southern Tea Rooms, Six o'clock

Class Day Exercises

Wednesday, June Tenth

President's Welcome . . . . . John Mohun
Class History . . . . . Mary Mackay
Class Poem . . . . . Dorothy Filbey
Class Will . . Thomas Marmion, Virginia Ross, Mabel Langdoc
Class Prophecy . Eleanor Parmelee, Helen Davis, Charles Spears
Vocal Solo . . . . . Virginia Mumford
Hatchet Oration . . . . . Junior Mumford
Principal's Address . . . . . Lewis W. Williams

Fourth Annual Commencement

Thursday, June Eleventh
Wesley Foundation, Henderson Hall, Eight o'clock

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Martin S. Bryant
Welcome . . . . . Norman Watson
Commencement Address . . . . . Charles Ernest Chadsey
Dean of the College of Education, University of Illinois
Vocal Solo . . . . . Mary Hartley
Farewell . . . . . Dorothy Vose
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Dean Chadsey
Presentation of D. A. R. Award . . . . . Mrs. Baldwin
Benediction . . . . . Rev. M. S. Bryant

Welcome

Four years ago when we entered University High School as Freshmen, we were welcomed by the faculty, and, in a way, by the upper classmen. There were no school traditions for us to follow, for the school was just starting; but still there was a feeling of goodfellowship among all the newcomers.

Throughout our four years this atmosphere has been ever present, slowly becoming more marked as three other Freshmen classes have been added to the school life. Now we are Seniors—the first seniors that can extend a welcome to you after they have passed four years at University High School.

We feel as if it is our school; and for that reason our welcome to you is most sincere. This attitude may seem somewhat vain on our part, but have we not a right to be proud to claim such a school? It is our desire that our measure of success and service in life may be great enough that University High School will be glad to claim us as its first children.

We are leaving soon, but in our last few minutes as Seniors, we hope that you may share with us the unusual joys of this very special occasion. We welcome you to our commencement, University High School's commencement.

NORMAN WATSON '25

Class Prophecy

CHARLES SPEARS, Editor, Champaign.

HELEN DAVIS, Old maid school teacher, Yukon.

ELEANOR PARMELEE, Lawyer, London.

Office boy.

SCENE—Office of the Champaign *World*.

(Two girls enter and sit down to wait for editor).

H. D.—(to E. P. as office boy exits). Of whom does that boy remind you, Eleanor?

E. P.—Why sure as I'm alive, he's a second Tom Marmion.

(Office boy returns).

Office Boy—Sure, you kin see the boss.

E. P.—Whose little boy are you? And what's your name?

O. Boy—Tom Marmion's me father, and Tom Marmion is me name too, be gorry.

H. D.—And what's your father doing?

O. Boy—Me father? He's a traffic cop on the corner of Florida and Burl.

E. P.—My, but you're a little man to be at work like this.

O. Boy—That's nothing. All me brothers and sisters works, and we all divvy up with father on Saturday night, too.

H. D.—Well, Tommy, that's fine, but we must see the editor, Mr. Spears.

O. Boy—All right leddies, I'll show you in.

(Ushers women into office of Mr. Spears.)

C. S.—(rising): Why, hello girls! You here for the big reunion? I'm afraid you're just a day late. That's too bad! Sit down and I'll tell you about it.

E. P.—Well, what do you know about that? Well, tell us all about it, Chuck.

C. S.—Well, here are the notes we got from yesterday's meetings. Here's the program. Maybe you can't find 'em all there; here's yesterday's *World*. Look through it; p'raps you'll find something about someone you know.

H. D.—(taking program notes): Say, you take the paper and look through it while I see what I can find here. (Reading aloud): "Invocation given by Robbie Boland Brooks, D. D. But that really isn't so surprising; he always was religiously inclined when we were in school.

E. P.—Say, how's this for traveling? "Gladys Zenke and Helen Wolfe—School Bus—leave Broadlands 7:00 A. M., arrive at Uni High 7:30 A. M. Special arrangements with speed cop, Marmion." Oh boy!

H. D.—Just listen. "Address: Dorothy Filbey—'How I have Successfully Dodged Intelligence Tests.' Then Reminiscences: 1. Life of a bare-back rider—Mable Langdoc; 2. Life in the Danish Navy—Admiral Smedegaard; 3. Wing Walking in the Air—Gladys Nally; 4. Behind the footlights—Charles Winters; 5. Fine Art of Broncho Busting—H. Stevens. Benediction: Robbie Boland Brooks, D. D. Fifteen Rahs for Class of '25—led by Lawrence Thayer."

You certainly get a pretty good idea from this of what all of them are doing—enough so that you can at least guess the rest.

E. P.—Guess where I found the rest!—in the lost and found department.

"Lost—Movie Magazine, date April 1,

1950, reward. Stella Cameron, playwright."

Here's another.

"Lost—Blue and white Ford belonging to Earnest, return to *World* building."

Agnes Johnston's up to the same stunt.

"Lost—Essay on 'Food Value for Ants' copyright number 6,666,666."

Here are two more. Fred Cain's lost a question mark and Donald Taylor's found a little red card by his door marked "measles." He wants to know if the owner will please claim promptly.

H. D.—You didn't let me finish. Here is the Big Banquet.

C. S.—Expert butler service, too, believe me. Norman Watson was head waiter and he'd see to that. Then Lorraine Holland had charge of all the youngsters and entertained them by an exhibition of her champion gum-chewing stunt. They sure did like it.

E. P.—Here are two more advertisements, you might like to hear one read: "Mesdames Vose and Wheatley—interior decorating and dress designing our specialties." I guess that's Dorothy and Marion.

Here's another. It's typical.

"Cris Martin's golf course sprinklers. Just change your Ford radiator and there you are." She certainly profited by that accident of hers. I wonder if she's supporting a husband now? That's about all of them isn't it? Oh, no, here's another. Lost ad, I wonder whose it is: "Lost—A somewhat large, brown leather handbag with initials L. P. on the lock. Return to post office, Savoy, Illinois.

H. D.—I guess that's all of them sure enough.

C. S.—Oh, no, I've got a whole box full of letters or telegrams n'things others have sent in.

H. D.—Heard anything from Mary Mackay? I haven't seen anything in the paper except that lost and found article.

C. S.—(picks up letter): Yeh, she says she missed her train. Too bad! She wanted us to inquire about that "somewhat large, brown leather handbag."

Then here's a letter from John Mohun with his regrets; he says he was subpœnaed on his second bigamy trial during the absence of his London lawyer.

E. P.—Heard anything from Ginny Mumford?

C. S.—Oh yes, she's busy keeping track of Earnest; that must be an awful hard job. Junior sent in his picture, all dressed up in an evening suit, reading for the social column. You'd hardly know him.

H. D.—What become of Wallace Howe? Did he ever forget that sugar formula?

C. S.—Oh no, he's out in California now; he sent a telegram to the class of 1925, offering a block of shares in his Real Estate company and sugar factory at 10 cents a share—(pause)—You haven't asked about Marian Baker. You haven't forgot her, have you?

E. P.—Well, I had for a fact.

C. S.—Marian wrote us a nice letter asking us not to mention her name in the scandal about the bigamy case (of course you'll consider this as a confidential affair?) She sent her picture, said she hoped we could find a place for it. You know we can. I believe that's all. (Looks through letters lying on his desk). No—here's a letter from Harry Watts. He says he's teaching school in Jamaica and is crazy about the job. He doesn't say much else.

That's about all the class of '25 as far as we have heard.

(Enter office boy, hurriedly.)

O. Boy—Say boss, me father called and says there's an accident just happened on corner of Florida and Burl. Chance for big write up, boss.

C. S.—All right, Tommie, thank you.

(Office boy exits.)

C. S.—(to girls): Come on girls, let's go see it. (C. S. takes cap from hall tree and they all hurry out.)

Charles Spears, '25
Helen Davis, '25
Eleanor Parmelee, '25

Class Will

We, the Seniors of University High, do hereby bequeath and devise to members of University High the following:—

Marian Wheatley bequeaths her dreamy eyes to Mildred Kelsheimer.

Harry Watts leaves his love of big words to the world at large.

Marian Baker wills her "queenly stride" to Elizabeth Zimmerman.

Dorothy Filbey leaves her timidness to

Iary E. Goodell.

Eleanor Parmelee bequeaths her athletic bility to Stacia Cox.

Hallene Stephens wills her "kiddie kar" o Bertha Enger.

To Louise Locke, Gladys Nally leaves er marcel.

Stella Cameron wills to George Pickles er right to read "Movie Magazine" in the tudy hall.

Virginia Mumford leaves her tears to Iargaret Guild.

Charles Spears wills his "bees" to his ttle brother Johnnie.

To Abie Deahl, Charles Winters beueaths his slumber.

Wallace Howe leaves his "Harem" to Kent Dale.

To Margaret Clark, Dorothy Vose wills er sweet disposition.

Norman Watson leaves his knowledge to ll needy ones.

Lawrence Thayer leaves his music ability o George Rice.

Boland Brooks wills his girlish ways to Theilan Huddelstun.

Agnes Johnston leaves her auburn hair o Mary Wiley.

Hans Smedegaard wills his accent to Dikran Daghlian.

Mary Mackay wills her art of getting out f afternoon classes to Charles Hulbert.

Helen Wolfe leaves her self-consciousness o Loretta Sturdyvin.

Loraine Holland wills her dimples to Cuth Catherwood.

Christine Martin bequeaths her height to Dorothy Wolfram.

Donald Taylor leaves his blushes to Frances Leslie.

Gladys Zenke wills her modest voice to Frances Howe.

Junior Munford leaves his business abily to Carleton Johnson and, in case he oes not accept, to Lawrence Seymour.

Fred Cain wills his talkativeness to Betty IcGrew.

Helen Davis leaves her pretty mouth to Virginia Amsbary.

John Mohun bequeaths his good looking lothes to Miles Norton.

Signed: Seniors of University High
By: Virginia Ross
Thomas Marmion
Mabel Langdoc

Subscribed and sworn to before us, This endenture made in the presence of us and each of us, believing this class to be of sound mind and memory.

Witness our hands this 27th day of May A. D. 1925.

Witnesses: A. Marie Anderson
J. William Appling
Eugene Howe

Hatchet Oration

Four long winters passed o'er us—
Through many moons the gods have brought us—
Though we were oft beset with care,
Ever did we our troubles bear.

When first we came to this lodge of learning,
Fools we were with unknown yearning.
Into our minds our chiefs have wrought
Stuff with ancient wisdom fraught.

As good children of the Illini tribe,
Never did we our elders gibe.
Honor we gave to all their lore,
Hoping that we might increase the store.

Our ancestors, deeming us worthy of the trust,
Have placed in our hands, all free from rust,
This token of ever increasing wisdom,
Of strength, and of valor yet to come.

Full earnestly we have tried to deserve their faith.
We have kept our emblem's honor safe.
Though many evil paths before us lay,
Always have we kept to the righteous way.

And if the "Great Spirit" is pleased with us all,
Oh—then in peace may we wait his last recall.
We may venture forth with arrows keen
To rid the earth of all that's mean.

For our younger brothers, 'tis our desire
That they also be tried in fire
Before they try to scale life's barriers—
Before they rank as highest warriors.

To you we give this sacred emblem—
May you ever guard and protect it.
Keep it well, and for it win
Many victories, new fame bring in.

We leave you now and say in parting
"Keep the trust with joyful chanting;
Conquer sadness with true laughter—
Farewell—we shall meet again hereafter."

JUNIOR MUMFORD '25

Junior Response

We believe that during the past year this Hatchet of Illini has been in good hands. This year's seniors have done their best and have had great success in upholding the traditions that the seniors in the years gone by have built up about the hatchet.

As they have proved true to their trust, so let us, the class of '26, in the year that is to come meet the responsibilities that will devolve upon us, in such an enterprising and forward-looking manner that the school will be able to say that we have succeeded even better than the class before us. Let us be the most energetic leaders in school spirit, cooperation, and loyalty that the school has ever had. To do this will be a difficult task, but we can accomplish it if we always remember that this emblem of the senior class was given to us with the hope and the expectation that we maintain the high standards set for the possessors of the hatchet.

With the consciousness of our duty to the school, with the firm resolve to set even higher standards for the keeping of the hatchet, and with sincere congratulations to the Senior Class for having cared for it as well as they have, we, the Juniors, accept the Hatchet of Illini from them.

WILLIAM LLOYD '26

Farewell

It is with mingled joy and sadness that we are graduated. Shakespeare tells us in his famous play, *As You Like It*.

"All things that are,
Are with more spirit
Chased than enjoyed."

So do we feel as we leave our High School and go out from its walls for the last time. For days we have anticipated the culmination of our Senior work; yet, somehow when the actual realization is before us, we come to this last ceremony with feelings of regret. Life's philosophy is ever thus.

As graduates, we look back at the past four years as more or less strenuous ones. However, we realize that we must work even more diligently in the pursuit of our higher education. We shall, in the future, endeavor to uphold steadfastly the standards set for us in high school. The "Unity of Spirit," which has prevailed and played a dominant part in our school life, will always be a source of strength to us as we go out on our respective paths of life, diversified as they may be.

We are reluctant to turn now from our associations with University High School. The students of the other classes, with whom we have come in contact daily, are dear to us; and it is with deep regret that we leave them. Those who have supervised us in our work these four years have not only acted as instructors in the arts and sciences, but have also shown us, by their example, the finer side of education. We sincerely hope that, in later years, they may look back upon the graduating class of '25, the charter members of this institution, and say, "They were true products of the school."

Then let our farewell to each other be, "Labor on." As we go forth to round out our lives in service for those about us, let us attack each task with a whole heart, eager to serve, honorable in all our dealings. Let us strive to make ourselves worthy for any trust which may later be ours.

Thomas Moore says:

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy."

DOROTHY VOSE '25

In Memoriam

Virginia Gertrude Ross
1906-1925

With quiet charm and ready smile,
With gentle, unaffected grace,
You moved among us.
Though now we mourn, we realize
You have commenced the real, true life,
Virginia.

JUNIOR CLASS

Officers

President	Maynard Lipe
Secretary	Betty Ketchum
Treasurer	Charles Hulbert
Advisers	Miss Thomsen, Miss Duguid

A Kind Cross Word Puzzle of the Class of Twenty-six

he juniors of the class of twenty-six:
ll have their graces, virtues, faults, and tricks;
o here's a cross word puzzle, incomplete,
ut which to solve is not so great a feat.

HORIZONTAL

I

Ier dad's a dean, but we don't mind,
he's always willing, helpful, kind.

II

nd now we come to the girl
Vith the cute new-fangled curl.

AND

III

n proper order after that
he boy with the tilted hat.

IV

A fancy dancing girlie,
With hair that's black and curly.

V

He's tall, and far from meek,
This valentino shiek!

VI

She tells us tales
Of glorious sails, in blowing gales,
Midst schools of whales,
And dales and vales of France and Wales.

VII

He's not a shiek, but rather chic;
A different girl for every week.

VIII

There isn't much to him,
Just doodle doo doo him.

HORIZONTAL

VERTICAL

I

A whizz she is,
And with whizz rhymes.
She drives her liz
At wierdest times.

II

For a "better bunch" ha-ha! he left us,
And of his noble height bereft us.

III

Who said she was the "dumbest wife?"
She can't keep still to save her life.

IV

He's neither tall nor slim,
He's neither fat nor thin,
But we distinguish him,
By his contagious grin.

V

She's stately, prim and good,
And does just what she should.

VI

He has a quiet, thoughtful way.
We envy him—he makes straight A.

VII

"Oh the light that lies in his brown eyes,
and lies and lies and lies."

VERTICAL

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26

Eavesdroppers' Calendar

Monday, Oct. 13—"Did you stay to the Matinee Dance Friday?

"I should say! The orchestra was dandy."

"Yes and everyone had a good time. I hope the Juniors keep 'um up!"

Wednesday, Dec. 10—"Won't you have some of my candy?"

"Where did you get it? It's delicious!"

"Oh, the Juniors hold candy sales every Wednesday now. Miss Thomsen does make the best divinity!"

Monday, Feb. 16—"You missed a good party Friday night—the best yet."

"Yes, I wish I could have seen the Pierrot and Pierrette dance that Eleanor Parmelee and Mary Foley gave."

"But the take-off that Chuck and Maynard gave was a scream! You should have seen it! I nearly died laughing."

"It was a Junior party wasn't it?"

"Yes, it cost the class enough!"

Monday, May 11—"Wasn't the Box Social a success? I had more fun!"

"Of course! Everybody did."

"And didn't Chuck and Tack make good auctioneers?"

"The best ever, but what would they have done without Warrick? He drummed up most of their business for them." (Warrick's good at that.)

Thursday, May 14—"What class had the highest average at the scholarship banquet?"

"The Juniors with 4.95!"

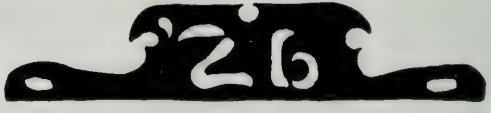
Monday, June 8—"Wasn't the Junior-Senior Banquet scrumptious?"

"And at the Country Club, too!"

Any Old Time—"What class is most prominent in school activities?"

"The Juniors, of course. They rule the major clubs in school: A. A., president; Dramatic Club, president; Home Ec. Club, secretary-treasurer; Girl Reserves, president, vice-president, and secretary; Hi-Y, vice-president; etc."

"A pretty good record isn't it?"



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Officers

President	Helen Thomsen
Vice-President	Mary Louise Irwin
Secretary	Loretta Sturdyvin
Treasurer	Milo Ketchum
Advisers	Miss Taylor, Miss Srout

A Sophomore's Song of Spring

Poets say that spring's the time of year,
When birdies sing
And "everything;"
But as for me, I like to hear
The crack of bat
In one 'ole cat.

They sing about the gentle breeze
That stirs each part
Of every heart;
But me, I like to climb the trees
And hunt bird's eggs,
And skin my legs.

They sing about the drifting stream
Where flowers float
In fairy boat;
The creek's a better place to swim,
To swim and dive,
To be alive.

They sing about the fairy dell,
In gardens fair
'Mid roses rare,—
Shucks! It calls—that darned school bell—
To come and "cram"
For that exam!

Margaret Clark '27

History of Class of '27

Some sure proofs that the Freshmen of last year are growing up are:

(1) Milo Ketchum doesn't fall over backwards in algebra class.
(2) Jane Snodgrass, Anne Jones, and Louise Cameron do not race up and down the halls playing tag at three o'clock.
(3) The class in general do not fall up the stairs, etc. quite as often as they were wont to do.

Early in September at a quite orderly meeting (considering), the Sophomores elected Helen Thomsen as president; Mary Louise Irwin as vice-president; Loretta Sturdyvin as secretary; and Milo Ketchum as treasurer. Miss Taylor and Miss Srout became class advisers.

The class busied itself at once with school affairs. One bright sunny day in October, after school, the Sophomores loaded themselves into two cars and started for Brownfield's Woods. When there, they played games until they became so hungry that they proceeded to roast weiners, toast marshmallows, and drink cider. When there was nothing to eat left, they sat around the fire and told ghost stories and sang.

If you think a little, I imagine you will remember the all-school Christmas party given by the Sophomore Class. Santa Claus was here with a Christmas tree and presents, 'n' everything. For refreshments there were Marshmallow-marquerites, punch, and candy canes (at the last minute the candy canes nearly weren't). Everyone went home happy and sticky.

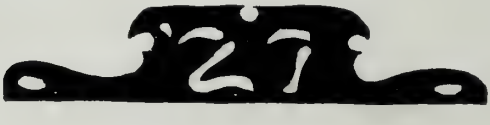
The Sophomores planned to have a sleigh ride just before exams, but the day arrived with everything in readiness except the snow.

The Sophomores are sorry not to have published the "Tiny Illini" as had been the custom of the Sophomores previous to them.

The Sophomores wish their successors good luck at work and play during the coming year.

Three cheers for the class of '27.

Mary Louise Cameron '27



FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers

President . . . . . Robert Locke
Vice-President . . . . . Virginia Amsbury
Secretary . . . . . Linda Fitzgerald
Treasurer . . . . . Merton Rapp
Advisers . . . . . Mr. Foster, Miss Wilkin

The Class of '28

We're the Freshmen of Uni High,
A gifted lot are we,
This statement we can verify
As you must surely see.

Robert Locke is president,
A manly figure he;
Merton is our treasurer,
Collects the dues, you see.

Jean is our contralto,
Frances plays and sings,
Ellen plays the violin
And many other things.

Virginia A. is popular,
'Tis she the boys adore.
There are no grades that can compare
With those of "Lizzy" Gore.

Jerome of military fame
Has aspirations high;
He waits for Alice Corrigan:
Oh me, oh me, oh my!

Linda spent a year in Spain
And tells us all about it;
Some say the tales that Henry tells
Are better, but I doubt it.

Edward, James, and Irwin
Played hookey in the gym,
And in Mr. William's office,
For punishment stayed in.

The Freshman class is very large;
The space I have is small.
I have no doubt their fame will last
'Till Robert Wright grows tall.

Eleanor Thomsen '28

History of the Class of '28 As Freshmen

This year the class of '28 are Freshmen. We are not haughty enough to be Sophomores, not enough like butterflies to be classed as Juniors. We aren't dignified, so we can't be rated as Seniors. We are just Freshmen always ready for a good time, and nearly always finding one.

In the class election last fall we named Robert Locke class president; Virginia Amsbury, vice-president; Linda Fitzgerald, secretary; Merton Rapp, treasurer; and Elizabeth Gore, historian. We chose Mr. Foster and Miss Wilkin as our class advisers.

Do you know who gave the second school party of the year just before the Thanksgiving vacation? It was our first attempt. We know that we could have done a lot better; but then we could have done a lot worse, too. We're going to give another party sometime in April or May, and it will be a real party.

We are the largest class in the Uni High this year, having about fifty members. For a group of this size, we think we have a fair scholastic average.

We have a good basketball team this year. Two of the players ought to make the varsity team next year if they are still here.

In the class swimming match we came in third, but that was all right. The Seniors were last. Their minds were so full of knowledge (?) that they sank. Thus they lost the meet.

You'll hear from this class again next year.

ELIZABETH GORE '28

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

C. E. Chadsey, Ph. D., Litt. D.---Dean of the College of Education
L. W. Williams, Ph. B., A. M.---Principal of University High School
J. W. Appling, B. S.---Instructor in Physics, Chemistry
E. H. Buemer, A. B., B. S.---Instructor in History
W. C. Croxton, B. S., M. S.---Instructor in Biology, General Science
I. O. Foster, B. S., M. S.---Instructor in History, Civics, Economics
. B.---Instructor in French
S., M. A., Ph. D.---Supervisor of Mathematics
A. B., A. M.---Instructor in Mathematics
A. B., A. M.---Instructor in Mathematics
B., A. M., Ph. D.---Supervisor of English
RY, A. B., A. M.---Instructor in English
A. B.---Instructor in English, Public Speaking
Geneviève Duguid, A. B.---Instructor in English
Ruth Wilkin, A. B.---Instructor in Latin
Hester Srout, A. B.---Instructor in Spanish
Ethelyn Craw ---Instructor in Musical Appreciation
A. Marie Anderson, A. B., A. M.---Instructor in Art and Design
Anna Belle Robinson, A. B., A. M.---Instructor in Home Economics
H. H. Braucher, B. S.---Instructor in Industrial Education

sank. Thus they

is class again next

IZABETH GORE '28

PENCIL AND PEN

The Silver Lining

A dusty, grey figure came shuffling down the dusty, grey road. Under one arm was a grey paper-covered bundle. The weary traveler's tired feet made deep imprints in the fine dust on the road. The man, walking through the grey landscape, felt nothing of its sombreness as he fingered tenderly a little hump that protruded under the soiled paper. 'Twas the next farmhouse, he knew. His weather-beaten, old face lightened up, and, unconsciously, he quickened his shuffling gait.

The immaculate little house, nestling down among well-watered shrubs and shady trees, and the awkward musty old figure sidling up its immaculate walk, made a comparison unfavorable to the tramp.

A tall, gaunt woman stalked cumbersomely to the open door. Her cold, hard eyes gave him the danger signal. With scraping feet floundering painfully across the stoop, he explained briefly how he had slept in the barn one cold, fall night a year ago, and, in the morning, "the lady's" little daughter had seen him and, pitying him, had brought him some food. Would "the lady" mind if he gave the lady's daughter a little something for her kindness?

The woman in the doorway stiffened noticeably; and, in her eyes, was cold, hard refusal. The door closed.

The hills were grey, now, as the lonely old tramp plodded down the lane, clutching the little, curly head of the doll between his smudgy fingers. It just seemed as if the little girl had been waiting for him, for she popped out suddenly from behind a tree. Swiftly, the little pink doll left its wrappings and transferred itself stealthily into the child's arms. Happy, the rusty figure stumbled down the road, headed south for the winter with a song in his heart.

MARY MACKAY '25

The Key Fits

"Aunt Fanny, I'm *very* busy!" The old colored woman stopped in the door for a fraction of a second. Then she continued her shufflling across the floor. She was used to her lovable little mistress; so used to her that she did not heed the implied "Go away" in the tones of her voice.

"Yes, honey, but jus' let Aunt Fanny brush your hair nice for dinner. Then you tell me what you been doin' so quiet-like all afternoon." It was evident Aunt Fanny loved the child; and, had you been there, you would have loved her, too. First you would have loved her large, thoughtful grey eyes; then you would have loved her childish dimples, which came and went like sunbeams when she smiled.

"Well," began June, "You know how lovely Joyce was to let us come here while mother and papa are in England. And it's nice to have Fred in the very same town, too." Aunt Fanny was patient; she had heard this theme many times. June quickly continued, "Well, I've thought of a way to thank her. I'm going to write a story about her the way Mr. Milton—or was it Tennyson—anyway one of 'em did when his friend died. Of course Joy isn't dead, but I think she'd like to be in a story. I've been writing it all day. But—" a puzzled frown appeared on the child's forehead, "Aunt Fanny, I can't find a hero, and you *must* have a hero and a happy ending in a story."

Aunt Fanny could not solve the difficulty, so June left her and went down to dinner. She had planned to surprise Joyce with the story in book form, but she was so excited over it that she couldn't keep the secret. Joyce smiled at June's plan, and Joyce was lovely when she smiled. In fact, she was lovely almost any time. Her blue eyes smiled at you as if they loved to smile; her voice had a musical gladness; and her sweet voice made friends for her everywhere. She laughed gaily at June's distress at the lack of a hero, but the laugh died quickly.

June was puzzled for a moment, but she resolved to ask Aunt Fanny's opinion of Joy's sudden sobriety. When evening came, however, her thoughts were on another subject.

"Aunt Fanny," she called as she ran into the room, "Aunt Fanny, I've found a mystery for the story."

"A mystery, honey?" replied Aunt Fanny lamely. She was not quick-witted.

"Yes, for the story," explained June breathlessly. "Miss Spence says stories should have—a—suspense to add interest to the plot. I don't know what she means, but I *think* it's a mystery."

"Honey, don't you be puttin' yo' pretty li'l head in no myst'ries. They's li'ble to be bad an' hurt you some night an'—"

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, you don't know what I mean. I don't mean ghosts," here June's eyes rolled in imitation of Aunt Fanny. "I mean a nice mystery like "The Dragon's Secret."

"Yes, chile, what's yo' mystry. Don't bother yo' pretty head over no big mystry, but a little mystry—"

"Yes, Aunt Fanny, this is it. I went to borrow Joy's bracelet, and she told me to look in her drawer, and I found a box that was locked, and I asked her if I could look in, and she said no, it didn't have any key. And *that's* the mystery. What's in the box? Do you see?"

"Yes, chile, I see; but you got me so flubbergusted with your ghosts and boxes and keys that I plum fergot what I was goin' to tell you. Yer brother's comin' ter see yu and Miss Joy tomorrow."

Of course this announcement ended all talk of the story, and June fell happily to sleep to dream of Fred's selling *her* book, complete with a hero and a mystery.

The next day June joyfully told Fred of her efforts at writing and asked his advice in regard to the mystery and the hero. Fred was not particularly concerned over the lack of a happy ending—he usually let endings take care of themselves, but the mystery interested him. He listened carefully to June's description to the box, and became thoughtful when she repeated Joy's remark, "I wish you *would* find me the key, dear."

At last he overjoyed June by saying, "I know what I'll do for you. I have an old chum whom Joyce and I knew this summer. He literally revels in mysteries, and so I have an idea that he might solve yours.

"For some reason, he's been crazy to see this particular town; and I know he'll come flying if I ask him up to the dance next week. I'll tell him about our puzzle. He may know something about locked boxes —we'll see" promised Fred, and went away, leaving a happy child.

The story did not advance much in the next few days, "Because," as June said, "There's nothing to write." She might even have forgotten it if Fred had not telephoned to say that his friend had promised to come and that they had a clue to the mystery.

The next word June had from her brother was this mysterious message: "There are love letters in that box; Joyce herself purposely lost the key. Don't let her know, but be ready for a surprise. I have found a key which I think will fit."

June was at once wildly joyous, intensely curious, apprehensive, wondering. Then came a day when boxes, keys, heroes, all were forgotten in the pleasurable excitement of Joy's eighteenth birthday. June was so gay and happy at Joy's happiness that you could not lay your finger on her anywhere. By the time you found where she was, she was somewhere else.

At last mail time arrived, and with it this note, addresed in a familiar handwriting.

Tuesday, the nineteenth

Dear Joyce:

I'm wishing you the happiest day you have ever had. When you are several times eighteen will you still share your gladness with us as you do now?

I think I have found a "Key" to June's mystery. May I bring it over tonight?

Very sincerely,

Fred Burlinge

June was all smiles, bright eyes, and dimples; but Joy was frankly puzzled. What could Fred have—well, soon he would explain it.

The afternoon passed slowly until Fred finally arrived. Then June's excitement at seeing him was so great that she scarcely noticed the tall stranger who stood on the door step. She decided he was Fred's friend—then promptly forgot him. Joy, however, was not so negligent; and, by the time June could be interested in something aside from her brother, Joy, now Jack's Joy, a radiant, sparkling, happy Joy, was ready to introduce, "My best friend, Jack Key."

Agnes Elford Johnston '25

The Principal

Notice: James Smith, please see me as soon as possible.

(Signed) Mr. Williams

What had I done that Mr. Williams or one of the teachers had seen? I could not report to him immediately. I would wait until the next period.

When the class ended, I wended my way down to the principal's office. As I entered the door, I could see his secretary pegging away at the typewriter, getting out notices for other boys to appear to see him. Then I looked into his room. On the walls were diplomas, showing from where he had been graduated; below the diplomas were rows and rows of books. My eyes traveled a little lower until I saw the cause of all my worry and gnashing of teeth—the man who always stared at me through his oversized glasses—the man who could always find some fault with me—the Principal. And now the man had called me into his office to explain to me some misdemeanor he had seen me commit or to reprimand me for not studying enough.

There he sat, with his hand adjusting his glasses. Suddenly he came out of his dreams and told me that there had been a mistake and that I was not wanted.

Warrick Squires '26

The Family Skeleton

Sioux Center contains nine hundred eighty-nine people. The population, commonly boasted to be over a thousand, now has retreated below that mark since the Jung family moved away five years ago. There are several stores in the downtown district of Sioux Center. There will be five of these buildings if Jim Brown gets contractors imported before he forgets how he wants his new garage built. The biggest and most modern of these stores is Graham Hopkins' hardware store. It is so high that you can see it from the old Ryan place, according to Pa Hopkins. It contains all of the worthwhile articles of home life. Pa owns and runs it.

Yes, Pa keeps the store as no other man ever kept a hardware store. Ma Hopkins keeps the house and sends the kids to school. There are four kids. Sue, the elder, has been married two years and lives out on the old Goldsmith place. John, next in age, attends business college at Council Bluffs. Bob and Mary Isobel entertain at home.

Pa put too much coal in the burner Wednesday morning, so that it warmed up considerably the creaky joints of the old family skeleton. The old fellow began rattling when Pa voiced his opinion on the burned bacon at breakfast.

"Well, Pa! If you had these kids to get off to school every morning on time, maybe you'd let the bacon burn too, once in a while. Have you seen Mary's pencil?" Ma scurried away, leaving Pa grumbling over his cold coffee and charred bacon.

The skeleton crept softly out of its case and tiptoed forward. The front door slammed on Mary Isobel and her recovered pencil. Ma came slowly into the room and dropped wearily into a chair before the devastated breakfast table. The skeleton rattled noticeably as Pa began to speak.

"Now look here, Ma, you can't expect them kids to know where their things are, anyway. You don't manage right!" The old family skelton creaked noisily and stalked out of the room pleased at having presided over this early morning discussion. Pa proceeded to make his point clear.

"Look here, Ma. I got my money, for instance, right there all safe and sound in that good safe at the stove. I don't need to worry about all of these tales of burglars and bandits. I manage so that everything is safe. Now, if you women folks would only see how we men manage . . ." Pa continued at great length.

"Yes," Ma's once good answer trailed after Pa as he strode down the street. He had said, "Big business today." Pa always said, "Big business today."

Ma shut the door and straightened the hall rug as she wondered where to begin at that sea of work. Half the morning was gone when she, deep in bake-day, heard an unfamiliar knock at the door. Who could be calling at such an hour? Ma pulled off her cooking apron and revealed another white one beneath. She glanced hastily at the clock as she hurried through the front room. She opened the door.

Three great burly men with handkerchiefs tied across their mouths confronted her. "Burglars!" thought Ma. Many foolish thoughts flashed through her mind as she stood there in the doorway, mechanically wiping her wet hands on her apron. Then she straightened. It was quite evident that these bandits meant to steal those bonds, that Pa had so carelessly left at home Tuesday. Ma's mind worked wonders in that minute. Then, as the masked men took an impatient step toward her, she smoothed her apron carefully and smiled up at them.

"Good Morning, Sirs. I wasn't expecting you quite so soon but do come in. My husband will be so glad to see you. He'll be back in a few minutes. Do come in and take your coats off. It's a raw day out, now, isn't it? Did you have a cold ride? Do take the easiest chair you can find, Mr. . . . ?"

"Mr. . . . a . . . a, Mr. Finnly, Ma'am." The astounded man gazed in desperation at his comrades who chose to give no aid. The bewildered ravagers shamefully slipped off their black masks while Ma's back was turned. She, afraid to stop talking for fear the spell would be broken, kept up the meaningless chatter of a born hostess. Finally, she dared to excuse herself for a few minutes. She rushed into the kitchen. In a moment she was back again bearing a heaping plateful of perfectly browned

cookies. Ma started to talk, afraid to look at them for fear her eyes would pop at the shining butts of the pistols which protruded from several pockets. She gazed longingly toward the road, hoping that Pa might possibly come home early. The bandits avoided each others' eyes and sat munching the cookies. The plateful dwindled forlornly and then, much to Ma's relief, the three robbers took a careful departure. Curiously, Ma walked into the kitchen and nibbled questioningly one of the sugar cookies. She wondered why they had eaten so many. They weren't any better than usual.

Outside, the three thugs cursed each other violently for letting an old woman with a plate of cookies fool them into letting slip one of the biggest snaps of their lives.

Ma had the cooking dishes done when the children chattered in demanding lunch. Pa came later, loud in his wonderment that Jake Kingsley escaped with his life when he was robbed by three masked men. Ma shivered slightly and with shaking fingers passed the jam to Bob who guessed all women were "fraidy cats" when it came to bandits and things.

By this time Ma knew that she would not tell of her escapade. It was for her satisfaction alone that she could say, "I saved Pa's bonds and nobody knows it but me." She had thwarted three of the awfullest bandits ever seen in those parts.

"Reckon I'll take them bonds back to the store with me where they'll be safe. Big business today."

"Yes, Pa, you'd better take them back with you. And Pa, watch out for them robber-bandits or whatever you call 'em, won't you Pa?"

Pa strode down the street with the family skeleton stalking noisily in his wake.

MARY MACKEY '25

We Rushed Them

With the waves tossing the ship in the dim light of early dawn, I was sitting at a rough-hewn, heavy table opposite a man whose appearance made me look at him more than twice. He was the captain of the crew. His bare, heavily-muscled, brown arms and massive shoulders glistened in the flickering beams of the broken lantern above us. His one good eye glared balefully at the tall, half-empty bottle on the table between us, while his blasted eye roved wildly and hideously in its sunken socket, around and around. His picture would not have been complete without the livid scar that zigzagged deeply across his left cheek. He was the most powerful, the most deadly, and the most ugly creature on the ship. Throughout all the lively years that he had led the crew of this vessel that flew the black flag, he had never lost a fight. And the men all followed and feared him.

I dreamed of possible escape; he dreamed of past and future combats. As we sat brooding, suddenly a husky voice shouted from up on deck, "*Ho! A ship!* A Spanish gold ship!"

Instantly the pirate captain's lethargy vanished. Gone was his distasteful inaction. He jumped up with a fierce, expectant blaze in his eye. He stormed up the hatchway. I followed. With savage, greedy purpose, he ordered the men about. Soon all the sails were snapping in the wind as the survivor of many bloody battles swept swiftly after the fleeing merchant vessel.

The deck hands chattered and shouted in unholy glee as their pagan thoughts feasted on the rich prize ahead. And up and down the deck stamped the pirate chief with a cutlass in his belt and murder in his heart.

JUNIOR MUMFORD '25

"Just Once"

The second semester had begun. All of us were hard at work, expecting the next day to be exactly like the last,—study, conjugations, equations, and study again. Then something happened which interrupted the monotony. Mumps! Every one had mumps. No distinction was made as to age or rank. The tallest senior closed his books and went to the hospital. The tiniest tot in the freshman class lay in bed with her face swollen up like a full moon. Even the worthy faculty was represented.

Mumps weren't so bad though; no eight o'clocks to get up for, no evenings wasted in tiresome study, and nothing to do but day dream. Each of us in his own home

awaited the end of the ten-day imprisonment. At last the quarantine was over, and we returned to school quite reluctantly. But when we saw the assignments and all the makeup work, we gasped, "How glad we are that mumps comes only once in a life time."

HELEN JOHNSTON '28

Hortense

I bought a Ford the other day.
It takes no end of care;
Yet still I like my little Ford—
It often gets me there.

It rattles like an old tin can,
It jerks and chatters on.
It sometimes wheezes up the hill
With all its water gone.

It plows through miry, miry clay
Up to its very hubs;
Yet still it wheezes, chatters on
With many grates and rubs.

I drive in town in traffic thick—
I'm ever in a stew,
But my Hortense (I've named her that)
Knows always what to do.

She passes traffic signals bright,
Nor heeds the traffic cop.
I wonder what she thinks when she
Is finally made to stop?

When warm begin the winds to blow
From Southlands in the spring,
Hortense and I a-roaming go,
As happy we as kings!

Out on the country road we spin
To seek a forest glen,
But soon the gasoline gives out—
Oh! for a gallon then.

The nearby farmer doesn't have
The needed fuel I seek;
So on and on I wend my way
It seems for most a week.

At last a country store appears.
I reach it, all fagged out.
"Do you have gasoline," I ask,
"In here, or nearabout?"

The answer, "Yes," I greet with glee.
I start out with the pail
Of living fluid, sparkling bright,
A-holding to the bail.

I reach Hortense and give her gas;
She starts, and on we go.
We reach my home and my garage,
And slowly in we go.

"My dear Hortense! My merry Ford!"
I say, "I hope you rest
Your weary, wobbling wheels, to-night—
To-day you did your best."

NORMAN WATSON '25

Differences

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black taffeta, which had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old fashioned, and people stared at her as she tottered up the aisle of the church. Evidently she was planning to secure one of the best seats, for a great man was to preach that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, and of his character. These people wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and sat down quietly.

Three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton; he bent over the old lady and said something to her, but she was hard of hearing and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently, "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton; "There is not room. Come with me, my good woman, and I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her wear-worn dress and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon today, because . . ."

But here the sexton took her arm and shook her roughly; and then she understood. Her faded blue eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich

dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare little girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "Why can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. Sherman preach? She will not be able to understand a word he says."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. Sherman coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntarily stopped, he looked over the great crowd of the worshippers gathered in the large church. He seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when he suddenly leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who mounted the steps to receive the mysterious message.

Then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see the sexton make his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew. It's other occupants willingly made room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition and proceeded with the services. That morning he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who is she?" asked the ladies, who had not been able to make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

HELEN HUNT '26

A Detective

I closed my book with a sigh. How interesting the adventures of the sleuth had been! Why couldn't I do something of the sort? I began to imagine myself working on a clue. How quietly and cleverly I would free the innocent victim and catch the guilty villain!

With such thoughts seething in my brain, I looked at the house over the way. Such queer new people had moved in recently; I could never like them. Suddenly the daughter appeared at the back of the house. I could see her go stealthily along the garden-path, glancing fearfully behind her and trying to hide something—wrapped in a white cloth. She finally stopped behind the barn, full in my sight, but away from her own house. What was she doing? What was she trying to hide?

I sauntered across the street, watching her closely. She was digging a hole! Awful thoughts of stolen money or murdered pets flashed into my mind. The girl dropped the white-covered package into the hole and covered it carefully, even putting grass above. Then she ran into the house as though glad to escape some awful horror.

Late that night, by moonlight, I dug up the mysterious article. It was limberger cheese!

LORETTA STURDYVIN '27

Our Legend

Students happy, students cheery,
Trudging on a campus walk,
Where of old Illini chieftans,
Armed with bow and tomahawk,
Tried to catch a bear unwary,
Or to kill a wild young hawk.

Where was once a barren prairie,
Now a campus has been planned.
Where the warrior wooed his sweetheart,
Is the news reporter's stand.
Where was once heard tomtoms pounded,
Now resounds Prof. Harding's band.

Uni High School now is standing,
Where, perhaps, an Indian brave,
Standing on a tiny hillock,
Shot an arrow to the cave
Near the Boneyard, where was buried
All the treasure he could save.

But the Indian has departed
To his happy hunting ground.
Now perhaps, some misty morning
In the open spaces round,
You may think you hear his war cry,
In the wild wind's woeful sound.

ELIZABETH GORE '28

Just Two

They lived in a little two by four bungalow made especially for them. It contained two rooms, one in which they slept, and the other in which they ate. They were very, very happy even though Jack did have a very bad temper. If his meat weren't cooked enough for him, if it were tough, if the house were untidy, he would frown and growl at Jill, his little wife. Then he would grouch for the rest of the day. But in spite of Jack's temper, he was goodhearted; and he and Jill were very happy, in fact, they had been for two whole long weeks.

But the road is not always as smooth as it looks at a distance. One bright summer day a disaster fell upon this very happy couple. Of course it did not all come at once; it came gradually. Neither Jack nor Jill realized that their beautiful home was to be broken up, but the unexpected always happens. In this neighborhood was another family, Biff, his wife Toots, and their daughter, Peggie. She was a lovely thing to look upon, and she was a terrible flirt. When Jack spied her, he *fell*,—yes —*fell*. He was dumb founded! He had never seen such a beauty. His wife was ugly. Naturally Peggie took his eye. He followed her from morning till night. He couldn't bear her from his sight; and no matter what gossips would say, he went with her—regardless of his wife's pleas.

Things went along this one channel for a week. Jill was a nervous wreck. What should she do? Leave him? Divorce him? Oh no! She couldn't do that. She loved —yes—she still loved him. But one day Jack, and also the neighborhood, received a jolt. Peggie eloped! Yes! actually eloped —and with a good-for-nothing millionaire's son. All that day Jack was heart-broken. Then he thought of Jill for the first time in weeks. He went home to her, and there he realized how foolish he had been.

He realized then, and not until then, that a Bull Dog cannot court a Poodle. He begged Jill's forgiveness. She barked and growled awhile, but finally forgave him. Now they are quite happy in their little two by four bungalow. But doesn't this go to show that even Bull Dogs have troubles as well as we humans?

MARY FOLEY '26

Friendly Enemies

Ewing was a small college town of about seven hundred persons. The most important personages of the town (yes, by far) were the Neils and the Levietts. Mr. Neil was the president of the only bank of which the town could boast, while Mr. Leviette held the time-honored position of president of the college.

Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Leviette were friends, but yet they were rivals; for these two good ladies set the fashions for the town, and each tried to outdo the other. They tried to see which one could have the longest train on her dress, or which one could have the largest puffed sleeves. They were, however, the envy of all the other ladies in the town.

As the village wit said, "Those dumfoozled ladies try t'see which one can use up the most goods in their dresses. One day Mrs. Neil had on a dress with sleeves in it might' nigh as big as gallon buckets. Those ladies sure be a sight. They both try to look the purtiest and end up lookin' like first cousins to my scarecrow."

One of the big social events of the year in this little town was commencement day at the college. Everyone looked his best on that day, and if he could afford it, bought new clothes for the occasion.

Of course there was much rivalry among the ladies about their dresses. Naturally Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Leviette headed the list.

Three weeks before this occasion there was great excitement in the town, for it was rumored that Mrs. Neil was having her dress made in St. Louis.

"Now how will Mrs. Leviette outdo her?" was the question asked.

So the little town waited to see what the next move would be.

The next day Mrs. Leviette announced that she was having her dress made in Chicago.

If the town had been excited before, it was in a turmoil now, for nothing like this had ever happened before. The idea of those two ladies sending to the city for their dresses!

The village gossip said, "I'll bet those dresses will cost a small fortune. I should say might' nigh seventy-five dollars!"

Finally the great day arrived, and the

auditorium was packed with expectant people awaiting the arrival of the graduates and of Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Leviette.

There were two doors to the auditorium, placed so that persons entering at them would come face to face as they stepped into the room. Just as it was about time for the exercises to begin there was a rustle of silk and Mr. and Mrs. Leviette entered at one door at the same moment that Mr. and Mrs. Neil entered at the other. They came face to face; Mrs. Leviette stared at Mrs. Neil—and Mrs. Neil stared at Mrs. Leviette. The audience gave a gasp of astonishment; and then a titter ran around the room as they looked at the two ladies; for, horrors of horrors, the dresses were exactly alike!

Mary Louise Irwin '27

Cornelia Discusses Breakfasts

(Apologies to Stuart Pratt Sherman)

I often make my morning calls on Cornelia early ones. This is because I like to surprise her at her breakfast table and to try to analyze the charm of this meal as she serves it. I believe the secret is happiness. Cornelia herself is always happy; every thing about her shows it. Her conversation bespeaks her pleasure in every thing. This happiness shows in every detail of her breakfast service, the brightly colored Japanese breakfast cloth, the bright china and carefully arranged silver, the artistically served, tempting food, and most of all the low bowl of bright spring flowers, the centerpiece of the gay table.

My theory, however, was only a little less baffling than the subject which I attempted to analyze. How did Cornelia attain this atmosphere of happiness? She could not tell me that, but she offered to tell me how she planned her breakfasts. As an example, she had the maid serve me the meal she was just finishing.

As I enjoyed the first course, a luscious, juicy orange, I thought I realized what my tasteless breakfasts had often lacked. I cannot remember ever having had a breakfast with her without fruit. I asked her if it were as important as that.

Her gray eyes laughed at my ignorance as she answered, "Of course it is as important as that. There are so many reasons. Do you know that that orange contains as much nourishment as an egg, besides furnishing the alkaline elements which keep the body in good condition? But you like it because its flavor gives you an appetite and increases the palatability of the meal. That in itself is reason enough for serving fruit; more enjoyment means better digestion.

"And don't think you need always have oranges! Grapes and peaches are as easily digested and as nutritious; and there are apples, grapefruit, bananas, and innumerable others. We often have dried fruit in winter; it contains nearly three times as much nourishment as fresh fruit. I always serve fruits in season—they are cheaper, better, and, I think, more pleasing."

Cornelia's arguments were convincing; accordingly, as I finished my orange, I firmly resolved to have fruit every morning in the future.

The next dish brought me was a steaming dish of oatmeal. I am often tempted to omit ordinary cereals from my breakfast, but not Cornelia's cereals. She evidently enjoys them, too, because she always includes them in her carefully planned breakfast menus. She tells me that the chief requisite in cereals is that they should be varied; she frequently changes the kind of cereal and often alternates prepared ones with those she cooks. I will try her recipe; she says that I enjoy them because they are cooked for several hours and are always served daintily.

When I breakfast with her, Cornelia always serves what she calls a "protein dish." Often this means eggs in some form, for she tells me eggs contain everything that is necessary to growth, are fourteen per cent protein, contain iron and phosphorus, and constitute a better build-

ing material than meat. In addition to all these virtues, they are very easily digested. Occasionally the eggs are replaced by meat in some simple form, as bacon, sausage, small steaks, or chops. However, Cornelia does not think this course a necessary part of breakfast and says, "You may omit it if you like."

There is a part of the menu which is always present and always popular, the bread course. Not that Cornelia always serves plain bread and butter—by no means! I often think of delightful times when she and I have enjoyed together muffins, griddle cakes, biscuits, waffles, and numerous other tempting foods she classes as "bread and butter." I shall never eliminate this part of breakfast because I enjoy it so much; Cornelia will never omit it because it furnishes the necessary starch.

With my breakfast I always drink coffee. I think Cornelia may not approve of this habit. In fact, she tells me plainly of its uselessness, "Coffee and tea are enjoyed merely for their flavor and stimulating qualities. Chocolate and cocoa are much more healthful because they provide food value in addition to flavor. Milk is best of all since it is the best way of obtaining calcium and also contains phosphorus and iron."

When I left Cornelia, I noted down the main things she told me about breakfasts. I shall have an approximately correct number of calories and a well-balanced breakfast if I have fruit, cereal, bread and butter, a beverage, and perhaps proteins in some form.

If Cornelia could have given me as easily the secret of the charm of her dainty table, her simple serving, and her happy, quietly inspiring conversation! If I could learn that, I, too, might serve perfect breakfasts.

Agnes Elford Johnston '25

A Surprised Burglar

Frank sat in the front row of the theater. He was not often allowed to go to movies, but this time his mother and father were going out for the evening and did not wish him to stay home alone.

Frank waited very impatiently for the picture to begin. At last, when it was thrown on the screen, it proved to be one of a very daring burglary. The robber quietly slipped up on the porch. From his pocket he took a soft felt pad and placed it on the side of the glass nearest the keyhole. Then he took a glass cutter and softly cut around the pad without breaking or shattering the glass. When he had finished, he removed the glass, thrust his hand through the hole in the door, and secured the key. In this way he unlocked the door and robbed the house.

The excited Frank resolved to try it. When he reached his home, all was still and dark. Evidently his father and mother had not returned. In a few minutes, he had secured all the necessary articles and was out on the street again.

After a few minutes of rapid walking, he came to a neighborhood which he did not know very well. He crept softly onto the porch of a strange house. He worked exactly as the burglar had done, and like him, was entirely successful. When he had secured the key he unlocked the door. He opened the door softly and stepped into the hall. There before him, saying good night to their host and hostess, stood his father and mother.

Betty Rusk '28

A Tribute

Seniors, we're glad you're here today,
And we're sorry to say good-by.
You've done your best—what matter the rest?
You're a credit to Uni High.

You're the first to come and the first to go;
You've the spirit to carry you through.
You've started the pace; you'll finish the race
With our backing behind you, too.

You'll step to the trace—never slacken your pace,
And every wrong you'll defy;
You'll have our hand and the right to stand
Back of our Uni High.

AS TOLD BY I. O. F.

You know how treacherous river ice is, don't you?

Well, once in the dead of winter, one of my friends, who lives near a river, found that it was necessary for him to go to town on urgent business. The town, by the way, was on the other side of the river; and there were no bridges nearer than twenty miles upstream.

My friend tried to get others to go across with him at the ferry landing. They told him it wasn't safe there, but that if he would go up the river about a half mile, maybe he could cross.

He went to the place they had suggested and started over the river. As he wasn't sure how safe the ice was, he decided to make the journey on his hands and knees, thinking that, should he break through in this position, he would have a better chance of getting out.

He started out, cautiously testing the ice before each advance. About ten minutes later, when he was halfway across, he suddenly heard a booming, cracking sound from behind. Slowly shifting his weight, he turned around to find—not a widening strip of cold grey water ,but a teamster driving a pair of oxen and a heavy loaded sled across the ice.

E. P. '25

IN HOLLAND

The slow, steady turning of the wind mills tends to create a drowsy atmosphere in the little Dutch village. The monotonous clap-clap-clap-clap of the wooden shoes, which are worn by the small children as well as the grown ups, is indistinctly heard above the clatter of the milk carts. If you look beyond the dikes, you can see the masses of gay colored tulips that add to the picturesqueness of the landscape, as they seem to sway in the same slow rhythm as the windmills, and in the same slow rhythm as the clap-clap-clap of the wooden shoes.

H. D. '25

A PROVERBIAL TALE

"Haste Makes Waste"

With the words of the proverb in his mind, the very young Mr. Brown went to call on his chosen lady. It was not unusual that he should think of the proverb at this critical time; since the day in the second grade when he had learned it, it had guided his path. He considered the call a success, though she may have thought he stayed too long. The friendship, on his part at least, rapidly progressed. He danced with Mary, walked with Mary, talked with Mary, until, as might be imagined, he fancied himself in love with Mary. However, he remembered in time that haste makes waste and did not hurry the affair. At last the climax was reached. One afternoon he slowly uttered the all-important words.

"I love you, Mary."

"I'm glad," she said.

Dare he put his arm around her or even —no—"Haste ma—his chance was gone!

At a sharp ring of the doorbell, Mary jumped up and, a moment later, joyfully presented the newcomer.

"Mr. Brown, my fiancé, Mr. Jones."

He left the house in a daze. In the future he would "make hay while the sun shines."

A. J. '25

PARDON ME

Me? I gives good stuff when there's anything to give. You asks for one of these—what you call—embarrassing moments. If you'd ask me, I'd notify you that those moments are too numerous to mention. But instead, you tell me to write one. The cavortin' idea is: you brought it on yourself. It's inferior—nothin' else but; just the samey, you says, "Pop over with one of them embarrassing moments." I'm telling you, tail before, its one of these here, "Oh, pardon me, but I'm his wife" things. Inferior, yes, and as interesting as a snowball is to an Eskimo. Well, get holdin' your ears. I'm goin' to shoot my stuff.

You get me when I say I'm one of these here outspoken youngsters, these kind which always forget to put in the clutch when they change gears. I says this as explanatory. Well, I melts into one of these here baby omnibuses which you calls street cars. By the way, you have one funny mess of conveyances in this Chambana of yours. Me? I am from Chicago! I says to the brother what stears the levers, I says, "Say coz," I says, "Give me the hitch when we lights at Randolf St." He agrees perfectly, so I goes back and sets down in the vacuum right adjacent to a elderly, pleasant-looking dame. I smiles crodial-like though I doesn't see no silver linin' floatin' around. Well I rides and rides till I thinks I'm there and back again. Brother up front don't seem to remember me. I gets boilin' up some so I accosts the dame. "Say, does that sap-head know I'm on earth nor what." I says and goes on so. The dame rises kind a'queer and says, "I'll ask him if we're there yet or not." She comes strollin' back soon and parks in the next seat. She sticks on me that cold, haughty stare you always get at such times, and says, "Lady, you ain't at your said street yet, and would you just as soon speak a little more courteously of my husband?"

Snap out the ear muffs, I'm through.

M. M. '25

EMBARASSING MOMENTS

For some minutes the long-winded teacher had been expounding at great length upon a simple topic. At one point in his oration, he made a statement which provoked a question in my mind. Though it was of minor importance, I desired very much to have the question answered. Whenever I thought the teacher was going to stop, I held up my hand; but he invariably began again without noticing me. And invariably I drew down my hand out of courtesy to the speaker.

This proceeding became a sort of a game. I constantly endeavored to seize every pause as a chance to get a word in edgewise.

This could not have gone on forever, and it did not. Suddenly, without warning of any kind, the teacher stopped, fixed his baleful glare upon my astonished countenance, and demanded what I wanted.

I was so surprised that I absolutely and completely forgot every word, thought, or vestige of what I wanted to say. I finally stammered, "I-I-I've forgotten what I wanted to say, I guess." Of course, I *knew* it very well; but I thought that to say, "I guess" would make the humiliating confession a little less harsh. And in the awful silence that followed, I felt the scornful eyes of my classmates boring into my confusion, one by one, or rather, two by two.

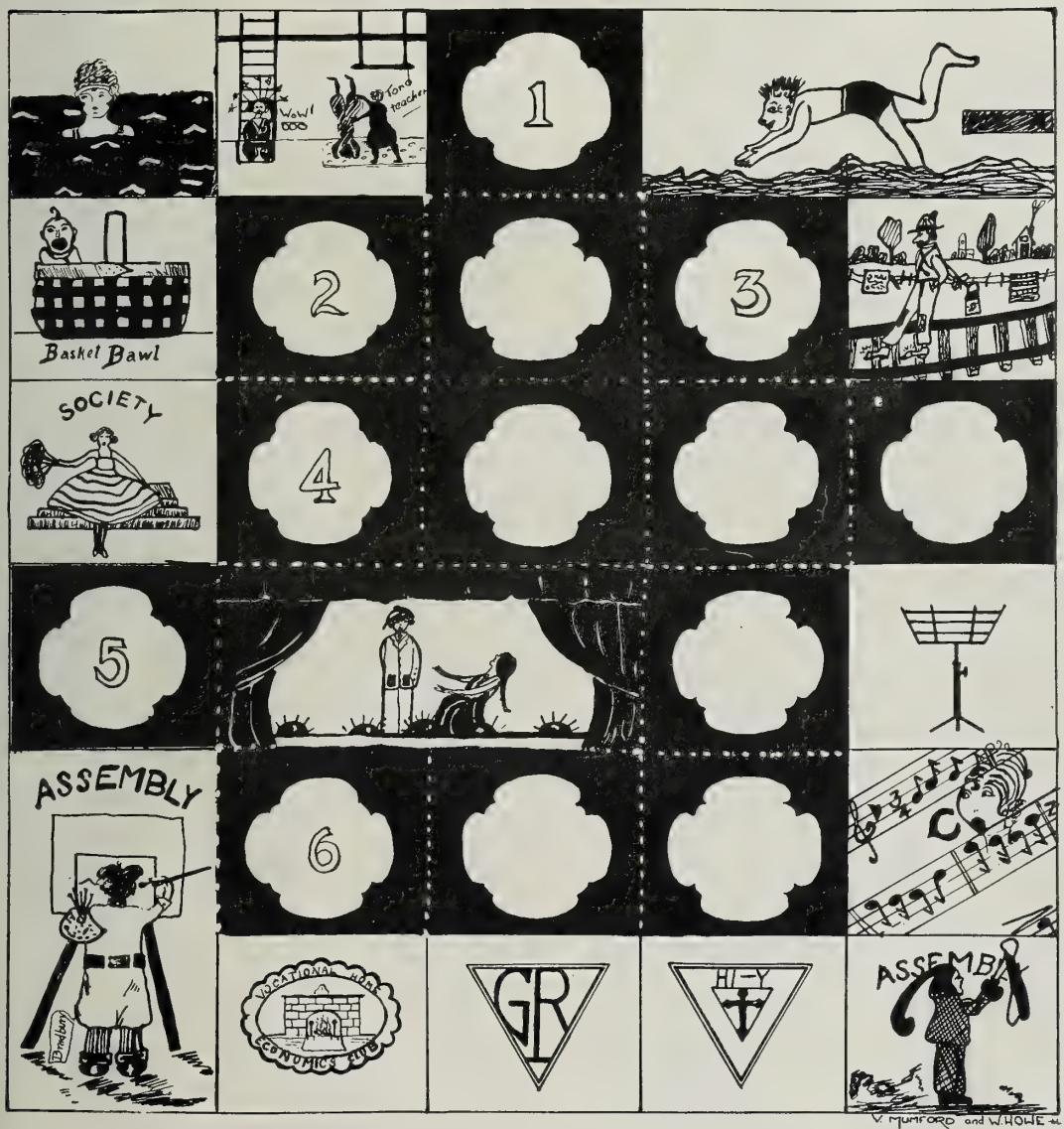
H. W. M. '25

Friendship

When I do dream of things beyond the seas,
Of English towns with old, old English mills
On rushing streams amid the shady trees;
Or when I think of blue Italian hills
With blue Italian sky and placid lakes,
Of noble snow-clad Alps, of Venice, Rome,
Or other distant scenes, it always makes
Me long to wander far away from home,
To wander on the shores of distant lands,
To hear the curious jargon of foreign tongues,
To see the level wastes of desert sands,
Or hear some happy peasant at his songs.
But when I think of you, my dearest friend,
My wandering fancies and my longings end.

MARGARET GUILD '26

ACTIVITIES



HORIZONTAL

2—The unit of electrical resistance
4—Our bonnie Freshman (reverse)
5—The famous University sections of rooters
6—Freshmen's affirmative reply

VERTICAL

1—Our monogram
2—A bone
3—One of four most dreaded subjects

Facts and Fancies of '25

SEPTEMBER

13—Registered.
15—School's begun; vacation's done. Wonder if this year'll be fun.
16—Do you know that some of these Freshmen are ELEVEN years old?
17—School really has begun, and the assignments are terrible.
18—We don't wish to seem catty, but some of the Sophs appear to have forgotten that they are no longer Freshmen.
19—Did you see the "Covered Wagon?"
22—Have you seen the "Uncovered Wagons?"
23—Some of these eleven-year-olds aren't so bad, after all.
24—We arouse "school spirit."
25—The first Matinee Dance of the year, and a grand one.
28—Monday, but not at all blue, nevertheless.
29—Assembly? I think so.
30—The end of the month. (How unusual! But that's all I can remember).

OCTOBER

1—Fred Shepherd smiled his adorable smile only twice today. Got the blues, Freddie?
2—That awful little telephone in the library rang again.
3—If you want to make her mad, call her Susan Jane; but if you want her to do something for you, say "Jane" without the Susan. Try it and see.
6—Isn't roller-skating fun?
7—Seven years of bad luck—Lillian broke the mirror in her compact!
8—Somebody saw Bimmie without Eleanor!
9—Mary Foley's watch stopped; at least that's what we're trying to believe.
10—"Liz" Zimmerman had her hair done up. It looked just darling, Liz; do it again.
13—Our red topped Senior had almost straight hair this morning. We wonder if he's given his curls to someone who'll appreciate them more.
14—No, he hasn't—He's wearing them himself today.
15—It rained.
16—It rained.
17—The sun shines once more.
20—Did you see a black cat? I didn't either, but there must have been one somewhere.
21—Have we a little impressionistic painter in our school?
22—It is very inconvenient to have a kid brother in one of your classes—ask Margaret Carnahan.
23—Milo, Julian, and a drinking fountain —'Snuf said.
24—The Senior English classes write love stories. Ooooh!
27—Blue Monday? No, it seemed to be more of a blackish hue..
28—Oh Pomeroy! Good for you!
29—There, little Frosh, don't cry, don't cry; Your grades will be better bye-and-bye.
30—Somebody has an awful crush on Bob Wright, but we won't tell who.
31—Nobody tickled Fred Cain all day. How do you suppose he accomplished that?

NOVEMBER

3—Mournful Monday.
4—Tearful Tuesday.
5—We're happy again.
6—Somebody asked Loretta if she were a Senior. Somebody asked me if I were a Sophomore. Such is life.
7—Snow—a sleigh—Warrick, I never thought that of you.
10—Arrows all over the building! S'matter?
11—Armistice Day.
12—We know what's the matter. Now, there are men all over the building.
13—Practice teachers are practicing teaching.
14—The only saving feature is that it's Friday.
17—Marian Baker has bobbed hair.
18—Marian Baker does not have bobbed hair.
19—Etc.
20—One week till Thanksgiving.
21—Censored! (And it was the only clever thing I've said.)
24—Cheer up! This isn't going to be a whole week of school.
25—The last school day till next Monday.

DECEMBER

1—School again, but Christmas is coming.
2—Do your Christmas shopping early.
3—Ditto, but don't cut school to do it.
4—Only three weeks till Christmas.
5—The street lights didn't go on—Ha ha!
8—Haven't the slightest idea what happened, so I'll leave it to you.
9—Assembly. (That's all.)
10—Wednesday. Don't you like Wednesdays?
11—Two weeks till Christmas.
12—Friday at last!
15—The beginning of the end.
16—We draw names for the Christmas party.
17—Somebody told David that there isn't any Santa Claus.
18—One week till Christmas.
19—No more school this year!

JANUARY

5—Vacation's over. "What did you get for Christmas?"
6—Dramatic Club meeting.
7—Tryouts for "Teeth of the Gift-Horse."
8—No, the janitor didn't go crazy—that was just the Physics class in the basement.
9—Dandy Matinee Dance. We played Urbana High seconds, and almost won.
12—Mary Liz and her merry liz were forty-five minutes late this morning.
13—Something happened to the bell this morning. Do you suppose—?
14—Chuck Hulbert made up time.
15—Harry Watts forgot to say, "Will you please translate that again" in Cicero class.
16—Assembly—Three cheers for—and by—Mr. Foster.
19—More practice for the "Gift-Horse."
20—Seniors elected the editors for the annual.
21—I don't know what happened to you, but I had an awful Physics quiz.
22—The caste of the Horse got a terrible bawling out. Oh well, they say that a rotten dress rehearsal always makes a good play.
23—The first dramatic evening in the history of Uni High!
26—Freezing cold.
27—Still cold—I hate this weather!
28—Everyone too busy cramming, cramming, to say a word.
30—Exams are all over, but—

FEBRUARY

2—Charles Winters was on time to French class.
3—Staff meeting—a nice one. There are a few advantages to being an editor.
4—Candy sale. Thank you, Juniors.
5—Tut, tut, Merton,—pick on someone your own size!
9—It's snowed again!
10—Girl Reserve meeting.
11—J. Mahlon has the mumps!
12—A "4C" assembly. Rev. Locke spoke to us on "The Way of the Road."
13—Wonderful Valentine party. Wasn't Peter Pan darling?
16—Bob Graham became irate and left class at an unseemly hour.
17—Somebody saw Wallie studying!
18—Harry Hudson recited in History class.
19—Bob Stiven didn't throw a single eraser all day. What's happened?
23—Kent Dale has his hair marcelled. We wonder why?
24—Mumps.
25—More mumps.
26—Most mumps.
27—Do you like chlorine? Neither do I!

MARCH

2—So cold! March certainly did come in like a lion.
3—Assembly—we all got strung.
4—Preliminary try-outs for the Senior Play.
5—Final try-outs for ditto.
6—It's beautiful weather—March is getting lamb-like already.
9—The mumps people are beginning to come back.
10—Harry Hudson trims his moustache.
11—We heard—I mean saw—all about the Manchurian railway.
12—What did we see going on on the second floor? Oh Johnny! For shame!
13—Even though it was Friday the thirteenth, the Matinee Dance was fine.
16—Tommy's moustache is all gone!
17—The Chem class made a delightful journey. Where? To the Gas Plant!
19—A mathematical assembly, but it wasn't at all dry.

20—Girl Reserves Stunt Show.
23—We have to make up an hour every time we cut gym. Wow!
24—Slickers, slickers everywhere, but not a drop—until four o'clock.
25—The weather continues charming—ugh!
26—Another of those beastly intelligence tests!
27—Matinee Dance and sandwiches—snuf said.
30—Three-fourths of the school journeyed homeward for lost, strayed, or stolen report cards.

APRIL

1—Yes, April 1.
2—The orchestra was scared away by a robbery—ask the Public Speaking class.
3—Dramatic Hour—"Robbery" and "Feed the Brute." Did you ever guess there was so much talent in our school?
6—We learn that Dikran was an ambassador or something when he was just seven years old. Fawncy!
7—The Physics class ran away and shot guns!
8—Health Essays read and prizes awarded.
9—Whee! No school in the afternoon!
14—SCHOOL AGAIN.
15—Bugs—all over everything. Bugs!
16—How many penny pictures have you collected?
17—We discuss "parental control" in English class.
20—"Ball playing must be done outside the building."
21—Ball playing is being done outside the building.
22—Margaret Guild appears in tortoise-shell rim glasses.
24—THE Senior Play.
27—One of our Seniors has his hair all charmingly curled. Isn't him pretty?
29—Music assembly. Aren't we proud?
30—Alice Corrigan walked part way to school alone!

MAY

1—'Tis said there was a Matinee Dance.
4—Classes were dismissed so that we could all go to the Gym Annex and eat rolls and jelly.
5—"Everything for the annual must be in by tomorrow." These words are beginning to sound rather familiar.
6—Who do you suppose will rate the scholarship banquet?
7—Dramatic Club picnic. We wonder just what kind of a "blowout" the little blue car experienced.
8—The Box social. Again, three cheers for the Juniors!
11—William, we all agree that your white sweater is simply stunning.
12—Charles Spears proves to the Physics class that he is the son of his father.
13—The Scholarship Banquet!—We are warned not to become conceited.
14—Our literary geniuses discover their editorials in the *Urbana Courier*.
15—Whee! No school in the afternoon!
19—Dramatic Club meeting. Girl Reserve meeting and a meeting in Mr. Williams' office.
22—Wally and Johnnie get into jail and out again.
25—Everybody what whispered at ten o'clock wishes he hadn't.
26—Seniors think with palpitating hearts, "Two weeks from today we graduate?"
27—George Pickels seemed extraordinarily calm all day. How come, Pickley, how come?
29—Dramatic hour (which speaks for itself).

JUNE

1—We begin to realize that exams are coming.
5—Exams are here.
7—Baccalaureate Sunday.
10—Class day.
11—We commence.

THE HAYS' MEMORIAL BANQUET

This year Mrs. Hays extended to the pupils of University, Urbana, and Champaign high schools an invitation to her scholarship banquet. From each class the three persons having the highest grades "made" the banquet. Each of these students was asked to name the teacher he thought had helped him most during the year, and then these teachers were invited to attend the banquet also.

The students whose grades enabled them to go were Norman Watson, Dorothy Vose, and Dorothy Filbey; William Lloyd, Margaret Carnahan, and Betty Stiven; Mary Louise Cameron, Margaret Guild, and Elizabeth Windsor; Helen Johnston, Bertha Enger, and Eleanor Thomsen. Three of these, Dorothy Vose, William Lloyd, and Norman Watson, had a five point average.

FRIVOLITIES

We've had some glorious all-school parties this year. The Seniors started them off by a Hallowe'en masquerade party. You remember all about it—that was the time when Agnes Johnston and Betty Ketchum won for looking and acting just like rag dolls. Alicia Vines wore a beautiful and unusual costume, for which she was awarded the "artistic" prize. Wasn't it a shock to discover that the pretty girl in the red dress was Irvin Cochrun? He too was awarded a prize because his attire was very original, and the revelation of his identity was such a surprise. The music was exceedingly good, and didn't you think the decorations were pretty?

The Freshmen gave the Thanksgiving party and made it a complete success. They did something new—took us up to the third floor and showed us a movie! It was about T. A. Edison, and the only trouble with it (after it began working) was that it had a little moral at the end! It really was nice, though, and a very clever idea. After it we went down-stairs and danced, with an exceptionally good orchestra rendering the music. (P. S. The eats were grand!) Just think! the Freshmen put on just about as good a party as the Seniors!

The Sophomores took charge of the Christmas party, which is always a difficult one to manage. The Sophs carried it off beautifully. We all drew names in the library and brought a present (in some cases, a very appropriate one) for the person whose name we had drawn. Then Santa Claus came down the chimney and distributed the presents. Wasn't he a dear old gentleman? After he had satisfied all of us, we went into the hall and danced. The Sophomores were very generous and gave us each a candy cane, besides regular refreshments and a dandy time.

The last party of the year, St. Valentine's, fell to the lot of the Juniors. They told us all to come dressed like some character from a book or a movie, and such results as there were! Didn't our dignified Senior president make a darling little boy? We had drawn names a few days before the party in order to find out to whom we were to give a Valentine. Weren't some of them awful slams? The fourth floor looked lovely and not at all like our every-day auditorium. Good music and nice refreshments added the final touches to a wonderful party. This Valentine Masquerade was indeed a fitting climax for the parties of the year.

THE MATINEE DANCES

Yes, the dances have been fun, lots of it. But with this fun have come, at the last legal moment, frantic searches for everything from chaperones to floor wax. In these outwardly happy and calm events hours of planning and dry committee meetings have taken their part-plus, of course, those weary hours spent in making sandwiches, with one-fourth of a pound of butter for three loaves of bread—and fifteen cents to pay for it all. But Sophomores, please don't let this discourage you about the coming year, which brings with it your turn at this play and work.

M. "L." G. '26

THE FRESHMAN BOOK CLUB

The Freshman Book Club was organized just this semester. The students in English I A were the members. Frances Leslie was the president, Linda Fitz-Gerald the secretary, and Helen Johnston the reporter. In our meetings, which were held twice a week in class time, we made reports on good books and their authors. Each student had collected book plates and made a scrapbook. The aim of the club was to help students appreciate good books.

L. F. G. '28

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BANQUET

The Alumni Association gave a banquet on June 9, at the Southern Tea Room. The usual initiation ceremony was the chief entertainment of the evening.

THE GIRL RESERVE CLUB

Last year our school, with Miss McHarry's help, started an organization for all the girls of the school. This year our club materialized into Girl Reserves, which is the junior branch of the Y. W. Girls from the "Y" have helped us, and under their leadership we have accomplished a great deal. Miss Duguid was our faculty adviser for the first semester, and Miss McHarry for the second. At our election of officers at the beginning of the year, Margaret Guild was chosen president; Mary Elizabeth Goodell, vice-president; Eleanor Parmelee, secretary; and Virginia Mumford, treasurer. The president then appointed her committees, Betty Ketchum being made chairman of the service committee, Agnes Johnston of the social, and Blanche McCallen of the program. Since Blanche was forced to leave school shortly afterwards, Virginia Ross was asked to take her place.

The second semester Margaret Guild and Mary Elizabeth were re-elected, and Ruth Catherwood and Virginia Amsbary became our new secretary and treasurer. Betty Ketchum was reappointed for the service committee. The social committee was put in the charge of Loretta Sturdyvin, and Betty McGrew was made head of the program committee.

At Thanksgiving, we, with the help of the Hi-Y club, sent a basket to a family recommended by the Associated Charities. Probably the biggest thing we have done is our giving of a stunt show on March twenty-eighth. Our purpose was not only to entertain the school, but also to raise enough money to send a girl to Camp Gray in Michigan. We succeeded beautifully in both attempts.

On May 9, all the branches of the Girl Reserves in the Twin Cities gave a Mother and Daughter banquet. It was much better attended than any of us had dared to hope, and we all had a wonderful time. After the dinner there were several interesting speeches, and then a pageant was presented by some of the girls from Urbana and Uni High. We hope that this Mother and Daughter banquet will become an annual affair.

The purpose of our club is "to promote a better understanding and fellowship among the girls; to develop in its members the qualities of a well-rounded girl; and to foster the worthy activities of the school and community." Our slogan is "Face Life Squarely," and our national purpose, "To find and give the best." The club has at present about thirty-five members. We feel that this first year has been a great success, and we hope that the Girl Reserve club will continue as well as it has begun.

ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB

At the first of the school year both an orchestra and a girls' glee club were organized. The glee club practised every Wednesday afternoon, and the orchestra every Thursday. Mr. Harkness directed the orchestra, which consisted of piano, cello, mandolin, cornet, two violins, and two clarinets. The glee club was under the direction of Miss Craw, and about twenty-five girls were members. About the middle of the year the two organizations together gave a music assembly, which not only was very entertaining, but also served to make us exceedingly proud of our school.

Toward the end of the second semester they were both disbanded, as the students most active in them were too busy to practise regularly. But don't be discouraged, musicians; you made a noble beginning. However, next year let's get going and keep going even when the going gets to be a grind.

OUR BOX SOCIAL

The second Box Social in the history of Uni High was held May 8 on the fourth floor. The evening was rather full of surprises of various natures. Yes, we know the wrong person got the curling iron in the fish pond, but mistakes will happen. Poor Scrutch! It surely looked as though he'd have to bid his last cent in order to get Her box, didn't it? Perhaps it was a good deal on account of him that the Juniors made so much—$21.50 they say it was. Isn't that pretty good? Here's hoping that it encourages the Sophs so much that they give us a Box Social next year.

The Home Economics Club

Late in October the club held a five A. M. weiner roast. The old members and the eligible girls who wanted to join attended the picnic. Each anxious initiate was informed as to her particular task. At the first regular meeting, the green ribbons and rolling pins were joyfully discarded and the pledges were made members. Dorothy Vose was elected president; Mary Smith, vice-president; and Margaret Carnahan, secretary-treasurer.

The first social event of the year was a parent-teacher party. A short play, "Mother Goose Rhymes," and refreshments were presented by members of the club.

In the second semester a Health Essay Contest was sponsored by the club. The subject of the essays related to food, and the whole school participated in the contest.

Agnes Johnston, who wrote "Breakfasting with Cornelia," won the first prize, three dollars. Margaret Guild's essay, "The Effects of Eating between Meals as Recorded by the Tummy of a Small Boy of Five" and the essay written by Mary Louise Irvin, "How the Telephone Affects the Family Food Bill," each won a prize of a dollar and a half.

These are some of the important events in the history of this club during nineteen twenty-five. When you are recording the outstanding organizations, do not omit the Home Ec. Club.

M. C. '26

The Hi-Y Club

On September eighteenth the Hi-Y club began its activities for the second year of its existence at Uni High. This first meeting was a joint one with the Urbana and Champaign clubs. Mr. Williams gave a talk in which he showed that he would stand by the Hi-Y, and incidentally he made the members of the other two clubs wish that their principals were as much interested as he is.

We have had meetings of our own club every two weeks and a joint meeting with the Urbana and Champaign fellows about every five weeks. Soon after our first meeting we started plans for sending delegates to the State Older Boys' Conference. As a result, our delegates, Junior Mumford, Norman Watson, Boland Brooks, William Lloyd, and Morris Johnson, left on the day after Thanksgiving to go to this conference, which was at Elgin. There we heard many good speeches, and were strengthened to carry out the purpose of the club, which is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character.

On February twelfth and thirteenth the Hi-Y's, cooperating with the Girl Reserves, launched a "4C" campaign. A closer observance of the four planks of Hi-Y, clean speech, clean athletics, clean scholarship, and clean living, was urged by Rev. Locke and by Miss Pennington, assistant dean of women.

Then we busied ourselves with helping to arrange the Champaign County Older Boys' Conference, which was held in the University Place Christian Church, on March 13, 14, and 15, under the auspices of the three Hi-Y clubs of the Twin Cities. This conference was conducted along the same lines as the State conference, but was of course on a smaller scale.

Our membership this year has been about twenty, an increase of almost seventy per cent over last year. The officers for 1924-25 have been: Norman Watson, president; Warrick Squires, vice-president; and Boland Brooks, secretary-treasurer. At the first of the year Mr. E. O. Blackman, of the Univesity Y. M. was our leader, but he was succeeded by Mr. R. V. Calhoun, also a Y worker. Mr. Appling has been our faculty adviser, and Mr. Colvin, Y. M. boys' secretary, and Dan Kinsey have attended some of our meetings and helped us out several times.

At a meeting on May 7 the officers for the next year were elected. They are: William Lloyd, president; Julian Knipp, vice-president; and Warrick Squires, secretary-treasurer.

The final event this year was the Father and Son banquet given May 14 at Wesley Foundation. We were so fortunate as to have Dean Clark as a speaker, and speeches were also given by a father and a son.

Since the club had already been started, we accomplished more this year than last. We hope to do even better next year.

W. L. '26

The Dramatic Club

If you knew what fun we have in Dramatic Club, you'd surely wish that you were a member! In our meetings we talk about authors, plays, and so forth, conduct our business, and then enjoy the entertainment which is afforded us by our talented members. Besides, we have lots of fun trying out for all the plays.

We plan to give one dramatic hour each semester, and this year we have carried out our plan very well. On January 23, which was the date of our first dramatic evening, we gave "The Teeth of the Gift-Horse," in which Mary-Liz Goodell, Loretta Sturdyvin, Dorothy Filbey, Betty Ketchum, Kent Dale, and Junior Mumford took the parts. "Nevertheless" was put on by Margaret Carnahan, Norman Watson, and Milo Ketchum. In addition, Loretta Sturdyvin and Agnes Johnston each gave a reading. Everyone had a good time, and we're all sure that the evening was one of the best things of the first semester.

The second semester, our dramatic hour was given May 29. Two plays, "Enter the Hero" and "The Pot-Boilers" were presented. Lillian Smith, Margaret Carnahan, Betty Ketchum, and Carleton Johnson made up the caste of the former, while Loretta Sturdyvin, Betty McGrew, Charles Hulbert, Wallace Howe, John Mohun, Charles Winters, and Boland Brooks were in "The Pot-Boilers." Agnes Johnston and Miss Dunham added to the evening's entertainment.

The officers of the club for the second semester have been: president, Betty Ketchum; secretary, Margaret Guild; treasurer, Betty McGrew; stage manager, Agnes Johnston; publicity manager, Mary Mackay; and business manager, Wallace Howe.

We wish to express our appreciation to Miss Swander, who has been a great help to us in this first year of the Dramatic Club's existence.

M. E. G. '26

The Senior Play

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

By Oscar Wilde

John Worthing ---------- John Mohun
Algernon Moncrieff ---------- Wallace Howe
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D. ---------- Boland Brooks
Merriman, Butler ---------- Norman Watson
Lane, Manservant ---------- Donald Taylor
Gwendolyn Fairfax ---------- Virginia Mumford
Lady Bracknell ---------- Agnes Johnston
Cecily Cardew ---------- Marian Baker
Miss Prism, Governess ---------- Mary Mackay

STAFF

Stage Manager ---------- Virginia Ross
Business Manager ---------- Herbert W. Mumford, Jr.
Electrician ---------- Charles Spears

As "Jack" and "Algy," Johnny Mohun and Wally Howe so well affected the clothes and manners of the plot that they seemed Englishmen to the manner born. Virginia Mumford charmingly portrayed the attractive hauteur of Gwendolyn, which formed a pleasing contrast to the gay vivacity of Marian Baker as Cecily. That Oscar Wilde intended this plot to be a satire on British high Society was shown by Agnes Johnston, who made the mercenary dowager a reality. It would be difficult to imagine a more "prissy" Prism than Mary Mackay made, and even yet Boland Brooks has difficulty in throwing off the mock dignity of the pillar of the "primitive church." Norman Watson as Merriman was a very dutiful and obeisant butler. Since Donald Taylor was quarantined at the time of the play, Carleton Johnson took his part and carried it off very well.

These few lines do not at all show how remarkably well done was the play, nor how proud we are of the class of '25. Everyone who saw the performance agreed that our play was one of the best senior plays ever given.

BIG SPORTS

Basketball Schedule

December 5	Tolono at Tolono	Won by Tolono, 19 to 18
December 12	Monticello at Monticello	Won by Monticello, 37 to 18
December 20	Rantoul at Urbana	Won by Uni High, 21 to 20
January 9	Champaign (Seconds) at Champaign	Won by Champaign, 18 to 15
January 17	Monticello at Urbana	Won by Monticello, 17 to 15
January 24	Champaign (Seconds) at Urbana	Won by Uni High, 29 to 9
January 31	Tolono at Urbana	Won by Uni High, 25 to 15
February 6	Mahomet at Mahomet	Won by Mahomet, 20 to 8
February 14	Oakwood at Urbana	Won by Uni High, 18 to 15
February 21	Urbana (Seconds) at Uni High	Won by Urbana, 20 to 15
February 27	Rantoul at Rantoul	Won by Rantoul, 18 to 16
March 6	Villa Grove at Urbana (Dist. Tour.)	Won by Villa Grove, 30 to 12

Top Row—Deahl, Winters, Huddlestun, Brooks, Squires, Coach Overtoom
Bottom Row—Irwin, Johnson, Howe, Vriner, Marmion
Mascott, Wright

Basketball

The Uni High basketeers deserve a lot of credit for the good showing which they made this year. Much credit is due to Coach Overtoom, who was forced to begin at the bottom and build up an entire system. This was his first year, but he handled the boys well.

When the call for men was sounded, the boys turned out and began practice with much enthusiasm.

After two weeks of drill on fundamentals, we invaded Tolono for our first game. The game was nip and tuck all the way, and very well played for so early in the season. The score at the half was 4 to 11 with Tolono in the lead. In the next half our lads came back and dropped them in at random. At the final gun the score stood 16 to 16. In the overtime period each team made a field goal. As luck would have it, one of our men fouled and Harden of Tolono tossed the ball through for a final score of 18 to 19.

Lipe, who was one of our best men, was declared ineligible. Without our valuable forward we journeyed to Monticello. The Monticello lads, led by Catlin, had little trouble in subduing our team with a 37 to 18 tally.

Rantoul invaded the Men's Gym for our first home game. The Rantoul lads were fast, and the game was well played. Captain "Wally" Howe started dropping the ball through the hoop shortly after the whistle and refused to be stopped. He ran up an individual score of five field goals. The game was cinched by a final basket, giving us a 20 to 21 win. The Blue and

Orange played a curtain raiser with the Champaign seconds and were defeated 18 to 15.

On January 17 the Monticello quintette came to Urbana to beat our team by the close score of 17 to 15. The first half was fast and furious, and at the half the score was 11 to 9 with our boys maintaining the lead. The second half was slow, and our men could not locate the basket.

Champaign seconds came over for the next tilt and went home sadly beaten 29 to 9. The game was played without the help of Irwin, who fouled himself out in the early part of the first quarter. Jamison, Champaign's snowball forward, was closely guarded and consequently failed to connect with the basket but once.

Inspired by this win, the team planned to get revenge on Tolono. The team struck its stride and left Tolono on the tail end of a 25 to 15 tally.

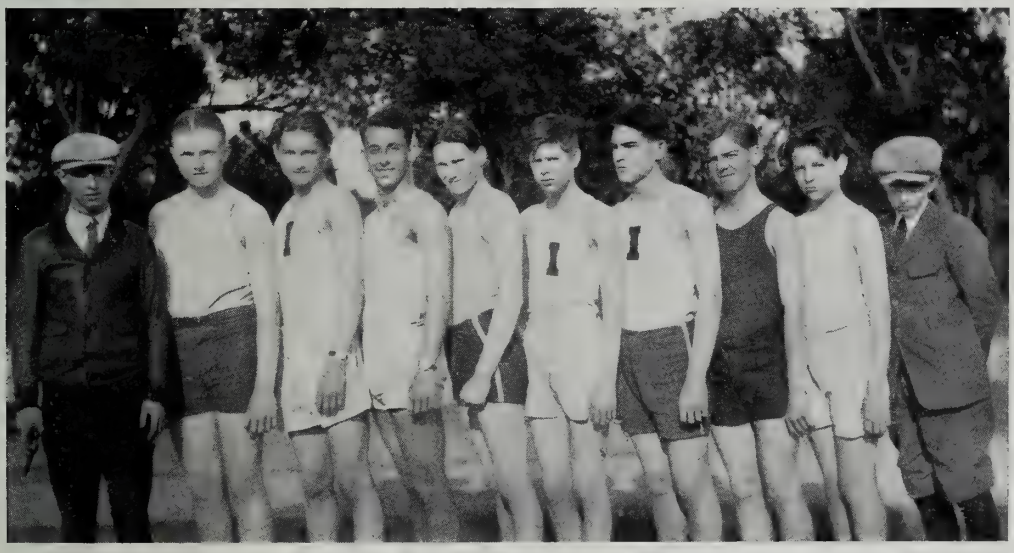
The next week-end the team went to an invitation tournament at Mahomet. As fate would have it, we were scheduled to play the undefeated Mahomet cornhuskers. The boys were well primed for this battle but were unable to cope with the six-footers. Manuel was the star of the game with his uncanny baskets, making 10 of Mahomet's 18 points. Our team with its nine points showed up as well as Urbana did when Mahomet severely trounced them in the District Tournament.

On February 27 our lads went to Rantoul for the last scheduled tilt of the year. The game was played hard, neither team maintaining a lead very long. In the last two minutes of play, the Rantoul lads hooked a basket giving them an 18 to 16 lead. Although our team made a desperate attempt to score, they were unsuccessful.

In the District Tournament Villa Grove defeated us easily with a 30 to 12 score.

The Athletic Association is grateful to Coach Leo Overtoom for his work during the year and wishes him success in his next venture.

Track



Left to right—Coach Overtoom, Ferris, M. Johnson, Hulbert, Mathis, Spears, Mumford, C. Johnson, Shepherd, Manager Pickels

Track

The purpose of the track team this year was to get the boys acquainted with the various events, for it is necessary for a school to have experienced men before it can put a good track team in the field.

We did not enter competition until late in the year because we were unable to get a track field until the latter part of April.

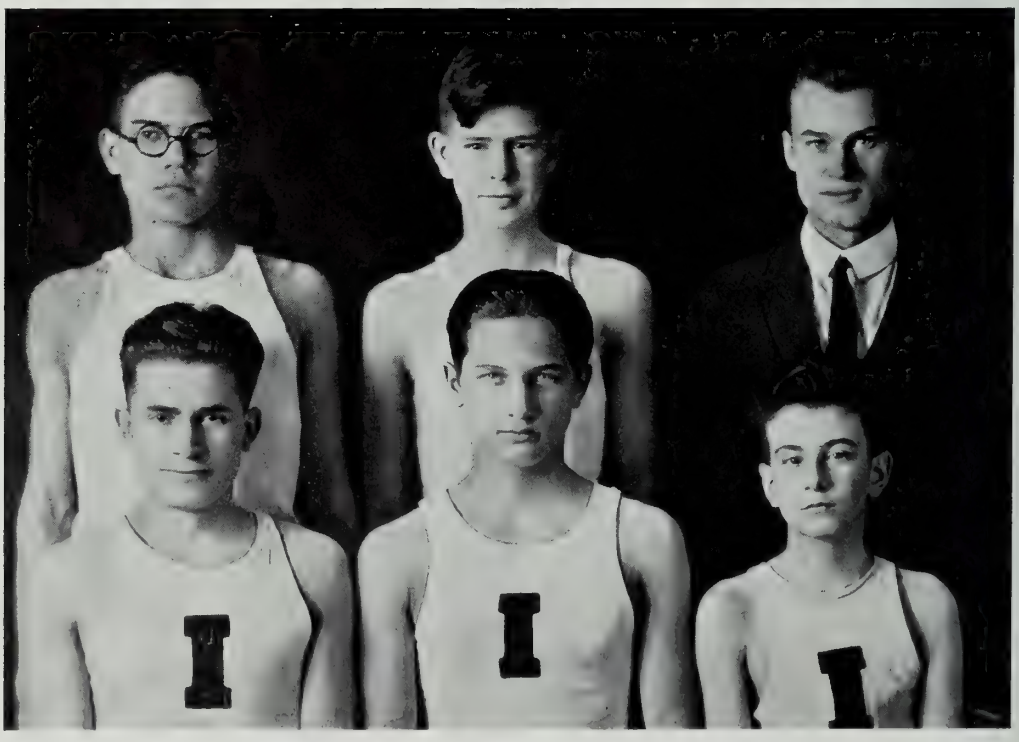
After about one week of training, the team entered the Urbana invitation meet, in which Hulbert went to the finals in the fifty yard dash, high jump, standing high jump, and running broad jump.

There were about twelve men entered, but none of them placed. However, competing in the meets was a great help to the boys.

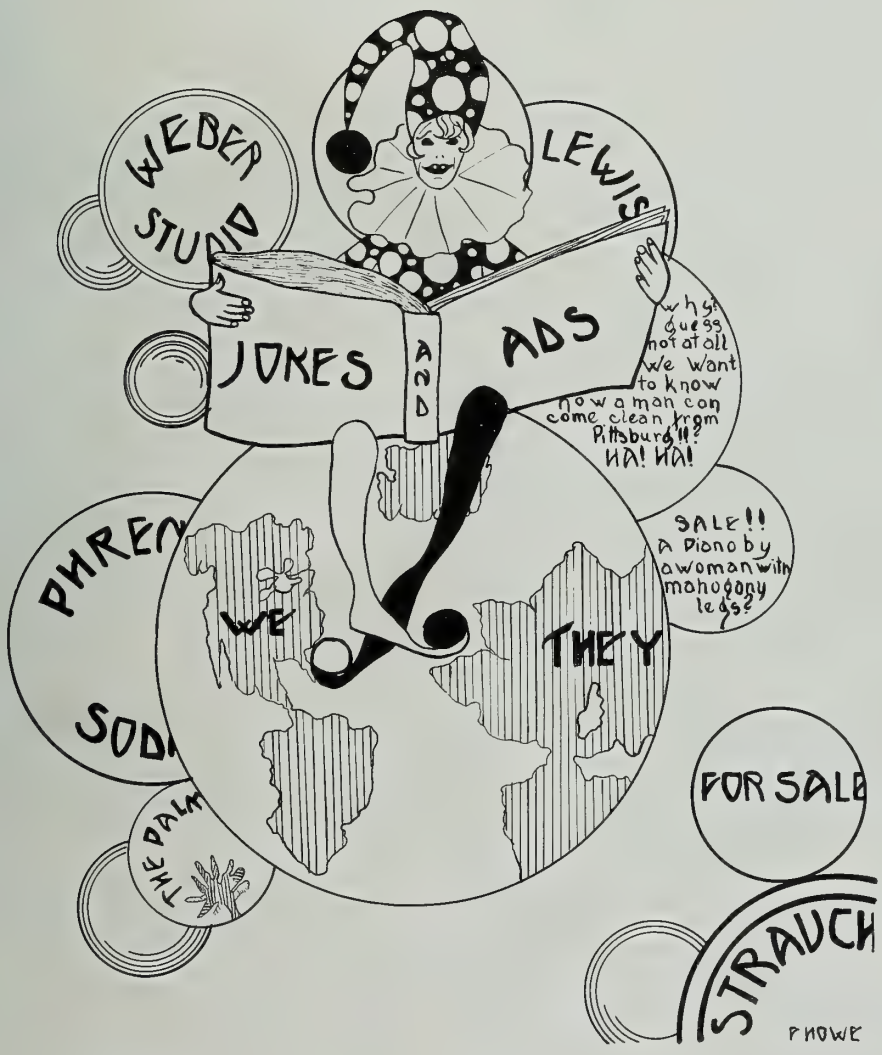
Cross Country

The cross country team got off to a late start in the fall; and although they had much valuable training, they competed in only one meet.

The members of the cross country team were as follows: Morris Johnson (Captain), Junior Mumford, Charles Spears, Dikran Daghlien, and George Pickels. In the meet with Champaign our harriers were left on the big end of a 6 to 15 score. Stickrod of Champaign had little trouble in winning first, while Shurtz and Porter, also of Champaign, finished in the order mentioned. Captain Johnson of Uni High succeeded in taking fourth. The cross country team was coached by A. L. Lindel.



Top Row—Mumford, Spears, Coach Lindel
Bottom Row—Daghlian, Johnson, Pickles


WEBER
STUDIO
LEWIS
JOKES
AND
ADS
why? guess not at all we want to know how a man can come clean from Pittsburg!! HA! HA!
SALE!! A piano by a woman with mahogany legs?
WE
THEY
FOR SALE
STRAUCH
PHOWE

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MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
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Optimism

Our idea of the height of optimism is a 90-years old gent buying a new suit of clothes with two pairs of pants.

Blessed is the tie that binds, if it's loose enough.

Mary: "I smell burnt hair."

Wally: "Well, take your head off of my shoulder."

Johnny S.: "Say, Chuck, why don't you brush your shoes?"

Winters: "There's no hair on my shoes."

BOOKS PIANOS KODAKS

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PENS

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The CO-OP wishes to express its best wishes to the Class of 1925

Those of you entering University next fall will will find the CO-OP prepared to serve you with all the needed supplies

"The Co-op"

(THE U. OF I. SUPPLY STORE)

Bob McG.: "Do you like eggs?"
John C.: "Not so you could notice,"
Bob.: "Then what's on your chin?"

John: "I'm afraid the bed's not long enough for you."
W. H.: "That's all right; I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

Mary Liz: "Do gooseberries have legs?"
Scrutch: "No."

Mary Liz: "Then I must have swallowed a caterpillar."

"Catch me, Ikey; I'm dizzy."
"Whassamatter?"
"I been reading a circular letter."

Chuck Winters as waiter: "Shall I open another egg for you?"
Diner: "No open a Window."

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—AT—
RIDER'S PEN SHOP
Fountain Pen Specialists
612 E. Green "RIDER FOR PENS"

"Yes," said Tom M., as he gazed into the mirror affectionately, "all great men are dead, and I'm getting sick."

We know a girl who is so dumb she thinks a baseball fan is a cooling device.

He: "Can you play Chopin?"
She: "No. Is it anything like Mah Jong?"

Hans S.: "You aint so collegiate, are you, Harry?"
Harry W.: "The heck I aint, boy."
Hans: "Well, now, maybe you are."

A cat is a fur coat in the raw state.

Tom: "Did you like that date I got for you?"
Bob: "Which one?"
Tom: "The blind one."
Bob: "Oh, she couldn't see me at all."

ARCADE CLOTHES SHOP
"ON THE CAMPUS"

THINGS TO WEAR
FOR U AND I

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This one may sound fishy, but it really happened.

John was telling about his trip to the Derby. Virginia Mumford asked what the derby was, and found out that it was a hat. Then:

"Oh, is that what it really is?"

One look at the amused faces around her, then:

"Now, I wish you'd quit stuffing me!"

We had a terrible time finding out where John and Wallie were on May 23. Did you enjoy yourselves, boys?

A Sad Story

I

'Twas a summer day in winter,
Said the bottle to the cork,
I spent a week one Sunday
In a suburb of New York.

II

I had some poison on me,
With a cork to make it stay,
But a fellow took the cork out,
And drank it all away.

III

They put him in a little box,
And a car took him away.
They put him in a deep, deep hole,
And there he lies today.

IV

On the headstone is the writing:
"Here is Johnny laid away.
He drank strichnine for whiskey,
And here he lies today."

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THE "FRIENDLY" CONFECTIONERY

"Were you practicing on that mutt for the football season, or what, Mr. Williams?"

We wonder why "Scrutch" was so eager to help out the Junior class with his shekels the night of the box social.

How Mr. Williams ever came out alive, after the first week he drove his car, is more than we know.

A Senior is a person who was a Junior last year.

ICE CREAM SHERBETS

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Have you ever suddenly discovered that you had forgotten to order the ice cream, or for some reason it had not arrived—and it was time for dinner?

You may have that experience sometime!

So, remember that as near to you as your telephone is a modern ice cream plant, operated by men who have been in the service for years, and who know what the public wants, ready to serve you.

Two points are paramount in our business policy: first, Purity and High quality of our products, and second, Service that never fails. You may depend on both.

We are equipped to fill Special Orders for Parties on Short Notice

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TWIN CITY ICE CREAM CO.

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ICES 132 West Main Street, Urbana PUNCHES

The Four Classes

'28: "What is the question, please?"
'27: "What is the question?"
'26: "What?"
'25: "Huh?"

Harry B.: "Tom Marmion is good at riginal jokes, isn't he?"

Harry W.: "Yeh, he's got an awful good emory."

Chuck H. (joyously): "Boys, I got a tter from my woman today."

Donald T (contemptuously): "You did? Where's she cooking now?"

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MEAT–PROVISIONS
POULTRY
BUTTER–CHEESE

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New Location After July 15

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MOST DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATES
CANDIES AND
MINTS

KENNEDY'S CANDIES

605 E. Green Street

CHAMPAIGN ILLINOIS

Take Notice, Wally

A monocle is a pane of glass worn in one eye in order that its wearer may not see at one time any more than he is able to understand.

You take your girl out to a show—
Feed her full, spend all your dough—
Take a taxi to her door—
That's all there is—there aint no more!
(See ye Joke Ed. for tune)

John Mohun: "Did you take her home?"
Little Boland (sadly): "No; I only had a second mortgage on it."

"Hey, Watson, what is an arsenal?"
"That is where they put men who are arrested for arson."

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High School Students will profit by buying their Clothes at this College Store. Our Clothing is of the Best of Material and is made up in the Very Latest Styles.

COOK & KISNER

Men's Apparel Shop

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"Right on the Beaten Path"

Mr. Appling: "What! Am I chargd?"
Charles Speares: "No. Discharged."

Alice Corrigan, stopping suddenly, said politely: "Oh, pardon me, haven't I seen you before?"

Teacher in French (in studying monks and pious people): "What is purgatory?"

Virginia M.: "A purgatory is a monastery for women."

"We were more than pleased to serve you in the past years and will be more than pleased to serve you in the future."

S. E. JACKSON

Sue's Sweet Shop

506 East Green Street

M-1863 *"THE HOME OF THE BROWNIE"*

A True Story

Jr. M.: "What is a steriopticon?"

Chuck H.: "A man who fits glasses on your eyes, I think."

Remember way back when Miss McHarry punished Mr. Harvey by locking him up in the office storeroom?

Mr. Appling: "What was the first nitride?"

Chuck Hulbert: "Paul Revere's."

Uni High's Ford

Body ----------D. Filbey
Wheels ----------Junior M.
Balloon Tires----------T. Huddlestun
Engine ---------- ----------Norman W.
Steering Wheel----------Miss McHarry
Accelerator ----------Mr. Williams
Lights ----------D. Voss
Dims ----------W. Howe
Horn ----------Chuck Hulbert
Paint ----------Marion Wheatly
Bumper ----------Christine Martin
Speedometer----------Loretta Sturdyvin
Top ----------Agnes Johnston
Windshield Wiper----------Marion Baker
Oil Can----------Betty McGrew

(Apologies to Mary Liz and Betty Ketchum.)

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First Fly: "Why do you run so fast?"

Second Fly (running on a sheet of paper): "Can't you see it says to tear along this dotted line?"

Teacher: "Johnny, name a group of island in the Pacific."

Johnny: "Huh?—Why—uh—."
Teacher: "Correct."

HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR
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NEWEST STYLES
SNYDER & BRADLEY
"BOOTERIE"
First Door South of ZOMBRO'S

Question:

Why are a schoolroom and an engine alike?

Answer:

Because they both have a crank in front and a lot of little nuts behind.

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CORONA
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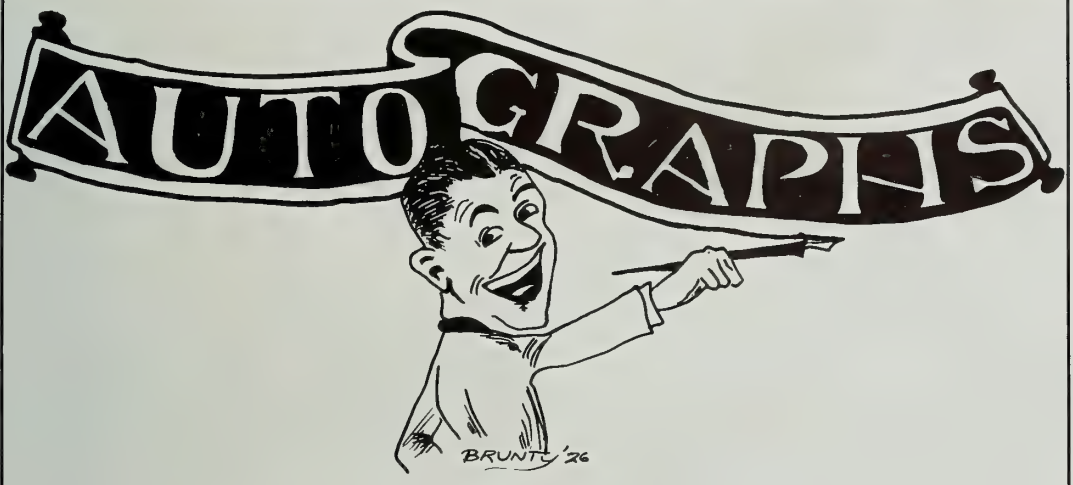
White Typewriter Sales Co.
Main 2470
613 E. Green St. : Champaign

Warrick Squires has been getting better grades now that he has those balloon pants. They keep him up above everybody.

Wallie: "Put me in cell 38."
Jailer: "What for?"
Wallie: "It's the one John said he was most comfortable in last time."

J.M. KAUFMAN AND COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
Clothes for Young Men who are Particular about their Attire


AUTOGRAPHS
BRUNTY '26

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CHAMPAIGN :: ILLINOIS

The Sunday School teacher had been teaching the primary class a blessing to say if they should be called upon to do so. She forgot to repeat it one morning, whereupon she was reminded by a small boy who said:

"Oh, Miss Jones, we forgot to say the prayer we eat on!"

If you are in need of very special care for histronic ailments, call upon the recently graduated

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PARTIES, BANQUETS AND DINNER-DANCES

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CORSAGES FOR GRADUATION
Quality First OR ANY OCCASION *Service Always*

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CORRECT COLLEGE CLOTHES

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MAIN STREET CHAMPAIGN

Mr. Croxton: "How much is your peanut butter?"

Grocer: "Forty-five cents."

Mr. C.: "My, that's terrible!"

Grocer: "Well, you see, this is Beechnut."

Mr. C.: "That doesn't make any difference. Beechnuts are no better than peanuts."

Mary (serving meat): "Which piece do you want, Jane?"

Jane (pointing to larger): "That one."

M.: "That's impolite. If I had chosen first, I should have taken the smaller."

J.: "Well, you have it. What're you kicking about?"

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CHAMPAIGN

The Illinois CAROLINE DUFFY *Modiste*

THE ILLINOIS BUILDING

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Chas. Winters: "Do you know why the pigs are located near the stadium?"

G. Pickles: "No. Why?"

Chas. Winters: "Because they want them to root for the team in all the big games."

FEDERAL LOAF

The flour with the doubt
And trouble left out;
But the pep and vim
Is left in.

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PAINTS, GLASS,
WALL PAPER

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CHAMPAIGN

Stung

I have three hives of bees,
They work and buzz all day.
They buzz in and out all the time,
They never stop to play.

One bright day I went out to smoke
My little honey bee.
I bumped the lid of the hive,
And the bee came out to me.

Suddenly he lit on my chin,
I felt like I was stung.
I set down my little smoker,
And grabbed my chin and sung.

—Chas. Spears.

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WILL BE
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R. L. Laughlin

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THE DRUG STORE
on the Corner
Green and Sixth Streets

B. E. SPALDING

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Cigars and Cigarettes
Magazines

The Fall of the Flapper

I

Stella was a farm girl,
A farm girl was she;
She took a silly notion,
That a flapper she would be.

II

She put on paint and powder,
And frizzled up her hair;
She overworked the lipstick,
And thought she was most fair.

III

Her father saw her thus one day,
And rose up in his ire;
He took the beauty implements,
And stuck them in the fire.

—Tom Marmion.

The ARCADE

CONFECTIONERY

SODAS

LUNCHES

CANDY

MR. AND MRS. C. M.

Favorite Pastimes

Junior Mumford—Chasing George Pickles.

George Pickles—Running away from Junior.

Mr. Williams—Calling someone into the office.

Boland Brooks—He-hawing in Solid Geometry class.

Milo Ketchum—Acting foolish, generally.

Harry Watts—Being tickled.

Bob Wright—Disrupting English I.

Robert Locke—Trying to act like a soph.

Two Irishmen were spending the night at a hotel. They decided to hide under the bed so that the mosquitos could not find them. While they were in this place of refuge, a firefly happened in.

"Good night!" said one to the other. "They're coming to find us with lanterns."

One of the

GREATER STORES

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W. Lewis & Co.

CHAMPAIGN

WE THANK YOU

We thank you, Students and Faculty, for your patronage. We appreciate the way in which you have cooperated with us, and we look forward to a continuation of our relations with you

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ENGINEERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

Illinois' Only Co-operative Bookstore

202 South Matthews Avenue

WE WONDER:

What Miss Saukee said to Hans when she caught him chasing the dog down the hall?

What the freshman twins are doing now?

Why Boland holds on to his Parson ways?

Why Harry H. has that smudge on his upper lip?

What Uni. High will do without the class of '25?

When the class dues will be paid?

Why Mary became so warm when Miss Swander asked her to practice a certain part of the Senior play the seventh time?

That enormous appetite you had when a boy . . .

. . . Let us coax it back for you

WE KNOW HOW

Ernie's Resturants

No. 1
202½ S. MATHEWS

No. 2
210 S. MATHEWS

A picture of the second floor hall just after T. Huddlestun has passed by.

There, There

There, there, Uni. High, don't cry,
We're breaking your heart, we know;
We're leaving you all alone with the profs,
The awkward Freshmen, the more awkward Sophs,
But there, Uni. High, don't cry.

There, there, Uni. High, don't cry,
We've done our best, you know;
We're leaving the competent Juniors behind,
To you they will always be loyal and kind,
But there, Uni. High, don't cry.

—Seniors, '25.

Robert Stiven was ready to go to the country for his summer vacation. His father was telling him about the things of interest he would see there. He insisted that Bob be on the farm when the threshing machine made its visit. Bob gave up his vacation. He thought thrashing was bad enough at home where it was done by hand.

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of

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of

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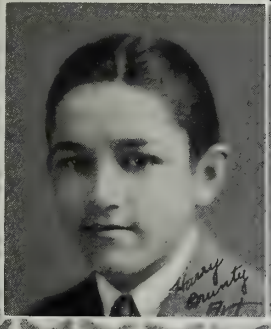
"End of the Trail" — Fraser

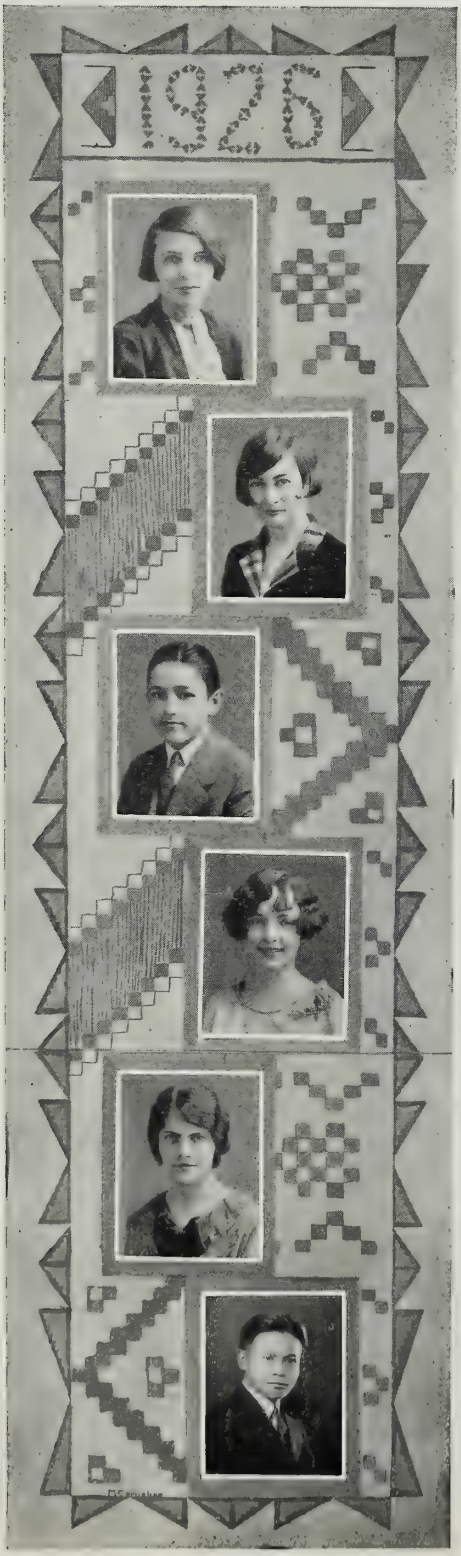
and

FOREWORD

You and I have lived another happy year at University High School. Fixed in memory remain the happenings once insignificant, but now golden. These have run the scale from the tragic note to the amusing one. We value them beyond measure; therefore you and I have assembled in this magazine the photographs, snapshots, jokes and stories which we think will best represent the past year.

The STAFF





MINNIE ELLEN ARGO — St. Mary's School

Class Secretary; Senior Play; Girl Reserve; Home Ec Club.

"Sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I just set."

CATHARINE BLACKSTONE

Eveleth, Minnesota High School

"She with all the charm of woman;
She with all the breadth of man."

JAMES H. BRUNTY — Champaign High School

"BRUNNY"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Florist Shop."

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

MARGARET CARNAHAN

"CARN"

Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild, Secretary; Girl Reserve, Treasurer; Home Ec Club; Program Chairman; Glee Club; Class Poet.

"Her wit was more than man;
Her innocence a child."

RUTH CATHERWOOD — Dayton, Indiana High School

U and I Staff; Girl Reserve, Secretary; Glee Club; Orchestra.

"She had a daily beauty in her life that makes me ugly."

MANNUEL CRUZ — Far Eastern College

"It is a world of startling possibilities."

ANNABELLE CORDULACK

"BELL" Arlington Heights High School

"She smiles on many just for fun."

HAROLD F. ENGLISH

"HAL"

Class Prophecy.

"Striving hard his sums to do
He has yet to learn to woo."

MARY ELIZABETH GOODELL

"MARY LIZ"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild, President; Girl Reserve, Vice-President; Girl Reserve Stunt Show, Chairman; Girls' Athletic Association, Vice-President.

"A little foolishness is desirable in him that will not be guilty of stupidity."

VERNON T. FERRIS

"Silent in seven languages."

MARGARET ELIZABETH GUILD

"MARGIE"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Girl Reserve, President; Thimble Theatre Guild, Stage Manager.

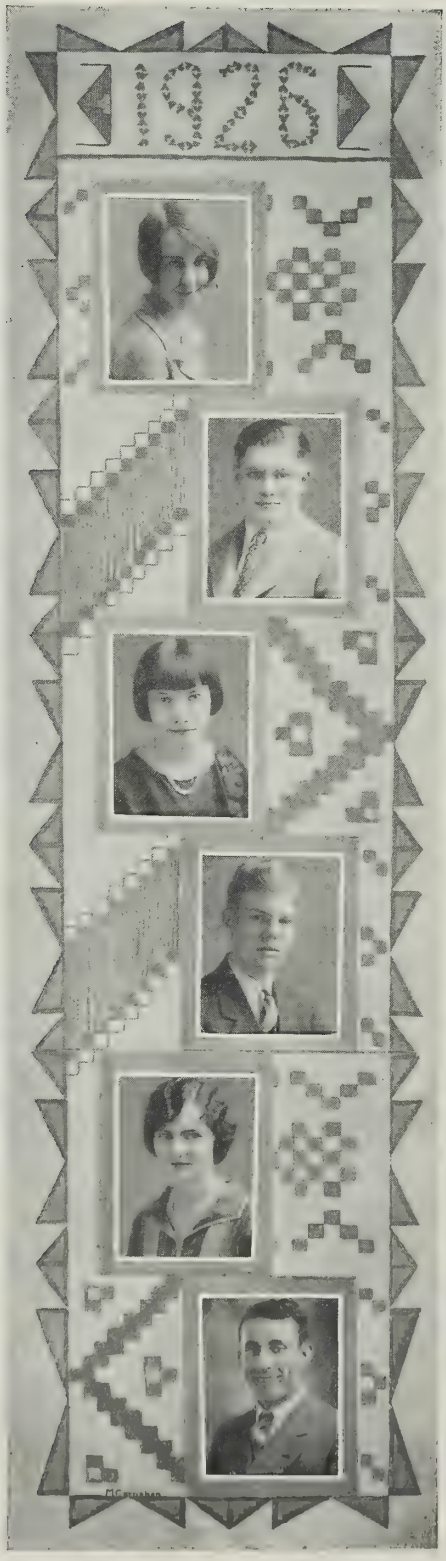
"Life is not life at all without delight."

EUGENE HOWE Long Beach Polytechnic, California

"GENE"

Class Vice-President; U and I Staff; Senior Play; Basketball Team; "Very Naked Boy"; Thimble Theatre Guild; Orchestra.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."



FRANCES MARY HOWE

"FRAN"

Thimble Theatre Guild; Home Ec Club; Girl Reserve; Glee Club.

"Let the world slide—let the world go
A fig for a care and a fig for a woe."

THIELEN HUDDLESTUN

"FAT"

Senior Play; Basketball Team; Track Team.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy,
A great big, bubbling, bouncing boy."

HELEN HUNT — Rochelle Township High School

Home Ec Club.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

CARLETON W. JOHNSON

"TACK"

Class President; Basketball Team, Captain; Senior Play; Track Team; Swimming Team; Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y Club; "The Dear Departed"; Orchestra.

"When there are ladies in the case,
You know all other things give place."

MARY F. JONES — Sulphur, Oklahoma High School

"JONEY"

Home Ec Club; Thimble Theatre Guild; Glee Club; Class Will.

"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

CHARLES DARLING HULBERT, JR.

"CHUCK" — Florida Military Academy

Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild; Swimming Team; Track Team.

"Even though vanquished he argues still."

MARGARET KINDER

Senior Play; Home Ec Club, Secretary-Treasurer; Girls' Athletic Association, Treasurer; Hatchet Oration; Senior Committee.

"She never flunked, and she never lied;
I reckon she never knowed how."

JULIAN KNIPP

Senior Play; Hi-Y Club, President; Orchestra; Class Prophecy.

"No ordinary man."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH McGREW

"BETTY"

U and I Staff; Thimble Theatre Guild, Treasurer and Business Manager; Girls' Athletic Association, President; Home Ec Club; Girl Reserve, Program Chairman; "The Dear Departed"; Glee Club; Basketball Banquet, Chairman.

"For there be women, fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree."

MAYNARD LIPE — Lake Forest Academy

"BUD"

Athletic Association, President.

"You have not converted a man
Because you have silenced him."

SYLVIA PAINE

"SYB"

Senior Play; Girl Reserve; Glee Club; Class Prophecy.

"The power of gentleness is irresistible."

MILES NORTON

Senior Play; Hi-Y Club; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Florist Shop"; Orchestra; Class Will; Senior Committee.

"What are troubles to me?
I am a bachelor bold and free."

THOMAS HUGH MALLOY, JR.

"TOM"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Dear Departed."

"For every inch that is not fool is rogue."

MARY ELIZABETH SMITH

Teachers' College High School, Charleston

"JERRY"

Home Ec Club, President; Girl Reserve; Thimble Theatre Guild; Orchestra; Glee Club.

"There's music in me dying to get out."

HALFORD SPALDING — Champaign High School

"HAL"

Golf, Track Team.

"I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

MILDRED SMITH

"RED"

Home Ec Club; Glee Club; Orchestra.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

HENRY WARRICK SQUIRES

Plainfield, New Jersey High School

Class Treasurer; Hi-Y Club, Treasurer; Athletic Association, Treasurer; Class Historian; Business Manager Senior Play.

"Get money—still get money, boy;
No matter by what means."

MARY ELIZABETH WILEY

Home Ec Club; Glee Club.

" 'Mary' and blithe is she."

ALICIA N. VINES

"PIG"

Home Ec Club, Social Chairman; Home Ec Style Show, Chairman; Girl Reserve; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Florist Shop"; Senior Invitation Committee, Chairman; Senior Play, Stage Manager; Class Will.

"She is only fantastical that is not in fashion."

GEORGE CHARLES RICE

"RICE"

U and I Staff; Senior Play; Basketball Team; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Dear Departed."

"An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and quite often picturesque liar."

DOROTHY ESTELLE WOLFRAM

"DOT"

Home Ec Club.

"A genius is born, not made."

R. D. BRAWNER Heber Springs, Arkansas High School

"REG"

"His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles."

LORRAINE DOROTHY HOLLAND

Centralia Township High School

Home Ec Club.

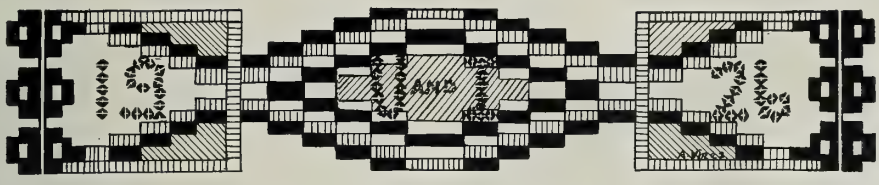
"Life is a waste of wearisome hours."

The Answer

You tell us many things before we go away:
Of a war with life that we must fight, of the realness of today,
Of a world of hardship, of a price that all must pay.
You say there are no dreams to encourage us at all,
That the joy of living disappears with youth in the fall;
That the road is dreary, that there are no stars to show the way;
There's work for all and success for some, a few, you say.

Tell on! thou pessimist old!
Thy tale of woe unfold.
You forget that we are bold,
And comest to daunt us;
But we went to Uni High.
You'll hear of us-oh-by and by,
For we'll succeed, and why?
Why, we're the Class of Twenty Six!

MARGARET CARNAHAN "26"



Officers

President	Carleton Johnson
Vice-President	Eugene Howe
Secretary	Minnie Argo
Treasurer	Warrick Squires
Advisers	Miss McHarry, Miss Swander

Class History of "26"

As Freshmen, our tribe knew little and had the reputation of knowing less. But barring this, we came to this Indian Temple to learn more. Our Council of War consisted of Squaw Mary Wiley as Chieftess, Squaw Mary Elizabeth Goodell as assistant Chieftess, Squaw Mary Smith was Scribe, and Brave John DeWolf was finder and keeper of the Wampum. Super Squaws Taylor and Sankee advised us to our attack in the Temple matters.

Our second season in the Temple was directed by the able Brave William Lloyd as Chief, Brave Boland Brooks acted as assistant Chief, Squaw Betty Ketchum was Scribe, and Squaw Mary Elizabeth Goodell was chaser and concealer of the Wampum. Super Squaws Anderson and Thomsen supplied our eager and warlike spirits with sound advice. Our maneuvers were limited to a great extent, but we published religiously the Tiny Illini, our tribe newspaper.

Our third year of warfare was resumed under the direction of Chief Maynard Lipe; Assistant Chieftess Betty Ketchum; and snatcher of the Wampum, Brave Charles Hulbert. Our methods of assault were directed by Super Squaws Duguid and Thomsen. After a week or so of warfare, we spirited our Tribe and other Tribes with Dances. Here a number of Indians displayed their real talent. After we had battled our elder tribe for a considerable time, we feasted them with venison and other food sacred to the Indian's taste. This act of kindness toward our elders was a great undertaking, but we were successful in that we soothed the feelings of our neighbor and elder tribe.

After four years of warfare in the Temple with books et cetera, we have come to the time when we must pass from this hunting field of knowledge. It is my pleasure as the last scribe of this class to say that the Tribe of "26" has done its best in the Temple of Learning.

Henry Warrick Squires "26"

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 6, 8 P. M.

Prelude . . . . . INSTRUMENTAL TRIO
Invocation . . . . . REV. GEORGE L. LOSH
Girls' Glee Club—Springtime . . . . . GHYS
Scripture Reading . . . . . REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN
Vocal Solo—This Is My Task . . . . . FRANCES LESLIE
Baccalaureate Sermon . . . . . REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN
Girls' Glee Club—Happy Days . . . . . STRELEZKI
Benediction . . . . . DR. W. A. GOODELL
Postlude . . . . . INSTRUMENTAL TRIO

Commencement

Thursday, June 10, 8 P. M.

Grand March . . . . . UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
Invocation . . . . . REV. E. B. JOHNSON
Welcome . . . . . EUGENE HOWE
Heart's Longing (Zamenick) . . . . . ORCHESTRA
Commencement Address . . . . . WILLIAM L. BURLISON
Head of the Department of Agronomy, University of Illinois
Aubade (Creighton) . . . . . ORCHESTRA
Farewell . . . . . RUTH CATHERWOOD
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . CHARLES E. CHADSEY
Dean of the College of Education
Benediction . . . . . REV. E. B. JOHNSON

Class Day Exercises

Wednesday, June 9, 7:30 P. M.

President's Welcome . . . . . CARLETON JOHNSON
Class History . . . . . WARRICK SQUIRES
Class Poem . . . . . MARGARET CARNAHAN
Class Will . . . . . MARY JONES, ALICIA VINES, MILES NORTON
Class Prophecy . . . . . SYLVIA PAINE, JULIAN KNIPP, HAROLD ENGLISH
Songs . . . . . SENIOR CLASS
Hatchet Oration . . . . . MARGARET KINDER
Junior Response . . . . . WAYNE MATHIS
Principal's Address . . . . . LEWIS W. WILLIAMS

Welcome

It is quite true that when joys come to us, they come not singly; but it is even more true that these pleasures are greatly enhanced by the presence of loved ones with whom to share them.

A Christmas spent away from home is not half so much fun for us as when at home we sit on the floor around the tree, slowly unwrapping the little green and red packages, with the whole family eagerly waiting. So it is with all the red letter days of our lives, not the least of which is our high school commencement. Having parents around us, and schoolmates glad with us makes this about the most important event we have yet experienced.

For twelve years we have had the cheerful assistance of parents and teachers, in order that we might reach this goal, our graduation from high school. Tonight marks a milestone in their united efforts for our advancement, and with our diplomas we receive the reward of the high school in recognition of four years there. This in itself gives us great pleasure. We are glad to have you all here. With the sincerity of true friends and the enthusiasm of loyal students, we welcome you to this fifth annual commencement of University High School.

EUGENE HOWE '26

Senior Prophecy

SCENE, UNI HIGH OFFICE
TIME, 1936

Sylvia Paine is sitting at a desk at a typewriter. (Julian Knipp enters).

Julian Knipp: When did you get this job as secretary?

Sylvia Paine: Oh, I've been here for quite a while. What are you doing here?

Julian Knipp: I have just got the job as Justice of the Peace in Urbana.

Sylvia Paine: Oh look! There is a mouse. (Mouse enters—Harold English).

Julian: Well I suppose that if George Rice were here he'd have it by its tail and shake it in your face.

Sylvia: I wonder where he is now.

Mouse: Did you say George Rice? I know him.

Sylvia: What! Can you talk?

Mouse: Of course I can; I was a Uni High Mouse until . . . .

Julian: Uni High! Why I used to go there. What do you know about it?

Mouse: A plenty I can assure you. Oh I was getting such a nice meal of peanuts from Tom Malloy's pockets when suddenly I was jerked out and carried around by my tail. I remember a girl screaming "Oh George." Then I was swung around some more; that is about all I remember about Uni. High.

Julian: (interrupting) But what are you now? The ghost of the Uni High mouse?

Mouse: (sadly) Yes my life ended at that school, but I have traveled a great deal since; and I have found almost all the people who left the same year I did.

Sylvia: (sitting up straight in her chair) Oh tell us about them!

Julian: I suppose you have been doing quite a bit of work.

Mouse: Yes, mostly in pantries and cellars.

Julian: Let's see, there was Carleton Johnson, and Fat Huddlestun, and Eugene Howe. Those boys used to play on the basketball team.

Mouse: Oh yes, I think I know Fat. I got lost in someone's shoes once, for over a day. I think they said the joke was on Fat.

Sylvia: Have you heard anything about the boys?

Mouse: Well Thielen is in China as a representative of the International Basket Ball League, and Eugene is a crack tennis coach.

Julian: I believe I heard he was doing some kind of work for Chuck Hulbert.

Mouse: Just now Chuck is getting his band of marble players ready for an all-world marble contest.

Julian: He always did like athletics when he was in school.

Sylvia: How about Margaret Guild and Mary Liz? They used to go together so much.

Mouse: Margaret is the president of the Association for the Advancement of Women's Athletics in Greenland, and Mary Liz is in Italy gathering materials for her new play.

Julian: I heard that Helen Hunt and

Mary Jones were teaching Latin in Urbana High School. What about Margaret Carnahan?

Mouse: She has a star part in the play, "Why not be Pretty?" It has been playing in Tolono for the past two weeks. And Ruth Catherwood too is still doing the same kind of work she did in Uni High. She is editor of the new Biological Magazine.

Julian: I read that Warrick Squires is making a great success selling bonds for a hotel in Philadelphia. Remember how he used to conjure us into paying our class dues on time?

Sylvia: I certainly do. Just think, I saw Hal Spalding driving the same old car he had ten years ago! They say it's been painted six times since.

Mouse: The other day I had a good meal of letters on Mary Smith's desk, and most of them were from Vernon Ferris.

Julian: Speaking of the Smiths, is Mildred still making up themes in English?

Mouse: I couldn't say. You see I couldn't get a fair chance at Mildred's things, she was so busy writing all the time.

Sylvia: It was only this morning that I found Alicia Vine's picture covered with dust. I wonder where she is?

Mouse: I didn't know her. But yesterday when I was down town I saw farmer Miles Norton bringing in some butter and eggs to the consumers' grocery. I guess he's pretty prosperous.

Sylvia: Can you beat it! Mary Wiley isn't married yet and Frances Howe has sworn off going with Frat boys. They certainly have changed a lot in these years.

Mouse: That reminds me of how I used to enjoy sitting in my corner in economics class and listening to Betty McGrew talk. I found out that she is lecturing on home economics in Colorado.

Julian: Carleton Johnson is a professor in Animal Husbandry and Maynard Lipe is a trick dog trainer.

Sylvia: I read in the Sunday *Tribune* that Minnie Argo is writing a book on "Care and Feeding of Children." I hope she will be successful.

Julian: Is it true that Harry Brunty is still driving a coal truck?
in Villa Grove.

Mouse: No. He started a dry goods store

Sylvia: Margaret Kinder is running for governor of Missouri. I hope she makes it.

Mouse: Oh yes, that is the state that Mr. Alter came from, isn't it?

Julian: At last Tom Malloy has his wish. He is a gentleman of leisure and lives on his dead uncle's estate.

Mouse: I regret to say that George Rice, my most deadly enemy, has bought up the Chicago *Herald Examiner* so that he can express his own views on the values of learning poetry.

(Heavy footsteps outside) Goodness! Here he comes now. I must leave.

Curtain.

Sylvia Paine
Julian Knipp
Harold English

The Class Will

We, the class of 1926, of University High School, in the city of learning, county of understanding and the state of intelligence, being of unsound mind and forgetfulness and considering the uncertainty of this feeble and fleeting world into which we are about to enter, do therefore, make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament made in this city of learning. The following individuals bequeath their personalities thusly:

Minnie Argo wills her boisterous nature to Eva Becker.

Harry Brunty wills his skill at one arm Chevrolet driving to John Spears.

Margaret Carnahan bequeaths her ability to vamp to Jane Snodgrass.

Ruth Catherwood wills her wonderful business ability to Helen Stahl.

Anabel Cordulack bequeaths her knowledge of acquiring and maintaining a husband to Isabelle Downs.

Manuel Cruz wills his knowledge of science to Henry Wilson.

R. D. Brawner wills his southern dialect to Helen Johnston.

Harold English bequeaths his sweaters and ties of many colors to the Whisenand brothers.

Vernon Ferris bequeaths his timidity to Bob Stiven.

Mary Liz Goodell bequeaths her autographed picture of "Tack" to the highest bidder.

Margaret Guild bequeaths her privilege of waiting for boys after basketball practice to Kathleen Dillon.

Thielen Huddlestun wills his manly figure to Eugene Winters.

Helen Hunt bequeaths her strong oratorical voice toWayne Mathis.

Lorraine Holland bequeaths her cosmetics and knowledge of their application to Lois Shelford.

Charles Hulbert bequeaths his permanent wave to Willard Padfield.

Eugene Howe wills his remaining art materials to all freshmen who will take art in "26" and "27."

Frances Howe leaves to whom it may be useful, her original quotation, "Can you tell me in a few words what the lesson is about?"

Mary Jones wills her long, curly, brown hair, her most prized possession, to anyone who thinks she can dress it in the manner to which it is accustomed.

Carleton Johnson leaves his ability to play the flute to Dikran Daghlian.

Betty Ketchum leaves her privilege to pluck dandelions from private property to Elizabeth Huff.

Margaret Kinder leaves her ease in speaking before an audience to Milo Ketchum.

Julian Knipp bequeaths his slick hair comb to Morris Johnson.

Maynard Lipe leaves his love for skipping English to Elizabeth Windsor.

Betty McGrew leaves her long line of chatter to John Shelford.

Thomas Malloy bequeaths his ability to make A's to Elizabeth Gore.

Miles Norton wills his Jewish brogue to Paul Kinder.

Sylvia Paine wills her affection for the boys in physics class to Helen Thomsen.

George Rice bequeaths his ability to hurry to George Pickles.

Warrick Squires wills his ability to collect the cash to Merton Rapp.

Mary Smith leaves her inclination to study to John Mathis.

Hal Spalding leaves his rabbit fur coat to John Clements.

Mildred Smith bequeaths her technique for skipping classes to Anne Jones.

Alicia Vines bequeaths her chemistry book to anyone who will appreciate it more than she has.

Mary Wiley leaves her love for French to Harry Irvin.

Catherine Blackstone graciously leaves her ability to talk fluently upon any subject under the sun to Opal Zenke.

And lastly Ralph Spang becomes rightful heir to Dorothy Wolfram's art ability.

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six do solemnly swear that, outside of two or three critics and a few threats, we made the above will and testament with no undue influence.

Signed:

Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

per: Alicia Vines.
Miles Norton.
Mary Jones.

Hatchet Oration

Ours is not a war-like hatchet
To be buried after strife;
'Tis for us a glorious emblem,
Symbol of our grip on life.

If to its ideals we're steadfast,
Keen and strong and sure we'll be;
These, the hatchet of Illini
Will reflect in you and me.

We as Freshmen heard about it,
Knowing not for what it stood,
Listened to tales of our elders,
And accepted it as good.

But that year without the council
Made us long to be a part,
So as Sophomores we entered,
Loyal warriors of one heart.

Round the campfire with the chieftains,
Lore of Uni. High we learned,
And our hopes, prides, and ambitions
In our hearts with ardor burned.

Juniors, sager and more stable,
Passed the tests and braves became;
Then to us as greatest honor
This symbolic hatchet came.

Handed to us from our chieftains,
How to take their place it taught;
With this emblem e'er before us,
Many victories have we wrought.

Here as chiefs we've served and gladly;
Now you'll have to take our role,
And we give you with this hatchet
Council matters to control.

Though your trials be not many
And your class mates ever true,
You will need this noble weapon,
So we pass it on to you.

MARGARET KINDER

Junior Response "27"

Should you ask me whence this legend,
Whence this saga, this tradition?
I should answer, I should tell you;
Long ago an Indian chieftain,
Bravest of Illini warriors,
To his braves in accents gentle,
Gave to them a needed warning,
Gave to them his wisest counsel
This, his hatchet, his own symbol.
Of the knowledge and the power,
Which the Gods to him had given
With the courage to keep in safety,
Ever highest ever noblest,
This their sign and this their symbol,
Through the active year to follow.
Thus we make our final promise.

H. W. MATHIS "27"

Farewell

We realize that our graduation from high school marks the point at which the pathway of our youth merges into the roadway of manhood and womanhood. It is the end of a period of years during which we have been preparing ourselves for a higher education; it is the beginning of a time to be filled with new experiences in which this preparation may function. Looking backward over our youthful pathway, we see, mingled with the pleasant valleys and restful woodlands, bumpy hills which we were not able to apprehend from the other end. Now we appreciate the philosophy of the writer who said, "In the bumps on the hills is a better foothold for the steep road ahead." Looking forward to the broader road of manhood, we anticipate a few more bumps; but profiting by the experience we have had, we know that they will serve to help us on our journey.

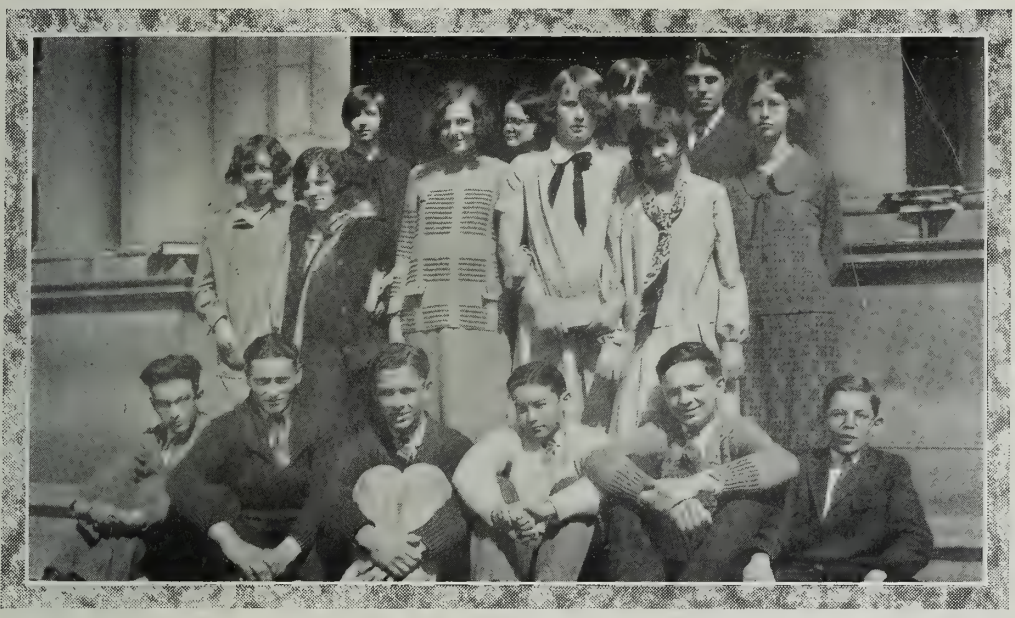
What we have thus far attained will in some measure prove what our future is to be. Sir John Denham says, 'Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show; we may our ends by our beginnings know." We are justly proud, I think of our beginning, may we be as justly proud of our end.

Our high school days have been filled with pleasant work and play. We have seasoned them with dreams and ambitions which have lent zest and vigor.

At this time it is fitting that we say farewell to school, faculty, and classmates; however we do not expect to go off down the road leaving all of you behind, for we know that you will be keeping pace with us. We now step briskly into the future with earnest aspirations. With the slogan, "Too low they build who build beneath the stars," we take up our journey on the long roadway toward success. Farewell!!

RUTH CATHERWOOD '26

JUNIOR CLASS



Officers

President	Milo Ketchum
Vice-President	Anne Jones
Secretary	Morris Johnson
Treasurer	Harry Irvin
Advisers	Miss Taylor, Mr. Harnish

Class of '27

Bright and red the east was turning,
Bright with rays of morning sunshine
When the chieftain spoke while sighing,
"Now the time has come my children;
From this land Mekeejah hastens,
Where he'll hunt the deer and bison
In the Happy Hunting Forests
Of the brave and stalwart redskins.
But my chain of shells and jewels
Valued far above all others
Must not ever be divided.
So, I say, my four brave children,
Go ye forth to earn this token.
And to him the most deserving
Will my girdle soon be given."

Meewis, young and full of vigor,
Set out for the thundering mountain,
Where, he knew, with bow and arrow
He could kill the king of wild bears,
Making with the skin a warm robe,
Treasured greatly in the snow-time.

Now the second son, Kokomik,
Left the region of the mountains,
Came into the prairie country
With his hunting spear and arrows.
After several days of waiting,
Waiting in the darkened forest,
Snorting fiercely o'er the plain-land
Came a mighty herd of bison.
Swiftly flew Kokomik's arrows
In amongst the plunging creatures.

With a deafening cry of anguish,
One huge beast fell tottering headlong.
Here was meat for happy feast days.
Here was warmth for many cold days.

Then there was the fair Owaise
With the beauty of his mother
With the knowledge of his father.
He, the pride of all his kinsmen,
Pride of all the redskin village,
Went to where the rushing river
Coursed its way among the hilltops,
Where the water washed the sand-banks
Leaving often precious jewels.
Many days were spent in searching,
Searching in the rock and crannies
'Till he had a handsome necklace
Made of many shells and jewels,
Which he might add to his father's
If at last he should possess it.

Oldest of the four fine children
Was the very strong Sewolah.
Over many hills and valleys
Had his fame of strength been carried.
He, the strongest of his kinsfolk,
Nay the strongest of the village,
Had been working in the birch-woods
Working hard through many hours.
He a craft was making ready,
Large enough for twenty people,
A canoe of tough white birch-bark
Strong enough for many travels,
Making ready for his own gift.

Slowly now Mekeejah weakened,
As he called his sons before him,
"Oh my children, how I wish that
Each of you might have my girdle!
But that cannot be dear children,
So, to him the most deserving
Will my treasure now be given.
Owaise, you have pleased me greatly,
Shells and jewels last forever
You can pass them to your own son
And so on forever after.
These two chains to-gether fastened
Will spread wondrous fame to all lands.
Take them now my son beloved,
Keep them always for your father.
Thou hast won my greatest treasure.

ANNE JONES '27

Junior Class History

We Juniors, although few in number, think that we have done well this year. In the early fall we elected an eccentric chap, Milo Ketchum, for president. Although this officer should be somewhat dignified, ours is not always of such character, for he delights in awakening the Solid Geometry class by blowing his nose like a foghorn. The other officers elected were: Anne Jones, vice-president; Morris Johnson, secretary; and Harry Irvin, treasurer. We chose Miss Taylor and Mr. Harnish as our class advisers. They have helped us much.

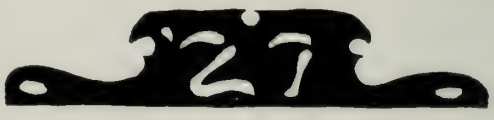
Wayne Mathis and Bernard Mullen have contributed to the success of this year's basketball team by playing stellar games throughout the season. Without Harry Irvin our quintet would never have made such a good showing because he is a real cheer leader, and he helped to get the crowd to back the team.

This year we have sponsored five matinee dances all of which have been very successful, not only financially but socially. In January we bought our class rings and pins, and we think that we have chosen a very clever design.

Our all-school party given the night before April 1 was a real April Fool affair. Very mysteriously some chocolate-coated garlic circulated among the boys who bit hard. Their breath soon became like that of a buzzard, and mints proved the only remedy. Dancing was the main feature. Francis Howe gave an exhibition of the Charleston. Everybody had a very good time. The orchestra was good and jazzy. They played "I Love My Baby," "Thanks For The Buggy Ride," etc. Nobody left before eleven o'clock so that proves that the party was a success.

We Juniors have reason to be proud of the work that we have done, and we expect even greater attainments next year.

SCOTT DILLON



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Officers

President	Bertha Enger
Vice-President	Paul Kinder
Secretary	Linda Fitz-Gerald
Treasurer	Eleanor Thomsen
Advisers	Miss Thomsen, Mr. Kukets

Song of the Sophomores

We are Sophomores this present year,
And more grown up than last;
And when the summer's end is here,
As Juniors we'll be classed.

Last year a few of us wore socks—
This year we wear them not.
"The Nursery" ride their bikes to school,
But they've reformed a lot.

About the boys I'm not so sure—
(Of course they wear long trousers)
But as to actions 'round the school,
They still are "reg'lar rousers."

They prance and dance about the halls
To please the Freshmen lasses;
But with the teachers they've learned one thing—
That's—"soft soap and molasses."

In knowledge of books and all such things,
We ken a lot of lore—
Especially those who have won straight A,
"Cockey" and "E. G." Gore.

All year we've practiced dignity,
As witness Betty R.
She's letting her dusky hair grow long—
Do you s'pose she'll be a "star"?

Paul Kinder will be a man for the stage,
And Jean a singer great;
Harry will be a poet grand,
And Merton a potentate.

So you see that we are a wonderful class
With talent and splendid school-spirit;
And when we come back to you next year,
Whatever we've gained, we shall merit.

FRANCES LESLIE "28"

Sophomore Class History

The Sophomores have begun to realize the seriousness of their position. You may doubt it. I am sure Mrs. Chase did that day in April when the student teacher taught her Ancient History class. Bill Ferris was afraid he didn't remember the answer, Preston Evans was afraid he'd forgotten it, James Munnis was suddenly afflicted with an inability to talk at all, Irwin Cochrun, forgot it, and Robert Locke was very sorry, but he'd forgotten the answer.

Miss Lewis sometimes doubts it, particularly at one o'clock when Jean Smith, Frances Leslie, and Elizabeths Gore and Huff start laughing. But these are unusual happenings.

Hear my reason for saying they are growing up.

In the first place, Bob Stiven has developed into a perfectly splendid traveling salesman. He travels all over the building with mints, etc. And did he sell them? I refer you to the teachers in general, and to Mrs. Chase and Miss Duguid in particular.

Secondly, Elizabeth Zimmerman has done up her hair, and as a result looks and acts grown up.

Thirdly, the great musicians: Leslie, Fitz-Gerald, Smith, Enger, Bourne, Stiven, Rapp, and Cochrun add prestige to the class. Among them they take care of voice, piano, clarinet, and violin.

Then just by looking at us, you can tell we are beginning to feel the importance of our position.

Early in October, the Sophomore class met and elected the sedate and serious Bertha Enger, president; the more serious Paul Kinder, vice-president; Linda Fitz-Gerald, secretary; and Eleanor Thomsen, treasurer. Miss Thomsen and Mr. Kukets were chosen class advisers.

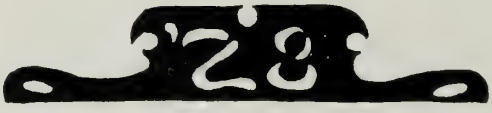
The Sophomores gave the Christmas party this year. Paul Kinder, was Santa Claus and gave everyone a present. The orchestra was one of the best orchestras we had at a school party this year. And did you see Harry Hudson do the Charleston?

I think everyone in school knows the Sophomores have been selling mints this year. If you doubt our success, I again refer you to the teachers.

I don't know about the scholarship of the class as a whole but I do know we have five straight A's, two more than any other class. So we feel justly proud of ourselves.

We sincerely hope that the class of '29' has as much fun next year as we had this one. And now, farewell till next year.

E. GORE



FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers

President	Willard Padfield
Vice-President	John Mathis
Secretary	Marajen Stevick
Treasurer	Dorothy Stahl
Advisers	Miss Duguid, Mr. Alter

Freshman Classes

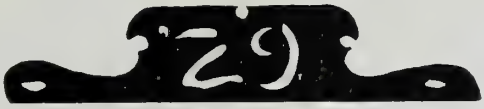
We Freshies shine
In Uni High;
Though we can't make rhyme,
Hard though we try,
We reach the sky
In English.

We never try
In Uni High,
To get by sly;
For we take the work,
For we never shirk,
In Latin.

We've all been told
In Uni High,
We're very bold;
Though we aren't old,
We're reached our goal
In algebra.

But oh the class
In Uni High
Which we love best:
'Tis hard to pass,
For we come in last,
In civics.

Dorothy Stahl



Freshman Class History

We are the Freshman class of "26"; and, although we wouldn't dare to compare ourselves with even the frivolous Sophomores, we think that (for Freshmen), we have done well this year.

On the whole our meetings have been held in such unfreshmanlike order, that we deserve to be mentioned. We do not know whether the supernatural condition is due to a good president, good advisers or a saintly class, but we do know that it is true. Our advisers have been Miss Duguid and Mr. Alter.

One of the first things we did was to donate five dollars for the glass cups which were to be used for parties and dances. Our all school party was the Valentine party. You would think we had plenty of time to prepare for it, but being freshmen, we didn't think about our party until three weeks before Valentines Day. Then what a scramble! As our class was comparatively small, the dues collected were not enough to cover the party expenses. A committee was appointed for an all-day sandwich sale. It certainly was a financial success, for we made twelve dollars; but our reputation as sandwich-makers suffered. The well-meaning but too economical committee had used no butter. *Nuff* said! But the party was fine. The admission was one valentine. The usual program of dancing was varied by games, which Mr Alter led. Heart shaped cookies constituted the refreshments. Everyone went home happy and full. (Of ice-cream.)

In the boys' basketball tournament we were beaten by both the Sophomores and the Juniors. The scores were 12-2, and 10-6 respectively.

But in spite of this, don't you think that we had a good year? We do and don't mind saying it. Three cheers and a big oskey-wow-wow for the Freshmen!!

KATHLEEN DILLON

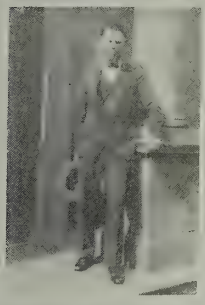
FACULTY

Ethel R. Chase

C.S. Restle

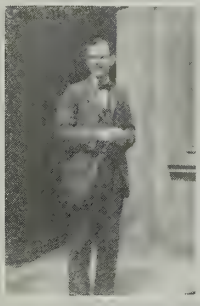
Harriet-H. Kerr

Jesse Mahlon Harvey



Ernest John Schultz

Liezette J. McHarry



Lewis W. Williams

Edith L. Swander

Genevieve Duguid

Donald Rhodes Alter

Anne Thomsen

A. Marie Anderson

S Helen Taylor

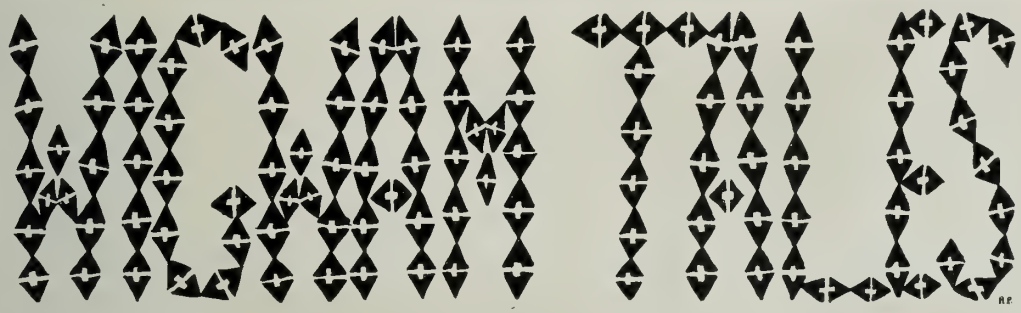
Wilbur E. Harnish

Ruth Eliza Wilkin

Herbert Hill Braucher

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

C. E. Chadsey, Ph. D., Litt. D.----Dean of College of Education
L. W. Williams, Ph. B., A. M.----Principal of University High School
H. G. Paul, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.----Supervisor of English
E. B. Lytle, B. S., A. M., Ph. D.----Supervisor of Mathematics
A. R. Seymour, Ph. D.----Supervisor of Languages
Liesette McHarry, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in English
Edith Swander, A. B.----Instructor in English, Public Speaking
Genevieve Duguid, A. B.----Instructor in English
Helen Taylor, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in Mathematics
Anne Thomsen, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in Mathematics
Ruth E. Wilkin, A. B.----Instructor in Latin
Harriet H. Kerr, A. B.----Instructor in Spanish
J. M. Harvey, A. B.----Instructor in French
W. E. Harnish, A. B.----Instructor in Physics, Chemistry
D. R. Alter, B. S., A. M.--Instructor in American History, Civics, Economics
Mrs. Ethel Chase, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in Ancient & Medieval Modern History
W. R. Kukets, A. B.----Instructor in General Science, Biology
E. J. Schultz, B. S.----Instructor in Music Appreciation, Orchestra, Glee Club
A. Marie Anderson, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in Art & Design
Anna Belle Robinson, A. B., A. M.----Instructor in Home Economics
H. H. Braucher, B. S. ----Instructor in Industrial Education



A Scientific Introduction

The Indians, in the days before the coming of the white man, told tales of valor and fearlessness as they sat around their camp fires.

Then came the time when more inventive warriors conceived the plan of giving these stories a more lasting form by inscribing them upon the walls of their wigwams. This they did by a series of vivid symbols and characteristic drawings made to represent the deeds themselves.

Although this scheme in time gave way to other methods, it has been of unusual interest to mankind due to the fact that it was the first type of recording. And, although primitive it held distinct value because of its primitiveness.

It was the good fortune of a number of students from University High School in Urbana, who were traveling in New Mexico the past summer, to discover a once typical Indian village. Among the ruins they found several wigwams which had been preserved due to the unusual and extreme climate. They still bore quite distinctly the many figures and historic caricatures.

After a great deal of patient labor and very difficult work the high school students learned to translate the weird inscriptions.

These same inscriptions are now for publication in this year's U & I. It is very interesting to note that, although written hundreds of years back, the stories are quite modern in their entertainment.

The names of the archaeologists and their respective works are listed below.

Minnie Argo—
The Perfect Mistake.

Julian Knipp—
The Infinite.

Jean Smith—
Jackson Sidings.

Margaret Carnahan—
Bewail of a Bachelor.
Perfect Technique.
Enough and Sufficient.
Dora Dearie.
The Dream Hero.

Ruth Stuttle—
On Being a Pencil.

Mary Elizabeth Goodell—
Chewing Gum.
Memories.
The Ford.

Margaret Guild—
Old Shoes.
Darkness.
The Storm.

Margaret Kinder—
Almost Uncalled For.

Mildred Smith—
The Avenue.
Creak! Creak! Creak!

Helen Hunt—
Nature.
Bridal Wreath.

Elizabeth Gore—
My Locker.

Sylvia Paine—
Mind Over Matter.

Loretta Sturdyvin—
A Conversation Overheard.

Harold Kevern—
Boarding House Cots.

Alice Stevens—
Dying Gladiators.

Vernon Ferris—
The Treasure Hunt.

Alicia Vines—
Poor Dates.
My Heart's With the High School.

Jane Snodgrass—
Goloshes.

Helen Thomsen—
Slickers.
Milo Ketchum—
The Hitching Post.
Mary Louise Irvin—
Scent of Lilacs.

The Perfect Mistake

The blue of the October sky brightened the morning as Edith Rose ran lightly down the front steps of her home and turning at the gate waved a gay farewell to her mother, whose smiling face could be seen at the window.

This had been Edith Rose's daily custom for two years, in fact, ever since she had bravely started to earn her own living as a private secretary to the renowned Oscar Templeton. Besides being the foremost novelist of the day, he was also known as the sternest and most exacting employer in the building.

When Edith Rose reached the office on this particular morning, she seated herself at her desk, and as was her custom tore off the leaf of her daily calendar. But in spite of the fact that the calendar stated in bold black letters, "Friday October 13th," the prospects for the day looked entirely peaceful. Edith Rose hummed a gay little tune to herself as she started typing an unfinished manuscript. Her thoughts dwelt more on the beauty of the morning than on the work in the typewriter. However, the morning passed swiftly; and at one o'clock she placed her jaunty blue hat on her auburn curls and soon had joined the bustling crowd on the street below.

A brisk five minute walk brought her to her favorite tea room. Although the place was thronged with people, her customary seat had been reserved for her by the obliging waitress. She had scarcely commenced her lunch when she observed, making their way to her table, her employer and a handsome young man.

"Miss McKay, may I present Mr. Sherwin?"

Edith Rose acknowledged the introduction with a blush, as she met the admiring eyes of the young man. His hair was black and curly and his friendly smile and straightforward manner made an instant appeal to her. He, in turn saw a slim young maiden of average height, with Irish blue eyes, and the creamy white skin that goes with such hair as she possessed.

"Do you mind if we sit at your table, Miss McKay?" questioned Mr. Templeton, "for there are no vacant tables, and as Mr. Sherwin and I have not seen each other for a year, we are anxious to finish our lunch and have a long talk."

"Certainly not," replied Edith Rose. "It will be a pleasure."

They seated themselves at the table, and Mr. Templeton at once began to discuss his work. As Edith Rose finished her lunch, she made her departure with the excuse that she must do some shopping before she returned to the office. She moved gracefully to the door unconscious that the eyes of Mr. Sherwin were following her.

When she resumed her work again, her thoughts were of neither the manuscript before her nor the October day, but of the young man she had just met. She made a pert little face at the calendar, as if to say, "See what your unlucky Friday 13th has brought me!"

With nothing else to do, she decided to write a letter to her brother before her employer returned. Putting a fresh sheet of paper in her machine, she began pounding the keys. When nearly finished she remembered she had not called up her mother that noon. She reached for the 'phone and was soon engaged in a lively conversation.

"Oh mother! I met the nicest young man this noon. Mr. Templeton introduced him to me at lunch. Oh, dear, there goes Mr. Templeton's buzzer now! I'll be home early tonight."

Edith Rose hurried into her employer's office, picking up her tablet and pencil on the way. She had scarcely seated herself, when Mr. Templeton began in a sonorous voice,

"Mr. Sherwin,
Hotel Biltmore,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

After you left, I decided to give your plan a trial. If you will mail me the re-

quired blanks, I shall arrange the matter immediately."

"Please type this at once, Miss McKay, and mail it tonight as you leave the office."

"Yes sir," demurely replied his secretary.

Returning to the machine she took the letter to her brother out of the machine and quickly signing it laid it aside. Nimbly her fingers began flying over the keys. As the last word was ended, she gathered both the letters up and placed them in envelopes. Then she began to straighten her desk, preparatory to her departure. As she left the building, she dropped the letters into the Air Mail box.

A few days later Edith Rose received a letter from New York City written in an unfamiliar hand. As she read the letter she grew more puzzled. "Dear Edith Rose", began the letter. "I was surprised and pleased beyond words to receive your letter, but disappointed when I found out it wasn't for me. You see, my name is Dick, also, and so I didn't discover the error until I reached the end and saw the signature 'Your Sis Edith.' Nor was I then sure of the identity of the letter till I read the return address. Will you not really write me one of my own? Dick Sherwin."

Edith Rose's face matched the 'Rose' in her name when she finished the letter. She realized that in her haste she had sent her brother's letter to Mr. Sherwin, while Dick her brother, was no doubt laughing over the business letter. What was there to do? Mr. Templeton was then wondering why Mr. Sherwin had not answered his letter. But what would Dick Sherwin think of her for calling him the "Man of Her Dreams," when she scarcely knew him. The rest of the day she went around in a daze doing her work in an absent-minded way that bewildered Mr. Templeton.

The next day at noon she went to her usual table at the tea-room. She had come to no conclusion concerning her problem, and her face wore a troubled look as she sat down and mechanically reached for the menu. Instead of the menu she found her hand held in a firm grasp.

"Edith Rose!" exclaimed an adoring voice.

"Dick!" came from the pale lips of Edith Rose, "why—how—why—"

"I just couldn't wait for an answer, darling. I love you. The day I first saw you come into this very tea-room, I determined to meet you. And when Mr. Templeton knew you, I felt it was all too good to be true."

"'Friday the thirteenth' will always be a happy day for us, Dick," Edith Rose answered happily.

Minnie Ellen Argo '26

The Infinite

When ever I look into the sky,
I wonder what great things do lie
In that vast space in which the earth
Does occupy so small a berth.

What are the mysteries of great Mars?
What is beyond the farthest stars?
How can the space ever on extend?
How can it go with an end?

The answers to these questions old
May never be completely told;
But when I look into the sky,
I wonder what great things there lie.

Julian K. Knipp '26

Jackson Sidings

Mr. Jeffrey was an old farmer living near the small village known as Lloydsborough Lane. The town was situated on a hill overlooking the Mississippi river.

Jackson Sidings, now an old fallen-down shack, once had been the pride of the whole town. George Washington had stayed there one night, and consequently the people had always held the spot in the dearest of memories.

The reason for the condition of the house was the fact that many of the people considered it haunted. The darkies especially shared this belief, although there were more sensible people who tried to discourage this feeling. For this reason, within

recent years the house had been allowed slowly to decay.

Mr. Jeffrey, not being a superstitious man, did not hesitate to go near the house; and since he had been passing it every day for several years, and nothing had ever happened, he began to think nothing of it. He owned a farm about a half mile from Jackson Sidings, and one evening as he was passing the house, he heard a long, dismal howl coming from within. It would have sounded very much like the howl of a wolf to us, but since none of the natives of Lloydsborough Lane had ever heard a wolf howl, Mr. Jeffrey thought the howl to be very strange, and he was extremely interested in finding what was making that horrible noise. He knew that, unless he wished to go into the house alone, he would have a hard time investigating the case, since no one would dare go in with him.

He mentioned the incident to no one and thought very little of it until the same sound was heard again the next evening. Then he went home and, arming himself, slipped quietly out of his house. As he came nearer the "haunted house," he heard the same howl again, only louder than before. It was a very lonesome kind of a shriek.

As he came up the walk, he thought he saw something white moving around in the bedroom. When he opened the front door, which creaked considerably under his weight, he was absolutely sure that some one was upstairs. As he entered the white room, he beheld a very peculiar sight. There was a pail full of fresh, cool water; and, scattered about the room, there were several bones which seemed to have been recently gnawed. He felt this very peculiar because who was brave enough to come and bring things to this old house?

As he slowly ascended the stairs, he heard a low growl. As he reached the bedroom door, fully expecting to see a ghost or something similar, something shot across the room and into a balcony, and he heard a low whine as something hit the ground.

The next day a column in a village paper read, "Large, white Russian wolfhound found dead in back of Jackson Sidings."

JEAN SMITH '28

Bewail of a Bachelor

He was a dear little dog,
His eyes were brown and wide;
And when I left him at home,
He always lay down and cried.

I had a cute, little cat
Who was so fuzzy and snug.
Her name was Dotty Delight
She sunned herself on a rug.

I had a teddy bear, too,
Who always was warm and brown.
He wore a blue sailor suit
And squeaked when turned upside down.

I never got what I wanted,
No, never in all my life!
The thing I've always desired:
Someone who'd do for a wife.

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26

Chewing Gum

It was after dinner in the luxurious lounge of the steamship "Harvard," and I was dreamily thinking. My first voyage was, of course, novel and exciting, but most of all, romantic. Surely on such an ocean and in just such a beautiful boat, I would fall in love.

Suddenly I became aware of a young man gazing thoughtfully at me and then scribbling in a note-book. Romance! An artist, and he had fallen in love and was sketching me! Indifferently I regarded him, taking great satisfaction in the thought that each motion of mine would be noted and, incidentally, worshipped. How my indifference must plague him! He drew his chair closer, but I, with apparent unconcern, gazed out at the sea until he spoke.

"Do you enjoy the ocean?" What a conventional phrase, but of course, in due time, in such a setting, with the sun going down behind the mountain-silhouetted shore, and the graceful seagulls soaring lazily above the water, a more thrilling conversation would develop.

I instinctively knew he was an artist, he held his note-book so carelessly, and his

tie was quite eccentric; his whole appearance spelled art. What had he been saying? Down tumbled my foolish daydreams, my splendid aircastles! Evidently the atmosphere of my setting had been too effective—on me!

"I am just drawin' a new machine," he said. "I have charge of the distribution of all gum balls to the coast amusement parks."

MARY ELIZABETH GOODELL '26

Old Shoes

My old shoes, dusty and worn as ever,
Make me think of our walks together,
Walks to be forgotten never,
Just us two among the heather.

Blue sky overhead with one billowing cloud
Buffeted hither and yon by the wind
Crying and moaning and calling aloud
And tugging my coat where 'twas only pinned.

You—with your stride that was meant for a giant—
Me—little dog, trotting, faithful, behind you—
You—self-sufficient and self-reliant—
Me—seeking you every time I could find you.

Those were the days when the sun shined the brightest,
The wind whipped the hardest and filled us with joy,
When our hearts beat the fastest and yet danced the lightest—
Those were the days!—You, a man—I, a boy!

MARGARET GUILD '26

On Being A Pencil

This life of being a pencil is "all wet." It appears to be very simple, but oh, the times I am twisted to write a few words! Worst of all are the many, many times my owner puts me in his mouth. After having chewed me for an hour, he writes a few lines, and back to the laundry I go. Nevertheless, considering the chewing, wetting, and work, I'm still fairly good-looking, even if I am only two days old.

Ssh! Now if you'll promise not to tell, I'll tell you all about my owner. His name is Jack. He is a true son of America, full of vim, vigor, and vitality, combined with a violent temper. Many a time have I been thrown across the room or spanked with a ruler because I dropped on the floor, or my lead broke. But maybe I shouldn't be too harsh on him, 'cause every time the teacher asks to borrow a pencil, I'm the first one offered.

Well, my dear, between all these little incidents, I have been sharpened at least once or twice. But now I am pretty well dwindled away, and my! the wrinkles with age are pitiful. At last it is four o'clock, and I shall be put away to await nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock. Br-r-r, rings the bell, and in come all the children. Jack is late again. Here he comes now. What has he in his hand? A new pencil? Yes—well flicker, this is the end.

RUTH STUTTLE, '27

Almost Uncalled-for

"Schenectady. Off at the rear, please."

The porter's words sounded through the coach. As I arose, I realized that I was the only passenger on our coach who was leaving at this stop.

I took hold of my traveling bags, walked to the rear, as the porter directed, and descended from the train. I glanced quickly around for my friend, Anne, who intended to meet me. Because of her extreme height, I thought I should see her immediately. However, after I stood for several seconds watching for her, the idea occurred to me that persons who are waiting for train passengers are not allowed to come upon elevated tracks.

With this thought in mind, I picked up my bags and followed the other passengers into the station where it seemed to me I was nearly the only traveller not met by someone. Those who weren't met ap-

peared to be acquainted with Schenectady; at least each quickly went his own way.

As yet I had seen nothing of Anne. Thinking she might be seated in a place where I couldn't see her, I walked between every row of seats, but to no advantage. Quite plainly, Anne wasn't in the depot.

I looked at the clock to see whether or not the train had been on time. I reasoned that if it had been very late, Anne might have come and, upon finding that she must wait very long, had left, planning to return later. But this was not the case, for the train had arrived promptly. Now it was leaving while I was considering what to do.

It occurred to me that perhaps Anne was waiting outside. I once more seized my bags and walked toward the doors leading to the street. However, as far as I could look, I saw no cars except taxis and no persons except taxi-drivers and newsboys.

I next decided it would be best for me to go back into the depot, sit down, and try to consider what must be done. This I did.

Surely Anne knew that this was the day I was to arrive; that is, if she had received my special-delivery letter, she knew it. If she hadn't received it—but I dreaded to think of the consequences. I had a rather hazy idea of her landlady's name, and I knew the address of her house; but of course I had no idea of how to reach it except by means of a taxi. I planned a long time before deciding whether or not to go to the house; but I finally reached the conclusion that if I went to this address and found no one at home, I should have to remain seated on the door-step with my belongings, appearing to a passer-by as if I had been discarded.

It seemed to my young mind that time had never passed so slowly. This was because I looked at the clock frequently and thought that much more time had elapsed than really had passed. Yet, two hours had passed since I first came into the station, and I was tired and hungry. I thought that if I should leave my seat and try to find a place to get something to eat, I should miss Anne if she would come while I had gone.

I was all alone in this strange city, knowing only one person living there, and she unaware of my presence.

Mother's last advice had been not to speak to strangers, but I wondered what she would say if she knew the situation in which I was. My usual timidness prevented me from asking any information from the woman at the Travelers' Aid desk, though I was beginning to think I should have to do that.

While I was sitting there feeling utterly forlorn and lost, I was conscious of some one standing beside me. I glanced up quickly and saw the face of an elderly woman who had been sitting across the aisle from me.

"Little girl, could I help you any?" she said.

At this I almost burst into tears, for now I understood that people did think I appeared helpless. After I gained control of myself, however, I told of how I had been waiting for nearly three hours for Anne to come. I also told her Anne's address, and attempted to spell the landlady's name. When I had finished, she suggested that I try to find the telephone number of Anne's residence and call her. I did this, but I received no answer from the other end of the line.

Although three trains from the west had arrived since I had come, Anne had not yet appeared. Why hadn't she come? It was growing dark outside, and I heard the bustle of the working people returning home. Anne would surely be home in time for dinner.

A second time I called, and I was told by the landlady that Anne would be home, as usual, in about a quarter of an hour. As long as the kind old lady had left, I had no one with whom to share my joy. I forgot hunger and everything else except that I should see Anne.

As soon as the minute hand had passed over the fifteen required minutes, I rushed again to the telephone. This time I talked to Anne herself, who tried to answer me and at the same time read my letter that she had just opened as she was called to the 'phone.

MARGARET KINDER '26

The Avenue

Long rows of trees so tall and gray,
Long path a-winding thru,
Long shadows all along the way
I see at close of day
As I look down the avenue.

Gray skies above, clouds floating by,
Gray mists a-mingling thru,
Gray earth that meets the dull gray sky
Show me a snow storm's nigh
As I look down the avenue.

Sad thoughts I do not comprehend,
Sad thoughts a-mingling thru,
Sad memories from round the bend;
They seem to have no end
As I look down the avenue.

MILDRED SMITH '26

Memories

A rose—my thoughts are not on a bud or a blooming rose, brilliant red or tender pink. My rose brings memories, wonderful, but sad. The beauty of my rose is overwhelming, not in tint or splendor of bouquet; but in itself.

It is the memories that make it so; no coquettish program, no bit of lace, no broken fan, or well worn glove can make my heart beat faster or my thoughts wander farther than can my beautiful rose.

You smile incredulously as I show you my rose,—you who neither discern its beauty nor comprehend its loveliness. You do not try; for before you lies only a faded, faintly fragrant, withered flower.

MARY ELIZABETH GOODELL '26

Nature

Beneath the wintry sky I stood
And saw a grove of trees that would
Have made the sad heart light.
The sleet to them at night had come,
And now they glistened in the sun,
Steel-stemmed and snowy white.
I marveled at the fact that they
Looked so much like the trees in May
Which I delight to see—
Those trees that blossom-laden are
And look like snowdrifts from afar—
How strange can Nature be!

HELEN HUNT '26

Perfect Technique

"Perfect technique is a quality involving others: skilfulness, cleverness, and ability highly developed." There! That was the last phrase I had to define. I yawned.

I was sitting before a desk in a dimly lighted room. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a vague shape at the window. The window moved up about two inches, and in slid a hand with long, tapering fingers. They reached around the corner and snatched a diamond bracelet from the bureau. All was still. A revolver shot extinguished the light. A faint glow, however, gleamed from nowhere. Noiselessly he searched the drawers and closet, quickly estimating the value of each article and pocketing those whose value were over fifty dollars. His search was quick, quiet, and complete. In a moment dress suit, moustachios, mask, and silk hat had departed. He was an artist.

I believe this dream crook had perfect technique in the art of robbery and I am duly grateful to him for furnishing material for my theme.

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26

A Ford

A Ford is not allowed to be classed with cars or machines. It is not a vehicle to be taken seriously, admired, coveted, or displayed. It is not a creation of beauty, comfort, distinction quality or luxury. It is not a possession to be relied upon or to be bragged about or even mentioned in the presence of some. A Ford is a Ford. It is like none other. Yet a million others are like it.

MARY ELIZABETH GOODELL '26

My Locker

"A mere iron box with a personality? Impossible!" so you say. But it is true.

This particular iron box is painted a grayish green perhaps to mock me, and called a locker.

Into its eager arms go all my possessions, such as violin, gym clothes, books, music, coat, hat and so forth. And yet it has protested only once or twice.

Once I tried to add a suitcase to its numerous other contents and it refused to shut its door. It was so severely kicked that it has been scarred ever since. Poor thing, it has never had the spirit to protest since, and so it holds everything.

And yet, apparently, it still loves me, for every morning after I have removed the lock, all its contents come hurrying out to meet me, while it looks wistfully on.

Tables and chairs never appear so anxious to see me. Whenever I kick them, they set up a howl and then tell mother. I think they are horrid things anyhow. My bed used to be good-natured, but now it's horrid and cross too. My sister and I have become too active to suit it, and now it groans whenever we get on it.

But no matter what I do to my locker, it always remains the same. It is always in a hurry to meet me, and it never complains.

ELIZABETH GORE '28

Mind Over Matter

I went to bed early, for I was tired; and soon I slept. In the midst of a most vivid dream, I was suddenly brought to my senses. I awoke with a start and sat up. What had awakened me? The wind was blowing, and thunder was growling in the distance; but still it did not rain. A queer sense of danger, but not of fright, possessed me as I lay there and listened to the weather outside and the stillness of the house.

All at once I heard a door open downstairs. Then footsteps, measured and soft, trod across the hall and up the stairs. Nearer and nearer they came, and I lay, petrified, wondering whether or not the person would come into my room first. No, the steps tiptoed past my door and stopped. Then I heard the door across the hall open and shut.

"Yes," I thought, "the thief is going into Evelyn's room first. Dare I scream?"

But I seemed to be hypnotized and could neither speak nor move; so I lay with my eyes toward the door and waited. Ages seemed to pass before I heard another sound in the house. Outside, the rain was falling in noisy torrents, and now and then a flash of lightning iluminated the room. In one of these flashes, I was sure I saw the door knob turn. I almost felt a presence on the other side of that door. Then I heard those same muffled, heavy footsteps march down the stairs and into the dining room. I fancied I could hear the person opening the drawers and taking out the silver. This stranger, whoever he might be, seemed to know the house perfectly. As I was trying to collect my wits enough to do something definite, I heard faintly the clac-clac of horses' hoofs upon the pavement. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon I could hear the accompanying rumble of wheels.

"Now," I thought, "is my chance. I will go to the window, and when the wagon is in front of our house I will scream with all my might."

So I got up, armed myslef with a hatpin, and waited at the window. I could still hear those footsteps moving around downstairs. As I looked out the window, I happened to see, by the light of a street lamp, two men, shrouded in black raincoats. They came from the back yard of the house next door and stood on the curb in front of our house. Now I understood: all these thieves were together, and their accomplice was coming down the street in this wagon to get them. Why they should use a horse and wagon instead of a motor car I was not able to surmise. In another moment I saw a gleam of light coming from our house. Strangely enough it came, not from the front but from the side yard. I wondered how "our robber" had got to the side of the house without my hearing him, but, at any rate, he had a dark-lantern and was going to join his companions on

the curbing. Like the others, he was dressed in a waterproof cape affair, and it was impossible to recognize him. By the time he had reached the curb, the wagon had come up and stopped. I could not see the horse or the men now, only the ray of light issuing from the lantern. But the men did not start off at once as I had expected them to. Instead they stayed there a few minutes and evidently were talking together.

I was turning from the window to rush downstairs, when, as I turned to the wall opposite the window, I saw a light on the wall. It was evidently from the men's lantern, and it lighted up the room plainly. Partly from fascinated curiosity, partly from fear, I stood and watched this light travel slowly around the room and then disappear. As it passed along, it showed up, in rather a ghastly way, all the familiar, prosy furnishings of the room. I looked outside the window once more, and at the same time I heard a familiar tinkle like milk bottles. The town clock struck two. Just then the ray from the lantern fell on the wagon, and I saw that it was painted orange with black letters across the top. "Dairy!"

As an appropriate climax to my thrilling adventure, I later learned that the mysterious footsteps of "my robber" were those of a member of the family arriving home at a late hour.

Sylvia Paine '26

Bridal Wreath

When I look out in the springtime
And see the bridal wreath bushes
Laden with snow and developed
In a quivering halo of fragrance,
I see in them all the ideals
And love and joy in the world—
Just bridal wreath—beauty symbolic.
But while I stand there and watch them,
The breeze comes and blows on the bushes
And all their whiteness is scattered
And lies like a cloud on the grasses.
Again they stand there symbolic
Of beauty lost, ideals shattered,
But love and joy are still there.
Still tossing and gay are the branches,
And still they are joyful and happy.
I wonder, is life to be that way?

Helen Hunt '26

A Conversation Overheard

Two grimy-faced youngsters flattened their noses against a shop-window which was filled with toys. The smaller of the two, a boy of about four, pointed a dirty little finger at a toy cannon.

"When I gow up," he said, "I'se gonna be a soldier and shoot guns like that."

"Oh, I'm not gonna be a soldier. I'm gonna be a pirate; that's lots more fun. Ya can sail around in great, big ships like those, and hunt treasure, n' ever'thing," said the older boy, who had reached the sophisticated age of six.

"Naw, I don't wanna be a soldier, either; I guess I wanna be a robber and carry pistols that go 'plunk.' Then I'll get a lotta money, n' then I'll buy a airplane n' train n' go to the show n' candy n' everything. Oh, boy!" As he said this his dirty little face was wreathed in a broad smile.

"Say, you don't know what you're talking about; I'd ruther be a prize-fighter and be cham-pi-on and be known all over the world! Say, I bet I could have popcorn n' candy any time I wanted it, n' I could do anything I wanted to."

There was admiration in the blue eyes of the smaller boy as he looked up at his brother who was to be a prize-fighter; but another glance went over his shoulder, and with a rush toward a man approaching them he cried,

"Paper, mister?"

Loretta Sturdyvin '27

Darkness

I love the darkness. I love the cool, still nights when the stars are clear, and big, and bright, and the moon is gold and near. I love the windy, stormy nights when the trees are lashed into madness when the sky is a seething mass of scudding clouds, when

the rain whips my face, and I can smell the sweet dampness of all living, growing things. But best of all I love the deep, black, silent nights when all life stops and listens, and there is nothing to hear—when all life looks, and there is nothing to see but—darkness.

MARGARET GUILD '26

Enough and Sufficient

"That is enough and sufficient," said the Red Queen.

"Then it is enough," said Alice.

"Sufficient," said the White Queen.

"What's the difference?" inquired Alice.

"She means what's the likeness," said the Red Queen.

"Oh!" said Alice.

"They're both words," said the White Queen.

"Yes," said Alice.

"They mean 'adequate.' 'Enough' means 'sufficient,' and 'sufficient' means 'enough,'" said the Red Queen.

"Well," said Alice.

"That is the likeness," said the White Queen.

"'Sufficient' is elegant and polite," said the Red Queen.

"That is according to use, isn't it?" asked Alice.

"'Enough' is blunt, homely and forcible," continued the Red Queen.

"That is the difference," said the White Queen.

"Then they are alike and different," said Alice.

"Enough and sufficient," said the Red Queen.

"Or sufficient and enough," said the White Queen.

"Oh!" said Alice.

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26

The Storm

Roaring waves, crashing waves, wide-sweeping billows—
Moaning wind, sighing wind, swishing the willows—
Scudding clouds, hidden moon, darkness around me—
Here by the stormy sea, night-time has found me.

MARGARET GUILD '26

Boarding House Cots

Cots, cots, big cots, small cots, fat cots, thin cots! I can see them before me awake or in my dreams. Backaches headaches, everything in the way of aches, all because of a cot. I come in at night still smiling over my date. My heart is skipping beats, and I am supremely happy until my eyes light on my so-called bed. Sighing at the thought of my approaching "rest," I wearily undress and prepare to endure my eight hours of torture. I kneel down to offer up a prayer, not because I am naturally pious, but because I am in desperate need of rest, and I must secure peace and calm at any price. I crawl and wriggle my way under the covers, trying vainly to keep them from pulling out at the sides. I dare not treat this superannuated creature too roughly for fear it will fall apart. After I get all covered up, I ease over on my right side, close my eyes,—but no, rest can not come so easily. Blowing in with the force of a fifty mile gale, the wind lets me realize that I have pulled the covers off again. After much turning and squirming I succeed in getting them all off on the floor on the right side of my cot. With murder in my heart, I finally repair to the bath tub for a comfortable night's sleep.

HAROLD KEVERN '27

Dora Dearie

"What are the bells a ringin' for?" said Freshie-so-Green.
"To frighten you, to frighten you," the stately Senior said.
"What makes you look so sad, so sad?" said Freshie-so-Green.
"I'm wondering what they'll do to me," the stately Senior said.
They're expelling Dora Dearie, you can hear the mournful din.

For Uni High School's looking on, they're goin' to begin.
An' they're expelling her, expelling her for cutting gym.
An' I'm thinkin' I'll be takin' gym tomorrow.

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26
Parody on "Danny Deever," Kipling

Dying Gladiators

Two o'clock in the afternoon—the day—any school day in early May. The place—any school room. The great chimes began to peal forth the hour; a bell rang somewhere within the building; and then all was still. The room was warm and sticky—the heat, as usual, was turned on in the radiators; and they were adding their efforts to those of the warm spring sunshine producing a delightful mellow sort of feeling that bespoke of blue skies, fleecy clouds, and droning bees. Pupils draped themselves in various positions about the room looking for all the world like "Dying Gladiators." Suddenly the peace and quietude of the room was shattered by a late arrival, a breathless, red-faced youth of rather generous proportions. One or two of the budding young geniuses came back from their land of dreams long enough to gaze lazily at this mere mortal who had dared interpose himself between them and their dreams and then settled back to their respective thoughts like the waves of a mighty ocean receding down the sandy beach.

As is customary in all classes, the instructor began to talk, speaking of meaningless things and facts that hung on the sultry air and probably drifted out the window. Now and then a lazy reply was proferred in answer to his questions. Momentarily a student here and there, with a mighty effort, brought his mind back to the room long enough to put down a note, which his conscience said might be useful in the far distant future.

Eventually the great clock pealed forth again. This time its tone seemed much different from that of forty-five minutes before. It was a joyous tone and seemed to call and beckon to those imprisoned, seeking in vain for the royal road to knowledge. The schoolroom began slowly to awake. Here and there a "Dying Gladiator" slowly shook himself, stretched, yawned, and began to collect his books. The instructor's voice was still droning on, faster than before it seemed, making one final effort to break through the barrier and leave a thought with the audience. The bell finally rang, as all bells do, and there began a mad scramble for the door. Gone was the lethargy of a few minutes before, and the old room stood empty again. Another bell rang, and then all was still save the droning of the bees about the vines and the hissing of the steam escaping from the radiators.

ALICE STEVENS '27

Creak Creak Creak

Creak, creak, creak
On thy old worn soles old shoes;
And would that I had a new pair,
But all I hear is "dues."

O well for society lady
Who rides in her Rolls Royce;
O well for the famous madame,
Who makes money with her voice.

And the noisy world rolls on
With never so much as a sigh;
While I with my old shoes wander alone.
It hastily passes me by.

Creak, creak, creak
On thy old worn soles old shoes;
But I'll never never have a new pair,
For all I hear is "dues."

MILDRED SMITH
Parody on "Break, Break, Break"
Tennyson

The Treasure Hunters

I awoke one morning early in order to have a chance to read the newspaper before I should have to go to work. I looked

over the first part of the paper but found nothing especially interesting. As I was hurriedly looking over the second part, I noticed the following article, "James Ferguson, the notorious criminal, was sentenced to the state prison yesterday, for twenty years. He is known to have buried some loot on an island near Cuba. Just after the sentence was given him, he told about the island on which his loot was buried. He added that nobody would be able to find it until he got out of prison. A large number of people are contemplating going to the island tomorrow." This article interested me, so I decided to make the short trip to the island.

I went down to the harbor and boarded the boat about ten o'clock in the morning. Aboard were business men, newspaper reporters, and pleasure seekers. I learned from a reporter that the criminal had buried some loot that was very valuable. I soon found out that nobody knew much more about where the treasure was buried than I. We arrived at the island at three o'clock that afternoon.

Everyone tried to be the first to get to shore. Some of the men had brought supplies such as tents, food, etc. Others had come to stay for the afternoon only, as the boat was returning that afternoon. I decided to wander over the island to pass the time away until sailing time. Several of the men started digging in a place where they thought the loot might be buried. I talked with them and found out they were going to stay there for several days. I asked them if I might join them for a day or so. They made it understood, however, that if they found the treasure, I should not share in it.

The boat left that afternoon about five o'clock. There remained of us, on the island, about a dozen men. We all began digging now in earnest. We dug until late in the evening, but we met with no success. We decided to talk over our future plans before we started in digging again. We appointed one of our number as our leader. This man was possibly thirty-five years old. He wanted to find the treasure before he left the island. After we had made our plans, we started digging again. We dug for nearly two hours before we decided to stop our operations for the night. Our place of encampment was near the south end of the island.

This island was possibly two miles in length and a mile in width. Its surface, for the most part, was level. Near one side of the island, there was a hill forty feet or more above the sea level. The island was almost entirely covered with large trees and vines. Our place of encampment was sheltered by several large trees. We had just retired for the night when we heard a low rumble of thunder. Fortunately no storm touched us during the night.

We arose early next morning in order to accomplish as much as possible during the day. While we were discussing our plans for the day, a man approached us and told us he knew where the treasure was buried. We had heard this before, and we did not pay much attention to him. He pulled a map from his pocket. He showed it to us, but we did not make much of it. I think he knew himself that the map was a fake, but he certainly tried to make it seem real to us. Our leader told us to get our implements and follow him.

We dug until evening, but we found no buried treasure. We were all discouraged. The men ate their meal that evening hastily, for our leader wanted to do some spying. There was another group of men about a quarter of a mile from our camp. We decided to creep up on them and see what they were doing. Each of us took points of vantage when we were close enough to them. We watched them for nearly half an hour before anything of interest happened. Then we saw that they had found a wooden chest.

We were to report back to the camp if anything of interest should happen while we were spying. So we gathered and plotted as to how we would get the chest for ourselves. We set out again and approached their camp from all directions. One of our men was then to fire a shot into the air. The shot was fired and it took the other men off their guard. These men put out their fire and took to shelter near their treasure. We had been ordered not to fire unless they did. One of their men

heard one of our men talking, and he fired at the place where he thought our man was hiding. He missed him; and as we knew the fight was on, we took to better shelter. Because of the darkness, we were not able to locate our enemy very well.

While we were waiting for something to happen, a storm began to approach. The wind arose, and the leaves on the trees were stirred into motion. The distant rumble of thunder could be heard. The lightning flashed now and then making the whole island bright as day. One of our men had gone forward to try to locate the exact spot of the chest. While he was crawling ahead to locate this chest, it began to rain. It soon began to fall in torrents. We all took to shelter except the man who was looking for the chest. He came back soon and said he had found it. He said that it was entirely full of gold coin. We then decided to get the chest and move away from this spot. We reached the chest trying to make as little noise as possible. We had hardly opened its lid before we were attacked from every side. Escape was impossible. A large and fierce man had seized me by the throat and was in the act of choking me—I awoke with a start as the fire truck sped down the street —my adventure had been only a dream.

VERNON FERRIS '26

The Dream Hero

He stands in front of an arched doorway in a dark street. He stands easily, elegantly, thoughtfully. His right hand rests lightly on the fretted balustrade; over this arm is an evening cloak of the best black satin. In his left hand between the second and third fingers, is one of these long slender cigarettes in a jade holder, a cheap little thing from Arabia, but very impressive. On his fourth finger is a priceless sapphire, a gift of an Indian rajah. On the little finger of the same hand is a ruby, perhaps the gift of a Spanish dancer or of the only woman who ever outwitted him.

He is dark, of course, even to be more distinctive, he could never be pictured as light. His dark evening clothes are perfect patterned by the best London tailor. His moustache is neat and gives him a classic appearance. I don't like moustaches, but since he really ought to have one, he does; and it is curled at the ends. His hair is not sleek and straight or marcelled; it is rather wavy in front, this makes him look younger than forty-five.

Here is the cynic, the intelligent, master man! He wonders what joy the evening can produce for him; since, for him, there is nothing new under the moon unless he perpetrates it. He is quite blase but not too mockingly so, just interestingly so. His keen black eyes, indicative of an exceedingly clever, resourceful brain are the cynosure of many other eyes; baby blue, grey, everyday hazel and murined. The cigarette, I've forgotten their fascinating name, is burned out. He smiles as he flicks away the ashes with his two ringed fingers—so original to have two on one hand and none on the other. Yes, original!

The lights snapped on and Victor Vincent walked out fanning himself with his high cardboard hat. "Gosh!" said he, "it's hotter than it was yesterday in that studio, ain't it, Gloria?"

MARGARET CARNAHAN '26

On Books

According to Funk and Wagnall's New Standard Dictionary, a book is a number of sheets of paper bound or stitched together, whether blank, written, or printed, to be used for any purpose. From my specific observation, I have concluded that books are used for diverse and sundry purposes, none of them being for study.

In my grandmother's book was written, "Laura Cannon, her book," a formal and old-fashioned expression. In my mother's books are love notes and autographs with verses after them, such as:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

They are a little more informal than those of the generation before.

But the freshmen of Uni High of the class of '29 have brought the moral standard of books to its lowest possible depth. If an instructor should look at every page of a student's book, he could probably tell exactly how to grade him, i. e., if he could judge by the number of worn pages.

Such things as "Detour," "Boloney," "Hot Stuff," and "No Guarantee" are found on the outside edges of the books. On the front may be such a phrase as "Open for business,' or a mild demand such as, "Please open before using." The inside becomes still more intricate. On the inside may be found, "Go to Helen Hunt Jackson's grave," which is rather ironic, I admit. Scribbled the full width of two pages in the front of a book is, "She told me she loved me, and darn her, she lied."

An appropriate verse is written in the back. I think it should be in the front, but I guess there wasn't room for it. It is:

"I pity the baker,
I pity the cook;
I pity the crook
What swipes this book."

Then:

"I string 'em up!"—and an appropriate diagram, such as we drew in the grades, of a man hanging from a sort of framework. Under the diagram is listed:

Order of events:

1. Swipe this book.
2. Order your box, flowers, and your last suit of clothes.

In another book is one similar to it:

"Don't swipe this book, my little lad,
For forty cents it cost my dad."

And still another:

"Don't swipe this book for fear of your life,
For the owner carries a butcher-knife."

Then there is a picture of a butcher-knife with blood dripping from it.

There are two or three verses in an English book:

"The boy stood in the corridor,
He did not hear the bell;
But when he went in English I
Miss Swander gave him—! extra homework."

and a very modern one:

"Violets are blue,
Your car is tan;
Sugar is sweet,
And so's your old man!"

also:

"Little bits of scribbling,
Little daubs of ink
Make Henry's book
Look like what it ain't."

In the front of an Algebra book is:

"Torture enclosed."

"Sign peace pact before entering."

then in the back is:

"Goodnight, Algebra, I'll see you in the morning."

In a very remote left-hand corner of a book is a sign-board which says: "Don't park between signs." I searched for the other sign and found it in an extreme corner in the back of the book.

In the Latin book, of course, are: "Ego amo te," and the "Ode to Latin:"

"All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it;
All will die who learn it.
O happy death! They earn it."

I find that juniors, too, are mistreating their books. I find an original poem written to Chemistry in a chemistry book:

"O Chemistry, Chemistry,
You give me a pain!
I'll never, never take you again.
I flunked you once, and how glad I am,
For I'm through with you, and I don't give a
D---arn, there goes the bell!"

This one sounds original:

"Noses are red,
Blue is the sky.
Horses neck,
And so do I."

I wonder if a person may be judged by his books!

A Sunset

Silence and stillness and peace over all—
Thru the lanes, the sun's rays filter gently and fall
With the gleam and the glow of old pieces of gold
As the dying day finds that its story is told.

The ball of gold fire sinks slowly to bed
In a triumph of glory and leaves the sky red—
With the tinges of yellow and purple and gray
Fading pale in the east—'Tis the end of a day-

MARGARET GUILD

Poor Dates

I've studied hard, then harder still,
I know Washington, Columbus, and Bunker Hill,
And they all stick fast to my memory,
And so it's a puzzle, even to me,
To try to find why dates won't hold—
Dates that are recent, dates that are old.
They all fly away, and I wonder today
Why history contains dates anyway!
The Battle of Concord, the Tax on Tea,
They all come back very clear to me.
But of all the dates (and they even not few)
All I remember's fourteen ninety two,
So try to solve this puzzle for me.
Why won't dates stick to my memory?
But now that dates are closer our own
Perhaps fourteen ninety two won't stand alone.
So now I'll end this little verse
And start on my dates. What could be worse?

ALICIA VINES.

Goloshes

Goloshes—big ones, little ones, neat ones, sloppy ones, wet ones, dry ones, holey ones, and mud-bespattered ones. All these line up for the grand parade down the broad walk. What day is this parade? you ask. Any rainy day from September until June.

I would rather see the sloppiest goloshes on a rainy day than a pair of poor little pumps. I always have the sincerest pity for pumps on a rainy day. My heart goes out to them. I wish I had an extra pair of goloshes to cover them.

I wonder what goloshes think about as they parade the campus solemnly or gaily, as the owner's nature is at the time. Do they look at the scenery or at the other goloshes? And pray what do they think about the other goloshes. Miss Neat Golosh looks at Miss Sloppy Golosh and says to herself, "Well, now look at that will you, but I suppose my day will come in time." While Miss Sloppy Golosh looks at Miss Neat Golosh and says to herself, "I do wish I had been kept to look as nice as that, but I am not new. I had my day, and now it is almost over."

All in all I am glad I am not a golosh. I love sunny weather and blue skies. I would not be content to stay in a dark, dreary closet almost half of the year and go out on only cold, snowy, or rainy days. I am content with my own life. Let goloshes be goloshes and me be myself.

JANE SNODGRASS

The Tale of a Postage Stamp

I'm a pink-faced postage stamp, a regular fellow, for whom every one pays two cents. I'm becoming rather stuck up for two reasons, the first being that they had a long argument over my worth in the capital building in Washington and finally decided I was worth two whole cents! The second reason is what I'm going to tell you right now. I was placed on a scented pink envelope by my master and patted with a nice soft blue blotter. The envelope and I then had a long ride in a big, black case. I heard my master say something about "pocket" so I judged that must be what he called the case we were in. After our long ride, we were taken out by tender hands and given to a man who treated us rudely. He threw us over in a corner where many other unfortunates like ourselves were. We lay there for some time huddled together. At last, someone came and picking us up, hit me several times on the head with a big, black hammer that left my face black and blue. Oh, what tortures for me who had never hurt anyone intentionally. Bruised and hurt as I was, they picked me up and slipped me into a bag. After much bumping and jostling around,

I found myself, and the pink envelope of course, in the hands of a big man wearing a blue suit with brass buttons. The ride which I received in this man's hands was very nice because he treated me with a great deal of respect. It wasn't long until I arrived at my destination. A beautiful girl with golden curls came running to meet the man in blue. The man said something and laughed as he gave me into the hands of this wonderful girl. As soon as she was inside the door of her house, she took a sharp thing from her hair and tore me right in two, so anxious was she to get the envelope open! When she read what was inside, her face lighted up, and she grabbed me and kissed me! Oh, what sweet lips! And now, now I lie next to her heart, and ever so often she takes me out and plants a kiss on my face. Do you not envy me?

LORETTA STURDYVIN

The Hitching Post

Last week when I was passing through one of the older sections of town, one predominate feature impressed me. In front of any old house of any size, there was a hitching post. What a step in the march of civilization these posts represent! They are the mute testimony of the triumph of man over nature, of the motor car over the horse. I let my mind wander, and a host of ideas came to me on this subject. If the hitching post is the sign of yesterday, what is the sign of today? All at once the thought, the garage, came to my mind. After a moment's thought, I saw that this would not do. There were barns in past times, and after all isn't a garage a barn? The fiilling station is really the sign of today. The sign of tomorrow will probably be the aviation field. The progress of civilization brought to me that quotation of Tennyson from the "Passing of Arthur,"

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

MILO KETCHUM

Slickers

One of the most striking ways that the present generation has of expressing itself is through its slickers. The back of one's slicker is a good place to display one's artistic talent, ideals, or sense of humor. In walking a block one may see on the backs of the pedestrians everything from rising suns and "Felix Cats" to "Red Granges." There is no field of art that allows for so much originality and receives any more appreciation than the display on the back of a slicker.

The first slickers were all yellow. At the present time they are made to be flattering to various types of complexions and to be becoming to almost any style of human architecture. Besides those of plain colors, there are the plaid slickers and those having a "tied and dyed" effect. The selection of materials varies all the way from heavy oil treated cloths to the thin rubberized silk and onion skin. The last important item in the selection of slickers is that they may be purchased to fit any pocket book.

A rainy day is naturally accompanied by gloom and depression. What could be more appropriate than a brightly colored slicker to chase away the gray feeling. It is not even necessary to wait for pouring rain, for a mere suggestion of a cloud in the sky is an alibi for wearing a slicker.

HELEN THOMSEN

Scent of Lilacs

Danby Hall is one of those old-fashioned, romantic Southern homes. It is a staid, colonial mansion, white with green shutters, with balconies and tall, white veranda pillars. The Hall is situated on a hill. The lawn and terraces slope down to the road. The house is approached by a long drive bordered on either side by giant oaks. Behind the mansion house there are old-fashioned gardens with terraced lawns and winding walks.

As would seem proper the owner of this house is a little old lady, Miss Jane Sherman. For many years now, Danby Hall

has been her home. Miss Jane is one of those quaint, old-fashioned ladies with silver hair and a sweet, smiling face. For many weeks she had been obliged to get around in a wheel chair, but she had not lost any of her charm because of this.

It is her custom to go to the garden each morning and while away the hours there among her flowers. This morning she is wheeled along the path by an old darkey who has been her servant for years.

"Mose, are not the flowers beautiful this morning? It is spring-time, and everything is glad to be awake again after its long sleep," said Miss Jane.

"They sure am, Miss Jane," replied the darkey.

"Oh! The lilacs are in bloom. What memories the scent of lilacs brings!" exclaimed Miss Jane, as they came upon a lilac hedge.

"These lilacs were planted by Massa John himself when he am jes' a little chile," said Mose.

"Mose, leave me here in the shade of the lilac hedge, and return for me in an hour," ordered Miss Jane.

Miss Jane turned again to the lilacs, and as their fragrance enveloped her, tears came to her eyes. Unconscious of everything about her, she was conscious only of the memories borne to her on the scent of the lilac bloom. The garden seemed to fade before her eyes, and in its place she saw a low, rambling house almost entirely covered with ivy. The house was surrounded by tall trees. At the rear of the house there was a small, carefully planned garden. There was a young girl standing in the doorway of this house—a lithe, slim, golden-hair lass of nineteen. She is gazing earnestly down the path as if expecting some one. The gate at the end of the path slams, and her face lights up with expectant joy. But she frowns as she sees a small boy running toward her; he was not the person she was expecting. As the child comes near her he draws from his coat a soiled and torn piece of paper and gives it to her. Her hands tremble as she takes the note and recognizes the writing as that of her lover, John. She fears that some harm may have come to him; for this was the time of war between the South and the North. John was fighting for the Union. The girl tore open the letter, and this is what was written there:

My dearest Jane:

Our regiment was suddenly ordered to the front without the slightest warning. I must go and fight against your people, perhaps even against your own brothers or cousins, for you are a daughter of the South. Is it not strange that a Northern lad should love a Southern lass at this time of strife between the two? But no, it is not strange after all, for true love knows no boundaries. I bless the day that our regiment camped near your home and I first met you.

I had no chance to come and bid you goodbye. This may be my last goodbye to you, my dearest, for I may never return. If I do not come back, remember our last glad evening together. I pray to God that I may return, and that we may walk by the lilac hedge again and dream of the future together.

Until we meet again,

Jack."

As she read the letter, the face of the girl in Miss Jane's memory scene grew pale, and her eyes dimmed with tears. Jack was gone. Would he ever return to her?

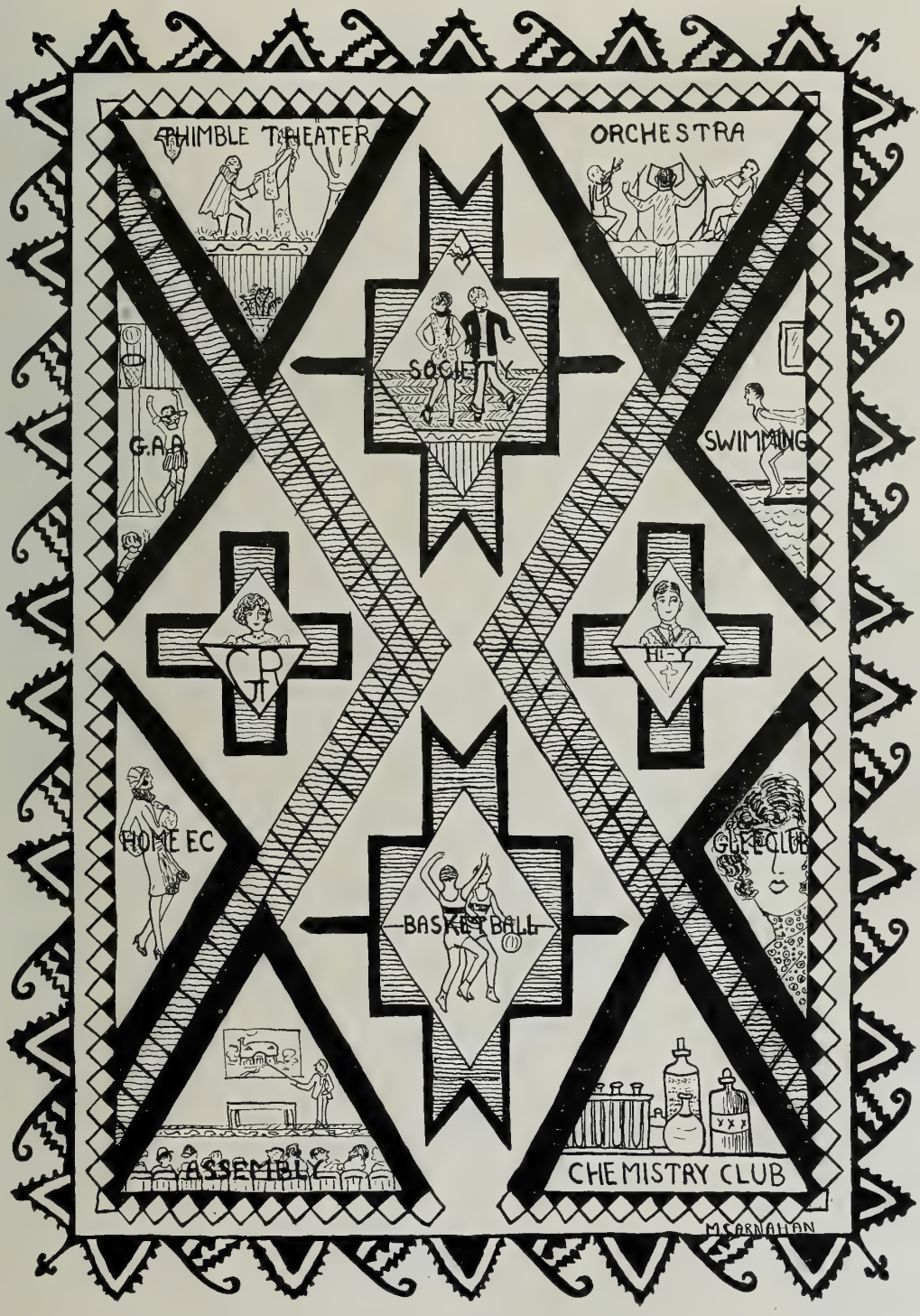
Jack would never return. Some weeks later a message came to Jane that Jack had fallen on the field of battle, gallantly fighting for his country and the Union. There had been only time, before the end came, for him to scribble a note leaving all of his property including "Danby Lodge" to the golden-haired Jane.

And so it was as a young girl that Miss Jane had come to live at "Danby Lodge." And there she had lived all of her live until now she was an old lady with only memories.

"Is you all ready to go back to the house, Miss Jane?"

"Quite ready, Mose," replied Miss Jane. She takes one last look at the lilacs. "Bless the lilacs," she says to herself, "for the glad, sweet memories which they bring."

Mary Louise Irvin


THIMBLE THEATER
ORCHESTRA
SOCIETY
G.A.A.
SWIMMING
HOME EC
BASKET BALL
GLEE CLUB
ASSEMBLY
CHEMISTRY CLUB
M S ARNAHAN

Kit-ai-et-simlso

SEPTEMBER

22—School days, school days—
23—All the little boys and girls—
24—Scads of new teachers.
28—Rules have been printed for our benefit.
29—Ho Hum! Things are not so bad—yet.
30—Last of the month—strange but true.

OCTOBER

1—It's not the first of April so, all is well.
2—Juniors, but they act like the Frosh.
5—We acquire Hal, or does Hal acquire us?
7—Assembly. SOME get out of class.
8—Frances minus Lucia.
9—Frances plus Lucia.
12—A quiz?
13—No. False alarm.
14—Matinee dance. Loads of fun.
19—The plays for dramatic evening are cast.
20—Miss Hart's office; A sick dog; And?
25—Assembly and the German Romeo and Juliet.
26—Have you noticed the shortage of cats lately?
27—Walk to Gym and get thin.
29—A Freshman girl; A Senior boy; A case.
30—The Senior Hallowe'en party!!!

NOVEMBER

1—Discovered; the lost cats.
Hal has a new fur coat.
3—Report cards!!!!
4—Alice has come back.
9—Matinee dance and the Charleston.
10—Student teachers.
11—Warrick begins his semi-annual dues hunt.
13—Friday! Black cats, ladders, and broken mirrors.
14—Another Monday.
19—Warrick has collected fifty cents.
20—Margaret annexes Wayne.
23—Assembly, and we learn how to study.
26—Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER

2—Senior meeting to elect—?
We didn't.
3—Practice for "The Dear Departed," but we didn't depart very early.
5—Eva meets Jimmy. Funny?
6—Seniors elect editors for the annual.
7—Assembly. Isn't Thielen sweet when he "speeches?"
8—Grade Cards. Knees can be heard quite distinctly.
9—Glue factories are bad enough—but garlic is worse.
10—Another "Please see me" signed L. W. W.
11—Third Dramatic Evening. A huge success.
15—Mary Liz and Harry, and the "Merry Liz."
17—We assemble again, and see all the great women of history.
18—All school Christmas Party.
22—Christman vacation!!!!

JANUARY

4—School again.
5—First home work to prepare.
7—One of Mr. William's sermonettes.
8—Burrr! It's cold.
12—Girl Reserves shower us with candy.
13—They told us in assembly today that little Roman boys played hookey too.
15—Matinee dance. Ralph and his feet.
18—Monday again.
20—Nothing happened.
21—Someone said Loretta had a baby face.
26—Don't be alarmed. It's only the Glee Club singing.
27—Exams—Exams—that's all there is—
28—There ain't no more.
27—Almost, but not over yet.

FEBRUARY

1—Well, Exams are over, but—
2—The Public Speaking class present the "Floral Shop."
5—Cards, Tears, Smiles, Giggles.
8—Who ever rings the bells, sure rang them today.
9—He forgot us today. No bells.
12—Freshman Valentine Party—pink ice-cream too.
15—Girl Reserves will be kids.
16—The sun came up, and went down. That's all.
17—We have a Glee Club and an Orchestra.
19—Thirteen tardy today. A new excuse offered. "Icey side-walks."
22—Monday, wash day, and a blue day.

24—Plan your house according to Mr. Newcomb.

MARCH

1—Winds and rain.
2—March sure is a lion.
3—Lorraine H. tells the history class that "dates" came from the Nile Valley.
4—Candy and sanwiches every where, but not without a dime.
5—Some absentees. Tournament.
8—What I know about Merton and Linda.
10—Enter—The Girls' Athletic Association.
17—Mr. Alter's tie and the Frosh.
19—A Matinee dance and sandwiches.
22—A spring day.
24—English I class present "Joint Owners in Spain."
25—Don't forget your dollar and a quarter.
26—Assembly again.
31—April Fool Party, and vacation.

APRIL

6—First day after vacation—enough said.
7—Bob Stiven and mints.
8—More mints.
9—Senior play try outs.
12—Come get your picture took.
13—Style Show, Mr. Alter was very interested. Wonder why?
14—Assembly. Just think of all the swell feathers and the birds.
16—G. R. Stunt Show.
19—Same old store. Another Monday.
20—A wreck in front of the school.
21—Spring, beautiful spring.
22—Rain.
26—Twenty-five skipped today.
27—Boys set their watches by Miss Thomsen's arrival.
29—Perriot and Pierret "The Maker of Dreams."
30—Junior Box Social.

MAY

5—Everybody taking pictures.
6—It almost rained.
7—Sunshine and lots of it.
10—Have all annual material in by four!
12—It is getting near time.
14—Senior Play. It speaks for itself.
18—Crammers in training now.
20—Margaret still retains her Mrs. Cartonish attitude.
26—Junior-Senior Banquet.

JUNE

1—Not long now.
6—Baccalaureate.
7—Exams.
8—Do we?
9—Yes.
10—Commencement.
11—Good-bye forever.

Assemblies

We've had some lovely assemblies this year, even though we have had to walk to Engineering Hall and one time over to the Natural History building. I am sure we enjoyed them. Especially the one on how a Studebaker car is manufactured and assembled. The one about birds by Dr. Baker was indeed interesting. I think in fact, I know that if you didn't attend that assembly you certainly missed a wonderful treat.

The assemblies here at school were many and varied. We had a Spanish one, a Musical one, two Latin ones, a Mathematics Class, and a French Voyage. They were all finished up by one of Mr. William's little talks. But even though we were scolded, we enjoyed the assemblies immensely.

B. Mc '26

Matinee Dances

The Matinee Dances were grand this year.
The Charleston was all the thing.
With cider and doughnuts, oh no never fear;
But it took all the money the students could bring.

Chocolate in milk they served us one time;
I guess they thought we were thin.
We all and one paid them our dime,
And you should have heard the din.

Just the same we've had some fun,
Some exciting occasions
Even though some they had to "dun"
For all the lovely syncopation.

B. Mc '26

Book Club

The second semester of last year, the first year English class organized a book club. The work of the Ex Libris club proved so enjoyable that it is being continued this year. The president of last year was Frances Leslie, and of this year, Paul Kinder. The meetings are held at weekly intervals. The programs are planned by a program committee appointed by the president. Usually a bulletin board committee plans something for the bulletin board as well. The programs have consisted of reports on books, impersonations of characters, dramatizations of plays, some of them origional, discussions of the lives and works of authors, and occasional talks by people from the University. One meeting of the club was held before the State High School Teachers' Conference. Through this club students have thus become familiar with many books and authors.

L. F. S. '28

Parts of My Diary

OCTOBER 30

The Seniors entertined with a Halloween Party. Costumes and everything. There were those dressed like kids. Some pirates, and even the Duncan Sisters were there. Sixty and one-half cheers for the Seniors.

DECEMBER 18

Christmas Party. Stockings, candies, and Santa Claus. Considering that the Sophomores were Freshmen last year, it was certainly a wonderful party. At least everyone said so.

FEBRUARY 12

Love, Hate, Friendship, Courtship, I'm not crossing out names, but I am thinking of the Freshman Valentine Party. It was a lovely party. Even though I will be in college next year, I am coming back for the Valetine Party here. Oh! I've made a rhyme, dear diary.

APRIL 31

Ha! Ha! It sure was a joke on them that didn't come to this party. We sure had lots of fun. I was fooled lots of times but I can't tell you, because someone might read you some day. But any way, the Juniors gave us a very clever little party.

B. Mc '26

My Heart's With the High School

Farewell to the High School, farewell to its halls,
The building of learning, whence knowledge falls.
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The thoughts of my school days forever I'll love.

My heart's with the High School, my heart's not here,
My heart's with the High School and classmates so dear.
Remembering students and teachers I know
My heart's with the High School wherever I go.

Farewell to the classrooms with memories filled,
Farewell to assemblies and Theater Guild,
Farewell to the hikes which the Home Ec girls take,
Farewell to exams which we ardently hate.

My heart's with the High School, my heart's not here,
My heart's with the High School and classmates so dear.
Remembering students and teachers I know
My heart's with the High School wherever I go.

ALICIA VINES

Parody on
"My heart's in the Highlands"

The Thimble Theater Guild

We all feel that the Thimble Theatre Guild has had a very profitable year. The first meeting of the new school year was held September 22, and the following officers were lected: president, Mary Elizabeth Goodel; secretary, Margaret Carnahan; and treasurer, Betty McGrew.

On December 11 a highly successful and entertaining dramatic evening was given. "The Very Naked Boy" was presented by Loretta Sturdyvin, Harry Irvin, and Eugene Howe. "A Pantomime of a Puppet Show" was given by Mildred Bogart, Margaret Jones, and Kathleen Dillon. Another play "The Dear Departed" was presented by Thomas Malloy, Betty McGrew, Margaret Jones, George Rice, Lucia Ragsdale, and Carlton Johnson. To finish out the program Mary Jones and Alicia Vines each gave a reading. We are sure that this program was enjoyed by everyone.

For the second semester the officers were: president, Mary Elizabeth Goodell; secretary, Mary Louise Irvin; treasurer, Harry Irvin; stage manager, Margaret Guild; and business manager, Betty McGrew.

During the second semester a program for the Parent-Teacher Association was given by the Thimble Theatre Guild, the Glee Club, and the Orchestra. The Thimble Theatre Guild presented "The Florist Shop," in which Harry Brunty, Louise Locke, Miles Norton, Alicia Vines, and Wayne Mathis had parts.

All of our meetings have been interesting and varied. At them we discussed the club business, authors, plays, operas, and other things of interest to the club. You surely missed the time of your life if you were not a member of the Thimble Theatre Guild.

M. L. I. '26

Girls Athletic Association

This year, for the first time in its history, University High School has a Girls' Athletic Association. At the beginning a general chairman was selected to arrange matters. The chairman appointed a constitution committee and a point system committee. After a constitution and a point system had been decided upon by the committees, a meeting was held to elect officers and to vote on the constitution. The following people were elected to the offices of:

President, Betty McGrew; Vice-president, Mary Elizabeth Goodell; Secretary, Elizabeth Gore; Treasurer, Margaret Kinder.

In order to be a member of the G. A. A., a girl must have and maintain a C average. She must earn twenty points before she can be admitted to the club. After she is a member she must earn ten points every eight weeks in order to maintain her membership in the organization.

With the money earned the Girls' Athletic Association intends to buy equipment for the gym on the fourth floor.

Emblems will be given to each girl earning the required points. These will be awarded at the end of each year. The emblems are: first, class numerals; second, letter; third, local pin; fourth, state league pin.

Miss Ruth Glassow and Miss Pearl Gilbreath of the University were our advisers this year.

B. Mc '26

Girl Reserve Club

Another successful year for the Girl Reserve Club has passed with an unusual amount of enthusiasm shown by each of it's thirty members. The purpose of this club is to promote a better understanding and fellowship among the girls, to develop in it's members the quality of a well rounded girl, to foster the worthy activities of the school and community.

The first activity of the club was to give a tea for all the girls in the school. During the year we did numerous things such as preparing a thanksgiving basket for a poor family, and giving a stunt show. The sleigh ride and indoor hike provided plenty of fun for everybody.

The sponsoring of a banquet for the basketball boys was probably the biggest thing we accomplished. It was held at the Southern Tea Room.

The sponsors of the club were Miss Kerr and Miss Thomsen.

Officers:

President, Margaret Guild.
Vice-president, Mary Elizabeth Goodell.
Secretary, Ruth Catherwood.
Treasurer, Margaret Carnahan.
Social Chairman, Loretta Sturdyvin.
Membership Chairman, Mary Elizabeth Goodell.
Service Chairman, Mary Louis Cameron.
Program Chairman, Betty McGrew.

New officers for next year:

President, Mary Louise Cameron.
Vice-president, Mary Louise Irvin.
Secretary, Helen Thomsen.
Treasurer, Helen Johnston.

The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club is an interdenominational Christian Club for boys in high school. The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend through out the school and community high standards of christian character. The four planks upon which the club is based are: clean speech, clean sportsmanship, clean scholarship, and clean living.

The first thing that was necessary for the club to do this year was to elect a new president to take the place of William Lloyd, who had been elected president last spring but did not return to this school. At our first meeting on September twenty-fourth, Julian Knipp, who was vice-president was given this office. Warrick Squires retained his office as secretary-treasurer to which he had been elected in the spring. A few meetings later we elcted Mr. Alter to be our faculty adviser.

The first big event with which we were concerned this year was the State Older Boys' Conference which was held at the University, November 27-29. A number of our boys had work preparing for the conference, and almost all our boys attended it. The many speeches that were given were very inspiring and meant much to the boys. The conference theme was "The Measure of a Man." By the end of the conference, most of the boys felt that they wanted to go out and be real men.

We have had at our meetings several interesting speakers .Chet Powell, a student in the University, talked to us on the selection of a vocation. Mr. Williams, the principal of our high school, spoke to us on teaching as a vocation; Mr. Ford, a man from the Y. M. C. A., talked to us on the defination of a christian; and Dan Kinsey, a University track man, lead a discussion in "What is Necessary in Athletics."

We elected the officers for next year at a meeting on May 6. They are: Milo Ketchum, president; Merton Rapp, vice-president; Morris Johnson, secretary-treasurer.

The last important event of the year was the Father and Son Banquet which was given at the Green Tea Pot on May 20.

This completes the third year of the club. We hope that next year will be the product of three years of good experience.

J. K. K. '26

The Orchestra

At the first meeting of the orchestra in September, the prospect for a large organization was rather dim; however Mr. Schultz, our director, was not discouraged, for he knew what he could expect from Uni High. In contrast to the first orchestra of six instruments, we now have one of twenty-three.

The secret is this: five other people who had previously played some instrument joined us, and Mr. Schultz urged students to enter classes in which he might instruct them in playing their favorite instrument. From these classes twelve people have been added to the orchestra. It now consists of: ten violins, two flutes, one cello, one trombone, five clarinets, one bass clarinet, two cornets and the piano.

The orchestra has appeared before the school on several assembly programs and on a Parent-Teacher entertainment.

R. C. '26

The Glee Club

Of course you've heard the ecstatic strains of music and vocal harmony floating out into the hall from room 215 each Tuesday and Wednesday. The Glee Club originates this melodious music.

At the assembly you cut (which was an enormous mistake) the Glee Club sang several delightful ditties: "In Blossom Time," "When Grandmother Dreams" "Moon Money," and "Illini High," in between the orchestra numbers to relieve the audience and the instruments.

As entertainment on a Parent-Teacher night, the Club presented a cantata, "Rip Van Winkle." The audience slumbered through the twenty years sleep with Rip and woke up to hear him ask mournfully minor, "What in the world will my wife have to say?"

In May "The Quest of the Gypsy," an operetta without a moral, purely for entertainment purposes only was given. Mr. Schultz has been the cause of the year's harmony as a director.

M. C. '26

The Home Ec Club

At the first meeting of the Home Ec Club this year, Mary Smith was elected president; Louise Locke, vice-president; and Margaret Kinder, secretary-treasurer. At a weiner-roast late in October, the girls wanting to join our club were partially initiated by doing certain undesirable tasks; at the next meeting they were fully initiated in doing stunts for the benefit of the old members.

Our annual Parent-Faculty tea was held just before the Christmas holidays. An interesting program was presented by our talented members, and the girls in the foods class served refreshments. On Christmas Eve the Home Ec girls played Santa Claus to a family recommended by the Associated Charities. Each child in this family was presented with toys and clothes.

During Health Week a poster contest was sponsored by the club. All of the posters pertained to good health and ways of improving it. Ralph Spang won first prize, Betty Rusk second and Bertha Enger, honorable mention.

We have held two doughnut sales; and with the money received from these sales, we purchased a punch bowl for the school.

The assembly that we held under the direction of Miss Smykel our adviser, was quite a success too, I think.

I hope that next year, the Home Ec club will be as successful as it has been during the past year.

M. K. '26

Senior Play

"HONOR BRIGHT"

By Meredith Nicholson and Kenyon Nicholson

Mrs. Lucy Barrington—Minnie Argo
Richard Barrington—Carleton Johnson
The Rt. Rev. William Carton—George Rice
Peggy Carton—Margaret Guild
Honor Bright—Mary Elizabeth Goodell
Rev. James Schooley—Julian Knipp
Bill Drumm—Thomas Malloy
Tot Marvel—Margaret Carnahan
Watts—Harry Brunty
Annie—Sylvia Paine
Maggie—Margaret Kinder
Foster—Miles Norton
Michael—Eugene Howe
Simpson—Charles Hulbert
Jones—Thielen Huddleston

ATHLETICS

Basketball (4-8)

We went to Rantoul December 11 to open the basketball season. In spite of the fact that our boys had been practicing a short while, they put up a splendid fight. We were beaten by a score of 35 to 12.

The next week-end we went to Ogden and defeated them 17 to 10. It was a very fast game with many fouls on both sides.

Our next game was with Monticello at Urbana. They beat us in a very slow, uninteresting game. Our men were out of condition, and Coach Restle was out of town.

We went to Leroy and were a little unfortunate in the overtime period. The score at the end of the half was 12 to 4 in favor of Uni High. In the second half, they made 9 points to our one, tying the score 13 to 13.

St. Joseph was sent home with the small end of a 29 to 3 score. St. Joseph was without several of their squad, due to ineligibility.

We met Tolono the following week and succeeded in beating them 16 t o15. Irvin was injured to the extent that he was disabled to play his best for the rest of the season.

Ogden came here for a return game and was again defeated. The score for this game was 23 to 19.

Due to a little hard luck, we lost two successive games to Mansfield. We lost the first 20 to 8, and nearly succeeded in beating them the second, the score being 19 to 16.

Rantoul came to Urbana and won in a close game 17 to 19. Their expectations were upset as they were expecting an easy game.

In the district tournament we drew Champaign. According to the dope we had no chance, but backed by loyal Uni High supporters we put up a strong fight and nearly succeeded in winning. The final score was 25 to 16. Huddlestun was the high scorer of the game with 13 points. This game was considered by most people the outstanding game of our season.

A week later we went to Monticello to play a postponed game. Being over confident and out of condition, we lost the game 39 to 22.

Track

In our first meet of the track season, we met Onarga Military Academy. One first was taken by W. Mathis breaking the school record in the high jump. Hulbert took second in the high jump, broad jump, fifty yard dash; J. Mathis, second in the mile; C. Johnson, second in the high hurdles; and V. Ferris, second in the shot put. We also won the relay. Transportation being poor, we were unable to go to Watseka and so were not entered in the interscholastics.

Class Basketball

The class basketball tournament was played in the University High gymnasium shortly after the close of the official basketball season.

Each team played two games. The freshmen drew the sophomores, while the seniors drew the juniors for the first round. the frosh were easily defeated by the sophs the same evening that the seniors whipped the juniors.

The following evening the juniors won a close game from the freshmen for third place. In the championship tilt the seniors easily downed the sophs by a score of 26 to 12.

This is the second straight year the class of '26 has won the class title.

Our Coach

A very large degree of our success in athletics this year is due to Coach Restle. Mr. Restle is a junior in the coaching school, and we hope he will be with us next year. He has intimated that he would like to remain. We are all hoping that he will have success wherever he is.

PANICS AND FADES
Sunshine
Crackers
M. Carnahan

NOW
THAT THE YEAR
IS OVER

May we express our appreciation of the pleasant relations we have had with the University High School faculty and students during 1925-26.

THE REAL CO-OP
ENGINEERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

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ON THE WAY TO UNI. HIGH

Bidwell's

BETTER
CANDIES

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Urbana
515 S. Goodwin

A fat man has one advantage over his thin brethren. He knows exactly where his cigar ashes are going to fall.

M. Schroth: I hear you are studying astronomy?
P. Miles: Not exactly, I am taking boxing.

M. Guild: Do you think you will be doing anything tonight?
W. Mathis: No.
M. Guild: Then don't come over.

Mary Liz: What's an usher?
Scrutch: He's the guy that takes the leading part in the theatre.

Mr. Harnish: Did Pyrrhaieu (meaning a chemical) play a very important role in the early part of the new world?
W. Mathis: I never heard of him, so I don't think he did.

Very Much Stude: Don't throw me down, Coach Prehn, I can't wrestle.

★

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URBANA :: ILLINOIS

You never know how good
your shoes can be fixed till
you try us.

E. Howe: How long should a good summary be?

Miss S: Legs long enough to reach the ground.

Miss Swander: Eugene, why aren't you writing?

E. Howe: I ain't got no pen.

Miss Swander: Where's your Grammar?

E. Howe: She's dead.

Miss Robinson to grocery boy: Where are those wieners I ordered?

Grocery boy: The butcher said the wurst is yet to come.

Mr. Harnish in physics class: What did Sir Isaac Newton say when the apple fell on his head?

Tom Mallory: It's lucky it wasn't a brick.

C. Johnson going up to Betty's door: Betty is your mother engaged?

Betty: I don't think she's engaged any more, I think she's married.

Wuesteman

Jewelry Store

Headquarters for watches, diamonds, and jewelry of the better grade.

Having maintained a reputable business for 26 years we solicit yours with appreciation of your recent confidence in us.

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SPANG'S

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Urbana Side of Campus

515 East Green Street
Champaign Side of Campus

Clarke-Thompson

FOR LUMBER

612 South Neil Street

Champaign, Ill.

The height of hard luck in grandfather's day was to get a haircut just before an Indian massacre.

A diamond scarf pin goes to the student who asks the prof. to open the windows, as he can not sleep if the room is not cold.

My idea of a dumbell is the guy who stayed up most of the night studying for an 8:30 and then was too sleepy to get to it.

Molly: Oh see my engagement ring.
Dolly: Oh yes. I wore it all last summer.

Fannie Body calls tell 'em I'm out.

George Rice: Do you know Hiawatha?
Tom M.: No.
George R.: Hiwatha nice boy till I met you.

Famous Last Lines

What? An E.

I'll shoot you. BANG!

Miss Thomsen: Lorayne, did you make that face at me?

Lorayne: No ma'am, you walked in front of it.

Cop: You were making forty-five. I'll have to pinch you.

Betty McG.: Oh, if you must, do it where it won't show.

How to Reduce

Push away from the table three times daily.

An educated man has been defined as one who can keep his seventh grade son from thinking him a dumbell.

At the Employment Agency

Manager: And you do not smoke, chew, or drink, nor—.

V. Ferris: No sir, I have no feminine characteristics.

A. G. Kirmse

Jeweler

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Gifts for Graduation

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Let us coax it back for you

Ernie's Restaurants

Famous for ten cent Malts

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NO. 2 — 210 S. Mathews

Ma, may I go out to play?
What, with those holes in your stockings?
No, with the kids next door.

Mansfield Waiter: Want soup?
Bernie: Is it good soup?
Waiter: Sure, fourteen carrot.

So It Was You

Traffic Cop: What's your name?
Truck Driver: It's on th' side of me wagon.
Cop (trying to read name): It's obliterated.
Driver: Yer a liar! It's O'Brien.

Kansas Highways

Miss Anderson: "Ralph, how much did you pay for that ruler?"
Ralph Spang: 'I paid two bits for it."
Miss Anderson: Janet, how much is two bits?
Janet Eisner: "I think its fifty cents."

In Chem. class: Mildred Smith aside to Alicia Vines, "Say who wrote Charles and Boyle's laws.

Did you bring that $1.25.
Now about tardiness.
Will someone loan me a handkerchief?
Hello sugar.
Will someone loan me a pencil?

Sunday School teacher to Ralph S. Do you know what happens to little boys who use bad language when playing marbles?
Ralph Spang: "Yes, they grow up and learn to play golf.

How fat and well your little boy looks."
Mrs. Wilson: You should never judge by appearances. Charles has a gumboil on one side of his face and has been stung by a wasp on the other.

Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?
Yes, replied Mr. Harnish, When my mother used to wash my hair, I often wished I might be bald-headed.

Mr. Kukets: Where can I get specimens of bed bugs?
Betty McGrew: You can search me.

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Wright
Sweet Shop

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UNI HIGH'S PATRONAGE

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candy and service
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Zimmerman

WRIGHT STREET

Just
another
word
meaning

Men's Wear

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Flower
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H. Shilling: Don't you have a dynamo at the end of a short story.

Miss Swander: You don't mean a dynamo, but a denoument."

Miss Swander: In regard to setting plot, and character in this sentence, which would it be? A long legged man slipping on the ice. . . "

H. Spalding: I think it certainly would be setting."

Miss Swander: "Hal, what is wrong this sentence? The dress that I am wearing is worth $30.

Hal: Well, the only thing that I see wrong is that the dress is too cheap.

George Rice: How far are you in "Economics"?

Betty McGrew: We're in the last stages of consumption.

L. Sturdyvin: What's your idea of the tightest man in school?

H. Spalding: "The guy that won't take a shower because they soak him too much."

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store for men
young men
and boys
of
Central
Illinois.

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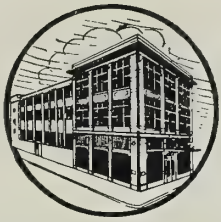
CHAMPAIGN



You Can Buy With Confidence At Willis'

G. C. WILLIS
The Store of Quality

Traffic Cop to Miles Norton: Say, why don't you hurry up and get that thing parked? You have been there ever since noon.

Miles: Well, see here. If this thing was a cultivator. I'd been in there an hour ago.

Margaret Guild: Did you bring your $1.25.

C. Hulbert: What for?

Margaret G.: U. and I. (Magazine).

Chuck: Where are we going?

GREGORY'S MARKET
Groceries and Meats
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SERVICE AND QUALITY
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THE CO-OP WISHES TO EXPRESS ITS BEST WISHES TO THE CLASS OF 1926

Those of you entering University next fall will find the CO-OP prepared to serve you with all the needed supplies

"THE CO-OP"
(The U. of I. Supply Store)

The Olympia

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"We all must meet to eat and drink"

Specialty on Malteds and Bostons

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Everything You Wear
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Casad, (himself) (in Geometry Class): Miss Thomsen, the only way I can remember the formula for Diameter is Desert equals Cream over Pie.

What does the doctor do when he finishes an operation on your father?
So's your old man.

Mr. Alter had been giving one of his frequent orations in the American history class. As usual the whole lass relapsed into a state of inattentiveness until it was over. Mr. Alter then asked a question, and since none of the class knew the answer, he asked the practice teacher. When she said that she didn't know, he said, so you weren't with us either.'' Warrick Squires butted in and said ''Sleepy time gal.''

Miss Taylor in Trig. Class: It seems that there is a shortage of chalk due to the fact that students try to throw it into the Education Building over there.

Sylvia: They can only get it in the windown about once in a hundred times.

Morris: Oh I can put 'em in three at a time.

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CANDIES
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Seniors

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Wayne Jackson and S. E. Jackson

Phone 5763

Mr. Harnish in Chemistry: Bernard, if H_2O is water, what is sea water?

Bernard Mullen: CH^2O.

Ruth Catherwood in English IV: How do you pronounce per-per-perspicacity.

Tom Kane—Sneeze!

Ralph S: What's funny?

Merton: (stopping at a sign post) Look! It says: Five miles to Danville. If you can't read inquire at the yellow farmhouse. Ha! Ha!

Ralph S: I can't see anything funny." (A mile in silence).

Ralph S: Oh, I see what if the people weren't home?

Shocked Mother: Johnny, where did you learn those terrible words?

Johnny: Well Shakespeare used them.

Mother: Well, I want you to stop playing with that Shakespeare.

One of Miss Swander's nightmares:

Somebody went up to heaven and knocked on the golden gates.

Saint Peter: Who's there?

The answer: It's me.

Saint Peter: Enter in.

Miss Swander also knocked and heard the same question.

She answered: It is I.

Saint Peter: You must be another one of those darned school teachers, you don't belong up here.

FLANIGAN-PEARSON CO.

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Do You Remember Way Back When—

Margaret Carnahan was such a sweet little girl?

Betty Stiven had those nice long pig-tails?

Thielen Huddlestun was a little boy?

Harry Brunty wore that cute grin?

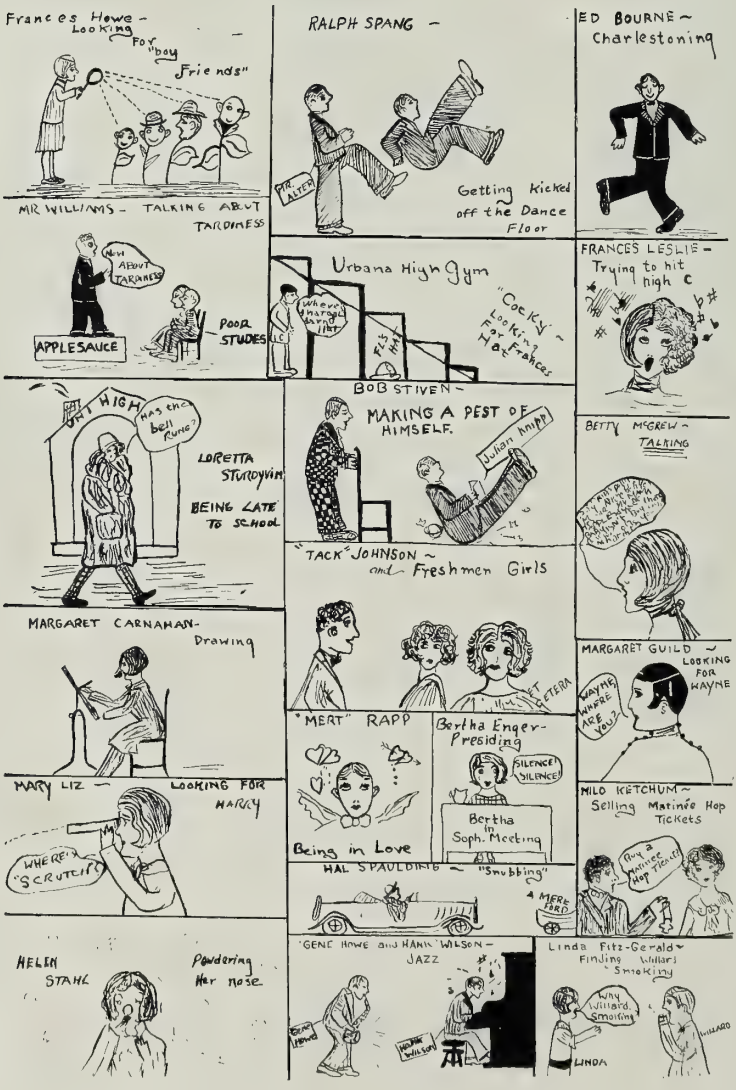
Mary Wiley was the same little Mary?

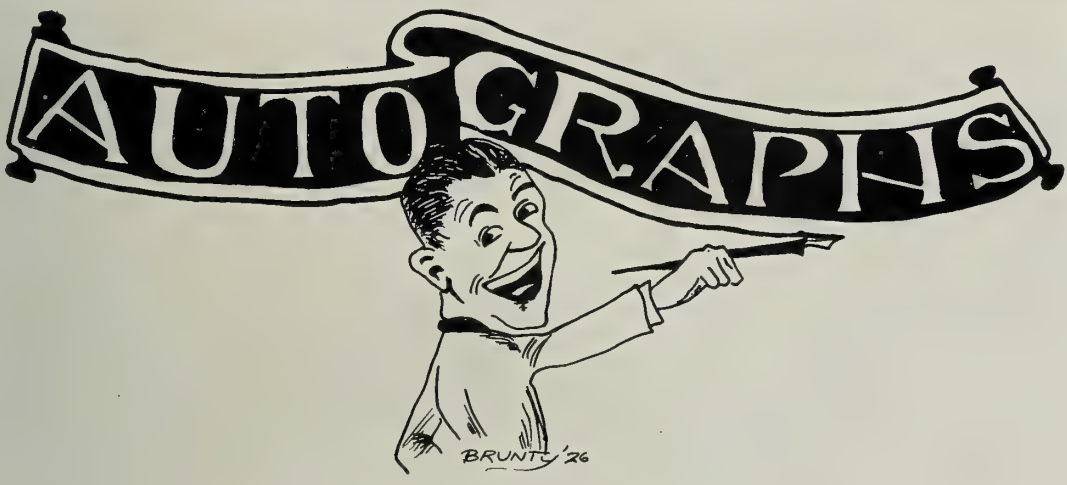
Margaret Guild didn't know more than the teachers?

Vernon Ferris was bashful, or did he just get that way?

George Rice wasn't grown up?

But we all thought we were good looking then!

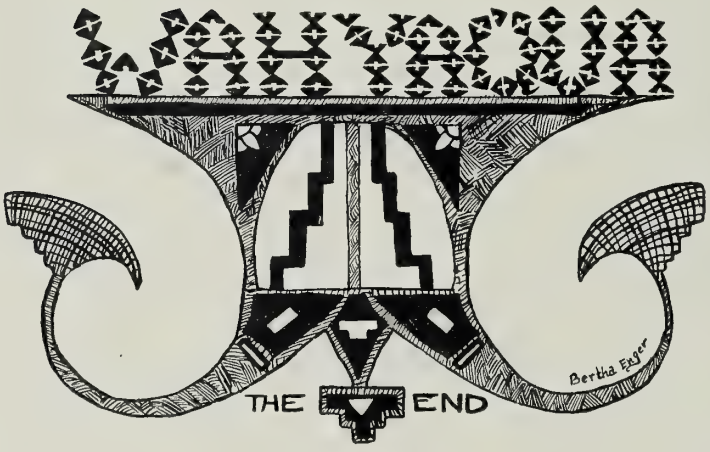

Frances Howe - Looking For "boy Friends"
RALPH SPANG -
MR. ALTER
Getting Kicked off the Dance Floor
ED BOURNE ~ Charlestoning
MR WILLIAMS - TALKING ABOUT TARDINESS
NEW ABOUT TARDINESS
APPLESAUCE
POOR STUDES
Urbana High Gym
"Cocky" - Looking For Frances Hat
FRANCES LESLIE - Trying to hit high C
UNI HIGH
Has the bell Rung?
LORETTA STURDYVIN
BEING LATE TO SCHOOL
BOB STIVEN -
MAKING A PEST OF HIMSELF.
Julian Knipp
BETTY McGREW - TALKING
"TACK" JOHNSON ~ and Freshmen Girls
MARGARET CARNAHAN - Drawing
MARGARET GUILD ~ LOOKING FOR WAYNE
WAYNE, WHERE ARE YOU?
"MERT" RAPP
Being in Love
Bertha Enger - Presiding
SILENCE! SILENCE!
Bertha in Soph. Meeting
MARY LIZ - LOOKING FOR HARRY
WHERE'S "SCRUTCH"?
MILO KETCHUM ~ Selling Matinée Hop Tickets
Buy a Matinee Hop Ticket!
HAL SPAULDING ~ "Snubbing"
A MERE FORD
HELEN STAHL
Powdering Her nose
"GENE HOWE and HANK WILSON - JAZZ
Linda Fitz-Gerald - Finding Willard Smoking
Why Willard Smoking
LINDA
WILLARD


AUTOGRAPHS
BRUNTY '26

In Conclusion

We thank you, who have so unselfishly cooperated with us in publishing this U. and I. May it prove to be a source of constant enjoyment.

U AND I STAFF '26



U and I

University High School Magazine

Published by

The Senior Class

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

June, 1927

Volume Six

University of Illinois High School
Urbana, Illinois

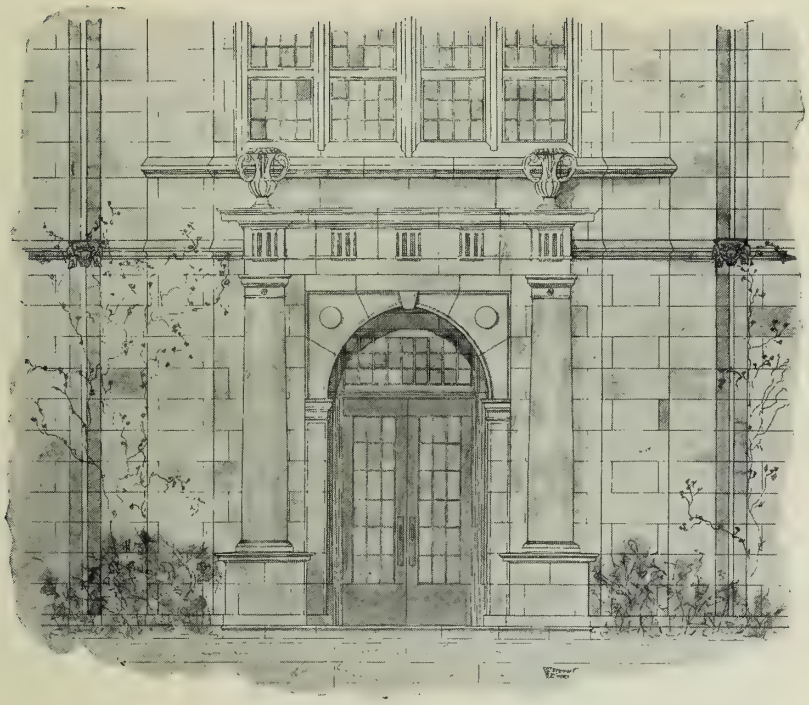
DEDICATION

THE CLASS OF 1927

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS
VOLUME OF THE U AND I TO

MISS ANNA MARIE ANDERSON

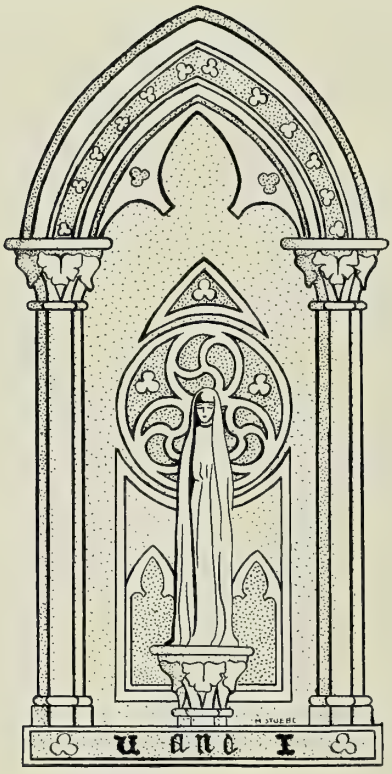
AS A MEANS OF EXPRESSING
THEIR SINCERE APPRECIATION
OF HER WORK IN
COOPERATION WITH THEM



ASPIRATIONS

The English Gothic architecture of our building is beautiful with its fine lines, its graceful spires, and its conventional designs. However, we that dwell within like to think of it as something more, something close to our affections. Its spires will not hold human beauty until more appealing things are added. Traditions must yet be formed and memories joined to the material decorations. Deeds must be accomplished as well as lessons learned. We want the shields to tell of battles won; we wish the pillars to record memories of pleasant hours; we desire the emblems to stand for human relationships. Already our workers have begun to build for the expression of these ideas. Each class strives to leave some mark behind as another step toward the goal.

JANE SNODGRASS '27

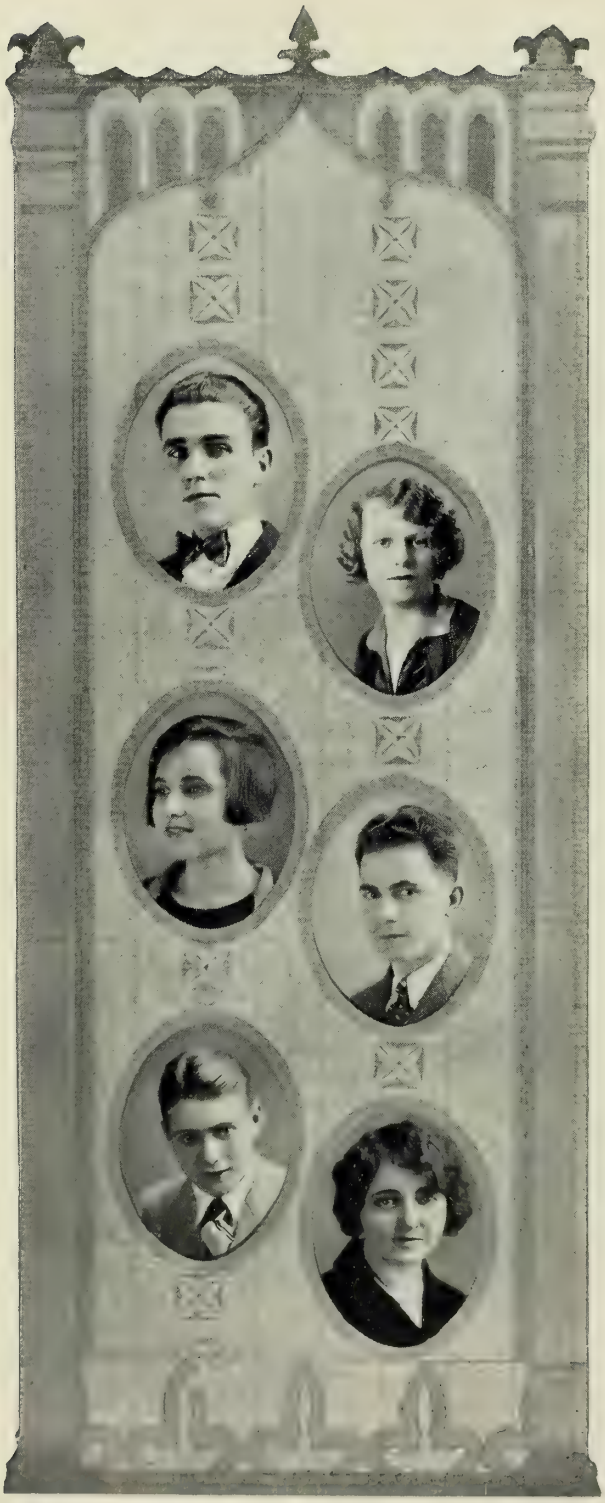


FOREWORD

As seniors, we wish to present our Annual, the 1927 U and I. We have assembled in this volume the records which we think best represent the past school year. We should like to hold these in memeory forever. May this book serve as a constant reminder of the friends we have found and the many happy days we have spent in University High School.

MORRIS JOHNSON,
Editor-in-chief

Staff



FLOYD I. ALEXANDER

"SLIM" Gays High School

"He never makes a hasty decision,
For he is a man of precision."

EVA BECKER

Senior Play.

"Give me a Ford and Jim, and let the rest of the world go by."

LUBA BELEVITCH

American School, Monastir, Serbia

Camp Fire Girl.

"A kind and gentle spirit is a treasure."

DICKRAN H. DAGHLIAN

"DICK"

Orchestra; Glee Club.

"Success awaits the willing worker."

ELWOOD FABERT

Champaign High School

Senior Play; Class Will; Thimble Theatre Guild.

"The great end of life is not knowledge but action."

MARY CATHERINE COFFIN

"MIDGET"

Hope, New Mexico High School

"A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

BERNICE FRISLIE

"BE" *Brandon High School*

"A cheerful lass, a gentle lass,
A friend sincere and true."

JOHN GREGORY

Ashland, Wisconsin High School

Class Will.

"Look out, Prince of Wales, John's in town."

RUTH HABERMEYER

U and I Staff; "Bohemian Girl;" Representative in County Music Contest; Glee Club.

"The Gods have not in all their choice
A gift more prized than a beautiful voice."

MARY LOUISE IRVIN

Senior Play; U and I Staff; Girl Reserve, Vice President; Thimble Theatre Guild, Publicity Manager; Home Ec Club, Vice President; "The Ghost In the Boarding School;" Senior Invitation Committee; Farewell.

"And suggest that she dismiss absolutely all superfluous, apprehensive misgivings."

HARRY IRVIN

"SCRUTCH"

Class President; Basketball Team; Thimble Theatre Guild, President; Senior Committee; U and I Staff; Senior Play.

"A little, curly headed, mischief making monkey from his birth."

FREDDRICK R. HINES

"FREDDIE" Champaign High School

"Behind a frowning province
He hides a smiling face."

MORRIS JOHNSON

Hi-Y Club, Secretary-Treasurer; U and I Staff; Senior Play, Stage Manager; Thimble Theatre Guild; Class Will.

"His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune."

LOUISE LOCKE

"SHORTY"

Girl Reserve; Thimble Theatre Guild; Home Ec Club, President; Senior Play; Senior Committee; Class Prophecy.

"Live while you're livin', cause you'r goin' to be a long time dead."

JANE SNODGRASS

Senior Play; U and I staff; Girl Reserve, Social Chairman; Thimble Theatre Guild; Home Ec Club, Social Chairman; "Where But in America;" Senior Invitation Committee; Basketball Banquet, Chairman.

"What mischief lurks behind those dancing eyes?"

MILO S. KETCHUM JR.

U and I Staff; Hi-Y Club; President; Thimble Theatre Guild, Business Manager; Senior Play; Orchestra; Senior Committee; Welcome.

"I stand on the brink of a great career.
Will someone please shove me off?"

BERNARD MULLEN

"BERNIE"

Thimble Theatre Guild; Basketball Team; Senior Play.

"The girls all cry, 'He's quite the kick'."

RUTH STUTTLE

Litchfield Community High School

"RUTHIE"

Girl Reserve; Thimble Theatre Guild; U and I Staff; Class Prophecy.

"A smiling disposition is my greeting ammunition."

CHRISTINE TAYLOR

Class Secretary-Treasurer; U and I Staff; Glee Club; Camp Fire Girl, Theasurer; Senior Play, Property Manager; Junior Senior Banquet Committee, Chairman; Hatchet Oration.

"With lots of pep and lots of fun
I'll do the things that can't be done."

GEORGE WELLINGTON PICKELS

"PIC"

Class Poet; Senior Play, Electrician.

"His head is so full of electricity
It has even ignited his hair."

RUSSELL T. SUTHERLAND

"RUSS" Beloit Central High School

"If silence, wisdom doth betoken,
How wise are they who ne'er have spoken."

HELEN THOMSEN Iowa City High

Girl Reserve, Secretary; Home Ec Club; Thimble Theatre Guild; Senior Invitation Committee; Girl Reserve Stunt Show, Chairman; Class Prophecy.

"Tall, and most divinely fair, and every inch a lady."

ELIZABETH ARNOLD WINDSOR

Glee Club; Girl Reserve, Service Chairman; Camp Fire Girl, Secretary; Class Historian.

"Of boys and their lovely looks,
I thought not, being busy with my books."

GEORGE VRINER

Champaign High School

"A bold bad man."

EUGENIE HERSHEY

Scott High School, Toledo, Ohio

Senior Play, Business Manager.

"She has no sorrow in her song,
No winter in her year."

SENIOR CLASS POEM

E'en as the traveler through the mountain snow
Who, climbing to see the dawn break o'er the edge
Of the divide, must stop on some rock ledge
To rest and, turning to view the trail below,
Will mark the points that but short time ago
Appeared quite steep and therefore made him hedge,
Will take anew the trail confirmed by knowledge
That the way ahead is smoother than doth show;
So at this resting place we pause and turn,
Reviewing high school tasks and holidays,
And, from our many memories, we learn
That untrod paths look roughest to the gaze.
And so, with courage strengthened by the past,
May we attain the highest peak at last.

GEORGE PICKELS '27

MEDITATIONS OF A GARGOYLE

My life as a gargoyle is not as distressful as it may seem from the ugly expression on my face. If you look up at me, perched above the south door of Uni High, you will suppose that I am the least contented of gargoyles. On the contrary, I love this school and would do anything possible for it.

I shall try to tell you particularly about the Class of 1927. They were the little Freshmen of 1923 who came on registration day, each with one or more parents to tell him what subjects to take.

How little the Freshmen were! One girl had long curls hanging loosely around her face; one little boy took himself so seriously that he would hardly look at anything beside a book. What a fuss about that little girl with mischief in her eyes! Her name made every one turn around and giggle, but the Freshmen thought she was trustworthy enough to have the care of the class records. Then there was Louise, the little girl who tried to be grown up. Even though she used curlers, she was "a nice kid," and the class made her Vice-President. Morris, the tallest boy in the class, was elected Treasurer; his chum and constant compaion, Harry, was the President.

Finally September came, and so did the new Sophomores. One of them was a sister of a Math. teacher, who must have been popular with the class because they elected her President. Loretta Sturdyvin, was elected Secretary.

Milo was still moving slowly about the school. Even though some thought him too deliberate, a good spirit prompted them to elect him to the treasureship where he proved his ability to collect class dues. Mary Louise, still with long curls, took the vice-presidency.

The new President gave some girls quite a thrill by picking them up in his father's electric, which he had learned to drive. Grown tall in the last few months, he made a good leader for the class. One of the distinguished basketball players was the fee-collector and keeper of the money bags. His chum, Morris, was co-worker with the secretarial office, though I am afraid he never kept record of meetings.

Truly the Juniors had their full share of party management, with the matinee hops, April Fools' Day Party, *and* the Junior-Senior Banquet. This last is quite a special occasion: the Juniors even wrote *formal* invitations! It seemed funny to me, for *every* one of the Juniors and Seniors had been looking forward to this event. It was given just after the last exam, a time that seemed rather hard on the poor Seniors, but they all said that it was *so* nice to have something like that to anticipate.

Seniors! It hardly seemed possible, but my favorite class had progressed just like any other.

This past year has sped by so fast with U and I, senior play and all, that it scarcely seems possible that commencement week is here. The usual festivities are over: the Junior-Senior Banquet, Baccalaureate, and Commencement; but the next class will have a special charm of its own. I hope that all the future graduating classes will have these same closing features; they will not grow tiresome, but to the contrary they will always give me and all the others a thrill of pleasure—the last impression of University High School.

ELIZABETH WINDSOR '27

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 5, 8 P. M.
Henderson Hall, Wesley Foundation

Prelude	Instrumental Ensemble
Invocation	Reverend A. J. Beil
Sunset Hour (Abt)	Girls Glee Club
Scripture	Reverend A. J. Beil
Vocal Solo—selected	Ruth Habermeyer '27
Sermon	Dr. W. A. Goodell
Selected Number	Combined Glee Clubs
Benediction	Reverend A. J. Beil
Postlude	Instrumental Ensemble

Class Day Exercises

Wednesday, June 8, 7:30 P. M.
Auditorium, University High School

President's Welcome	Harry Irvin
Class History	Elizabeth Windsor
Class Poem	George Pickles
Class Will	Morris Johnson, Elwood Fabert, John Gregory
Class Prophecy	Louise Locke, Helen Thomsen, Ruth Stuttle
Hatchet Oration	Christine Taylor
Junior Response	Henry Wilson
Principal's Address	Lewis W. Williams

Special Music under the direction of the University High School Music Department.

Commencement

Thursday, June 9, 8 P. M.
Henderson Hall, Wesley Foundation

March Romaine (Guonod)	University High School Orchestra
Invocation	Reverend Stephen E. Fisher
Welcome	Milo Ketchum
Calif of Bagdad Overture (Boieldieu)	University High School Orchestra
Commencement Address	Edward C. Baldwin
	Professor of English, University of Illinois
Intermezzo from L'Arlesienne Suite (Bizet)	University High School Orchester
Farewell	Mary Louise Irvin
Presentation of Diplomas	Charles E. Chadsey
	Dean of the College of Education
Presentation of American History Award	Mrs. J. W. Hays
	Repesentative of The Daughters of the American Revolution
Benediction	Reverend Stephen E. Fisher

WELCOME

Those of us who are about to leave the University High School find great pleasure in the recollections of the life spent in this school. We smile when we think of how we came as simple Freshmen. We remember how we looked up to the Seniors as "pillars of nobility." We wonder now what the Freshmen think of us. In our sophomore year we were more sophisticated. We had nine months of high school experience behind us. We recall how as Juniors we came to school to look over the new freshman class. With the senior year, we have achieved the title of "old timers" and have sat by to see the under class men "cut up." Now we begin to awaken to the fact that high school days are about to end. Back in every Senior's mind is the realization that he is about to leave.

As we enjoy these recollections, we think what a treasure house the memory is. It gives us pleasure when we are idle, and it relieves the monotony when we are at work. It gives us courage to face those hardships that lie before us. These are the things that make life pleasant.

Our high school experience is not finished though, for we have one more great experience to put into the files of our memories. That event takes place this evening. We wish to share this experience with you. It is thus with great enthusiasm that we welcome you to the sixth Annual Commencement of the University High School.

MILO KETCHUM '27

CLASS DAY GREETINGS

It is an established tradition of Uni High to hold each spring a class day exercise. It is the forerunner of the numerous events and entertainments pertaining to graduation. It is much lighter and less serious than graduation. It is a time when we exchange jests, and everything is taken good naturedly.

An especial effort has been made on the part of both students and faculty to make the program of this year an exceptional success.

The class history, poem, prophecy, and will are to be given by representatives from the out-going class.

As a member of the class of 1927, I welcome you to this class day program and hope you will enjoy it as much as we enjoyed planning it.

HARRY IRVIN '27

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1927

We, the Senior Class of University High School, being of extra sound mind and extremely firm judgement, do make, declare, and present this, our last will and testament, in the year of our Lord, June 8, 1927 A. D.

1—I, Luba Belevitch, leave my hefty physique to Andy Draper.

2—I, Mary Louise Irvin, leave my sophistication to Clarence Thompson.

3—I, Elizabeth Windsor, leave to Rachel Worthen my fast dates with Joe College.

4—I, Morris Johnson, agree to leave all the money I "knockdown" off the anuual to be put in a trust fund to buy garters for all high school boys.

5—I, Russell Sutherland, will leave "that cutest little baby face" of mine to Mary Ferris, though I hate to part with it.

6—I, John Gregory, will leave an enlarged picture of myself to the school, providing it will be placed in the lower hall between the pictures of Calvin Coolidge and the "Landing of the Pilgrims."

7—I, Ruth Habermeyer, leave my grace, clever poise, and hauteur to "Upperly" Clinkenbeard, Ted Parmalee, and John Clements.

8—I, Elwood Fabert, the most studious boy in school, do leave my hi-powered, under-slung roadster to Miss Hart.

9—I, Milo Ketchum, do bravely leave my "Blumps-Blake" drawl to Elizabeth Zimmerman, the girl with the slow Southern accent.

10—I, Dikran Daglian, leave my war experience, wordly travels, and speaking acquaintances with Prince of Wales, Princess Illeanya, and Mussolini to Merton Rapp.

11—I, George Pickels, the famous mathematician, bequeath my "book larnin" to David Baldwin.

12—I, Bernard Mullen, leave my remarkable personability my handsomeness, and "IT" to Leo Stayton, for he needs them.

13—I, Floyd Alexander, leave my retiring disposition to Williard Padfield, Irwin Cochran, and Robert Stiven.

14—I, George Vriner, leave my superhuman power over Miss Hart when asking for excuses, to Bob Wright.

15—I, Harry Irvin, leave my temper to Bill Waxler, Philip Miles, Frank Carahan, Theodore Newcomb, Linda Fitzgerald, and Helen Johnson.

16—I, Eva Becker, bequeath to Terlan Paul, my "line" to the "profs," which bring me A's.

17—I, Ruth Stuttle, do hereby leave my knack of dating college boys to Tressa Norton.

18—I, Louise Locke, have nothing with which I wish to part, and I take great pleasure in leaving that to Lyle Jackson and George Fry.

19—I, Jane Snodgrass, leave my sonorous voice to Betty Provine.

20—I, Helen Thomsen, leave my sister Anne to anyone who needs her help.

21—I, Fred Hines, bequeath to John Clements my art of wearing clothes.

22—I, Eugenie Hershey, leave to Frances Leslie, the stilts which I have always used on my dates with Morris Johnson.

23—I, Mary Catherine Coffin, leave my surname to all the dead ones.

24—I, Bernice Frislie, do leave my quiet ways, soft melodious voice and attractions which win over the opposite sex to Azalia Wheeler.

25—I, Christine Taylor, leave my political aspirations to anyone who will take them.

We do appoint Ivan Awfulitch and Ween Hunglow as executors, without bond, of this will, subscribed our names and our seals this eighth day of June. in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

(Signed)

Witnesses
JOHN DOE

ELWOOD FABERT
JOHN GREGORY
MORRIS JOHNSON
} Lawyers of the Class of '27

CLASS PROPHECY

CHARACTERS:

RUTH, *hostess;* LOUISE, *guest;* HELEN, *guest;* ELWOOD, *guest;* BERNARD, *guest.*

ACT I

SCENE: Living room in Ruth Stuttle's home.

Maid is straightening up the room. (Telephone rings.)

MAID: Hello. Yes, Yes, just a minute. (Goes to call Ruth.)

RUTH *(enters)* Who could be calling this time of morning? Hello—Louise, well, where are you? Home? Class day party here? You surely can, that will be fine. You're coming to-night? I'll be waiting for you.

(Door bell rings. Maid answers it. Bernard Mullen enters.)

RUTH: Bernard, himself. I hear you're President of William and Mary College now.

BERNARD: Yes, I always liked school. We have (5) months for the school year and no examinations.

RUTH: Great! All we had in Uni High was quizes. Say Berny do you know Milo Ketchum is a chemist now? Graduated from Bondville College Ph. B., Ph. D., and LL. D. and all that.

BERNARD: Yes, he's Professor now, in St. Joseph College. Just invented heatless fire and liquid coal.

(Louise comes rushing in over towards Ruth.)

LOUISE: Hello Ruth. And here's Berny. How's presidency? I never thought you would get that high.

BERNARD: Sure did—And How? (laughs) I saw Elizabeth Windsor on my way here, in Sydney. She's instructor in a college of Education. Fine job.

(Telephone rings.) Ruth answers. Hello. Yes, Mrs. Chase.—(long pause) Well, I'll get them a tutor to-morrow. By the way, we 27ers are having a house party here to-night and to-morrow. Be sure to drop in awhile—All right. Good-bye. Oh my, she would call me up right now to say that Bob and Ed were flunking American History.

BERNARD: That's all right, Ruth. You can coach them yourself.

(Maid enters with a cablegram.)

Ruth opens and reads it: Berlin. Greetings. Hary Irvin.

BERNARD: Yes, it is absolutely impossible for him to come. He is specializing in skin diseases and finals are next week.

LOUISE: I knew he was specializing in skin diseases, you know, warts, hives, moles, itch and jiggers.

BERNARD: President of A. A. W. S. S. too. (American Association of Women's Scientific Skin Surgeons.)

RUTH: Harry always looked like a surgeon. Louise, you're owner of a Parisian Style and Beauty Shoppe now, aren't you?

HELEN *enters*: Such a time as I had getting here. I had to cut some classes as it is. I'm Physical Education instructor in Vermont now. Last week I introduced a new method of stretching broken backs and remodeling cracked bones.

BERNARD: We instructors are plenty busy. Here's a letter I received from George Vriner yesterday. He says the roads are impassable and the horse is sick. He's caretaker of the "Community House for Homeless Young Men."

LOUISE: Ha, Ha. I saw Dickran Daghlian last month. He is spending his time abroad in various conservatories of music.

(Door bell rings. Bernard goes to the door—a travelling bag is thrown in—Elwood walks in.)

ELWOOD: Howdy, folks. Who got this party up anyway? I hated to leave the field. I'm aviator now.

RUTH: I always thought that Ford you drove would leave the ground and fly off.

ELWOOD: Say listen hear, Eva Becker is editor of the beauty hints and advice to lovelorn, column of a large newspaper. No doubt her training started with the Senior Play we gave "Not So Fast."

(Maid enters with afternoon mail.)

RUTH: Look at all these letters—Mahomet, Illinois. Dear Classmates: If I arrive I will probably be late. Must finish my "Needlework" article on my inventions—eyeless needles and pointless pins. The title is "Household Hints for Hopeless Humans." Jane Snodgrass. Here Berny read this one.

BERNARD: Tolono, Illinois. Dear 27ers. Not a chance for me to come. I'm preceptress of Seminary for Young Females here at Tolono. I'm writing a book "Rules for Young Ladies Entertaining Gentlemen." Eugenie Hershey.

HELEN THOMPSEN *reads one*: Danville—Classmates: As a heart specialist I have little time for pleasure therefore I can not see all of you. I am completing an extensive research on the causes of cardiac palpitations of the heart. The discovery seems to be that the cause for this malicious disease has at its basis—eyestrain from viewing men's swimming meets. John Gregory.

ELWOOD: *(Laughs louds)*—Here's a good one from Chicago. I will not be able to attend the party as I am working very hard in the academy of Fine Arts. Am now practicing on stone carving on the city jail. George Pickles. This is from Mary Louise Irvin—she is called the greatest living portrayer of "Lady Macbeth." Played in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." She's working on her drama "Hen-pecked" to be given in Moral Hall, Paris.

(Telephone—Ruth answers): Fred Hines? You can't come—why? We're sorry. Goodbye. Fred can't come either, he's a mechanical engineer to the Google Spark Plug Co. who constructed the bridge over Roosevelt Dam.

LOUISE: *(reading a letter)*. Will try to attend the party. I am touring Illinoise giving lectures on "How to Bring up Husbands." Christine Taylor.

BERNARD *reads a telegram*. Classmates. Besides being a music critic and musician I'm professor in the Conservatory of Music, New York. We are now giving the great opera "Itching." Ruth Habermeyer. She's editor of "The Sharp and Flat," usually flat.

HELEN THOMPSON: Maurice Johnson is a dental surgeon at Peoria, he graduated as a D. W. T. (Doctor of Wisdom Toothaches.) He's author of "Dental Relief for Toothless Humans." Oh, I almost forgot to tell you Mary Catherine Coffin is now Mrs. Akhern and she is the first woman senator from her district. Her campaign was ably managed by Bernice Frislie who learned a great deal about gathering votes from the Junior Class politicians of Uni High in 1927.

(Special Delivery) Ruth reads: New York, Dear Classmates: I am a landscape gardener now, wonderful work. I specialize in dandelions for the background. Just recently set our four thousand plants. Luba Belevitch.

ELWOOD *(looking at his watch)*—Say that train will be here in ten minutes. Come on, My Ford's outside. We'll all go to meet Christine and Jane.

CURTAIN

THE HATCHET ORATION

Near the waters of the Boneyard,
Near the home of the Illini,
Was the Univers'ty High School,
Dwelt the class of '27.
Five great tribes had passed before us,
Five great tribes had had their warriors,
Battle-scarred, but brave and earnest.
From each group of White Illini,
Passed a hatched, great and mighty.

There our class as freshmen started:
Girls with locks, long flowing, glossy,
Locks of pride to Indian maidens,
Perchance, void of Indian custom,
Curled or done in coiling pig tails,
Mary Lou with hair so golden,
Evan Becker sweet and girlish,
Jane with brown eyes full of tear drops,
Ready o'er the edge to tumble;
Boys, just blushing, smiling, freckled,
Little boys, not yet great warriors.
Unscarred, not yet used to battle,
Morris then did sass no teacher,
Came to school and was an angel,
Harry, not yet grown to shiekhood,
In all sports did greatly revel,
Bernie, speckled like a hen egg,
Did not care for girls so silly.
All did come unto this high school
Where they hoped to gain great prowess.
We had watched the upper classmen
Working, toiling, struggling, worrying.
Would we ever as true Indians
Reach that goal we so aspired to?
Freshmen, Soph'mores, Juniors, Seniors!
Though the path led through the forest,
Though dark night had oft enveiled us,
Though the goal as yet lay hidden,
N'er the less we toiled on to-ward it.
When as Juniors we received it,
Took the Hatchet from our elders,
Trembling, fearing lest we falter,
We became Illini warriors.
Carefully we too have watched it,
Kept it buried with our treasures,
Bound as one to our great peace pipe.
Yea! Indeed it was our peace pipe.
Never have we dulled its sharp edge,
Faring warfully in battle.
Always peaceful, gentle, kindly,
To our future Warrior Indians.
Carefully we've used the hammer,
Building, forming, and constructing,
Laying slowly a foundation
That each tribe of new-found warriors
Might build soundly on a safe base.
Elizabeth and all her playmates,
Fain would lead us on to warfare,
Thinking they are Indian maidens.
But in contrast stands Squeeks Cameron
All too perfect in her actions.
As a warrior Leo Stayton
Is not worthy yet to mention.
But we have hopes for his future
When he bears the mighty Weapon.
So, Chief Henry, take this Hatchet
As the spokesman of your people.
Use it wisely, Fellow Indians,
Use it not as means of warfare,
But as pruning hook for saplings,
Grown up heedlessly before us.
Extract from our new foundation
Weak parts. But supply more strong ones.
Do not leave the framework tottering.
To you we entrust the hatchet.
Keep it, cherish and protect it,
Pass it on unharmed to others.
We shall pass beyond the Boneyard.
We shall penetrate that forest,
We shall camp within its dark shade
Where we'll wait and watch, and listen
For the tribe of '28.

CHRISTINE TAYLOR '27

THE JUNIOR RESPONSE

We accept this Hatchet from you
And with greatest pity for you,
Since your tribe must feel embarrassed
As it follows the tradition
Of the passing of the Hatchet.
When you think your four years over,
Think how feeble were your actions,
How your tribe's almost a failure
How you didn't buy the tickets
To the Junior-Senior party.
Still, you have a few illustrious,
Brave, red-blooded far-famed warriors;
For example Milo Ketchum
Stately, thoughtful, Milo Ketchum
Up in Physics laboratory
Tries to find a few electrons.
Wild, bloodthirsty, brave is Milo.
He will be a great professor.
Look you how sardonic Dikran,
Copper-colored, wild, blood-thirsty,
Plays his flute with great acumen,
Trills and slurs just like the skylark,
Trills and slurs until he reaches
One high note on which he screeches.
After having been derided,
Once more trys the note, decided,
Sees it doesn't fit the hole; and
When Chief Schultz makes remonstration,
Silencing the demonstration,
Dikran gives him wicked glances,
Grabs his flute, and out he prances.

Look at our vast aggregation,
Our assembly of great Indians,
We who made a demonstration.
Just last year we made a protest
When the social chairman stated
That we could not have our party.
Sophomore braves and Sophomore maidens
Read the notice, yelled their war-cry,
Mad as hornets in the forest,
Started toward Chief Williams nearby.
He would settle all disputing.
They would argue till he did so.
Toward Chief Williams then they started,
And the Chief who saw them coming,
As a hostile tribe approaching,
Wisely ducked into his office,
Quickly shut the door behind him.

Up and down the halls our tribe went
Yelling, mad gesticulating,
Disappointed, tired of waiting.
Yes! we almost had a riot.
When you see our tribe assembled,
See us all in tribal council,
You may see the school's best talent
Represented in our council!
Linda, Paul and Alice Hessler,
All criterions of Dramatics;
Bud Miles, accurate and nimble,
Steps with speed and deft acumen
Here, now there, now sinking baskets;
Jean Smith sings, while Bertha Enger's
Well trained fingers nimbly racing
Up and down upon the keyboard
Bring out notes full, rich and mellow.
Our great tribe is rich in talent;
We need never fear the future.
Still, though gifted by great talents,
Brave and trusting of the future,
There is nothing that can show us
What lies yonder in the forest.
We have looked with admiration
On your brilliant tribe achievements,
Sighted them as glistening records
For ambitions we would realize.
Though you trembled when you took it,
You have used the Hatchet wisely,
Building, shaping, and constructing,
Adding strength to that foundation
Made already strong by other
White Illini gone before you.
Trust us! Our tribe will not fail you,
We will use the weapon wisely,
Cherish, keep it, and protect it.
We will strengthen that foundation
For the future White Illini.
We will strive to leave a record
Glistening spotless, great as yours is;
But if we should chance to falter,
Should the framework chance to totter,
We will look for inspiration
Toward the class of '27.
In our struggles we'll remember
That you camp beyond the Boneyard,
In the shade of yonder forest,
Where you're watching, waiting, listening
For the tribe of '28.

HENRY WILSON '28

FAREWELL

Through our four years of high school, we have ever had a goal in view, our graduation. This event has been our guiding star. Among all the other stars in our firmament of hope and inspiration, it has shown the brightest, shedding its brilliance around all the minor planets, and leading us, the pilgrims on the road to Success, on to our goal.

Other things have helped in our journey. University High School itself, the English Gothic building with its spires and domes pointing upward and on—has helped us and has become a monument of learning and achievement. That subtle, finer something, the unity of spirit of the school, has inspired us and given us strength to do our tasks well. Our friends, the lower classmen, have also spurred us on. Our teachers have always pointed out the way to us and given us a helping hand, when the road was rough and beset with obstacles. As the result of all these influences, we have now reached the goal which we set for ourselves when we entered high school. We are thus far on the road to Success. We realize that other difficulties are to be overcome, other battles are to be fought before we approach the end of the road, for as the poet says,

> "Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And we mount to the summit round by round."

Our high school days have been days filled with pleasure and gladness. These days of work and play will always be remembered by us.

We hope that we have, by our efforts, helped to point out the road and smooth the way for those who will next year and in all the years to come "follow in our train."

Again we are taking up the journey on the highway. We are grateful to the people who have made our journey possible and helped us along the way. As a word of parting we wish to say, like the French, "au revoir, but not adieu."

MARY LOUISE IRVIN '27

TO THE JUNIORS

After observing this year's activities of the Junior class, we Seniors take great pleasure in leaving our offices in such competent hands. In all possible activities of Uni High, such as dramatics, athletics, parties, and studies, you have proved yourselves not only diligent, but also successful workers. And not only have the results themselves been appreciated by us, but the attitude and the general atmosphere of the class have been admired. We can already visualize the few necessary leaders for next year, and we see in actuality the strong, intelligent backing you will have.

These offices which we will intrust to your care and supervision ar exceedingly important. Besides the much longed for dignity which the senior year brings, there is an equal amount of responsibility. In addtion to the numerous thrills and excitements of belonging to the fourth year of high school life, there is a large amount of hard work. This work requires ability, earnestness, and a great amount of real "elbow grease."

Practically every activity demands one hundred per cent more responsibility than those of any other high school year. Hours and hours are consumed in the perfecting of a single problem. And though this problem in its place seems vastly unimportant, next year's class will soon discover that the senior year is made up of hundreds of problems. Efficient leaders must be chosen, and each activity must be tackled with a sincere purpose in mind.

Though we realize that the task is very great, and the work stupendous, we are confident that the Juniors of 1927 will soon become the good scholars, victorious athletes, successful workers, and greatly admired Seniors of 1928.

Harry Irvin, President '27

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

When we started to school here as freshmen,
Too few of us really knew
All the troubles and odds we'd encounter
Before we got half the way through.

We entered the building in terror,
And most of us stared all around.
We gazed at our schedules and wondered
Where an eight o'clock class might be found.

We knew that our very best raiment
Was simply a thing not to wear,
Since washbowls gave bitter reminders
That seniors were folks to beware.

Old freshman days are now over,
We've weathered full many a row;
Though we all know the Social Committee
Is really quite well managed now.

Tho' we've had our good times and our hard times,
Our black sheep too, 'tis confessed,
It's said that of all the four classes,
Undoubtedly we are the best.

The class poet simply is awful,
We don't have financial success,
And tho' candy bar sales did repay us,
The matinee hops were a mess.

But Juniors make most of the Glee Club
And most of the orchestra too.
Whenever the team needs a basket
It's Bud Miles that swishes it through.

We've all of the qualities needed
To create a startling success;
And you'll think when you see our class next year,
That this poem rings true—more or less.

HENRY WILSON '28

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

In September the largest of the Uni High frigates embarked on her third annual voyage. She was under the leadership of Captain Paul Kinder, a very able seaman, with Edward Bourne as first mate. She had a capable staff of officers and a large and trusty crew, some of whom had a hand in manning the same ship last year. The ship's cargo from foreign shores was composed of a great variety of sweets and other delectable delicacies—sandwiches, and so forth, which were profitably sold in the home port. Then the bark set out on another short voyage. She soon returned, and her crew and officers gave a very successful entertainment in the home port for the men of the three other ships. At the present time, the vessel is going from port to port, in many different countries and climates, in search of gold with which to finance the banquet for the oldest ships. She is expected home very shortly, laden with treasure and wealth of splendid ideas. Last year this ship did nobly, considering her inexperience. But this year, she has sailed even more confidently and run out of her course less often than before. Next year, as the oldest of the barks, she will be, if possible, more of a credit to her owners.

—FRANCES LESLIE '28

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

Oh, we, the class of '29,
Are growing better all the time.
Perhaps our teachers think it queer,
We're not as green as we were last year.

Some shine in plain geometry,
Others in art and history.
In sewing we are doing fine.
Oh, we all work hard for '29.

The Dramatic Club produces plays
The Glee Club sings its ah's and a's.
The Girl Reserves keep morals high,
And the boys are loyal, old Hi-Y.

Our Sophomore team is simply great,
They play with vim in spite of fate.
Our tennis players are up to snuff.
Oh, '29 can do its stuff!

GEORGIA KNIGHT '29

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

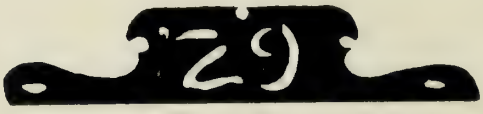
On Tuesday morning, September 12, in the year of 1926, the class of '29 commenced another successful year at University High. We were disappointed in finding that some of our first year friends were missing, but we were gladdened by seeing a number of new classmates.

At our first class meeting we attended to the election of officers for the coming year by electing as our president Robert Kennedy. To take his place, should he be gone, we chose Clarence Thompson vice-president. That we might be assured of an accurate account of all business transacted, we decided on George Whisenand as secretary; and knowing that we must conserve and preserve our meager finances, we made Azalia Wheeler treasurer. It would be fitting to say here that all officers have attended well to their work; and with the able assistance of our advisers, Miss Thomsen and Mr. Alter, we find everything has been taken care of in a highly satisfactory manner.

We gave our barn dance last fall. The room was fittingly decorated in a seasonable style by Willard Padfield and Ralph Spang, assisted by those whom they called upon. An orchestra consisting of four pieces gave us music for the dancing, which was the chief interest of the evening. Later we were served with refreshments arranged for by George Whisenand and Raymond Comings.

After the first semester exams, came the Post Exam Jubilee at which a number of stunts were given by the various classes and the faculty. The Sophomores did their part. A magician's trick and a mock wedding were given by this class.

Our class is very grateful to all the teachers for the kind attention and instruction they have given us. We realize how much they have done to make us enjoy every school day this year.



WE FRESHMEN

Who starts to school in early fall,
Know nothing of the rooms or hall
And hardly anything at all?
We Freshmen—

Who's beat and battered every day
And held within the fountain's spray
Until we yell or kick or pray?
We Freshmen—

Who learn the ways of upper class
And try their best, each lad and lass,
To show by work that they can pass?
We Freshmen—

Who soon will be a sophomore
A junior then in two years more
And finished at the end of four?
We Freshmen—

We'll leave our Uni High, dear me!
And enter University
Where each of us will only be
A Freshman.

EDMUND DILLON '30

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Listen my children and you shall hear
The interesting story of this Freshman year.

The Class of 1930 made its entrance at University High with flying colors. As a class they immediately set to work to prove their ability by electing capable class officers and representatives. The results of the election were: president, Catherine Gregory; vice president, Robert Watson; secretary and treasurer, Edmund Dillon; and the faculty advisers, Miss Taylor and Miss Duguid.

The Freshies took great interest in all the school activities. Their chief accomplishment was the publication of the school paper, "The Tiny Illini." Throughout the year its tiny headlines flamed with school interests and activities.

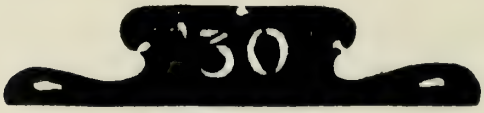
Those who were inclined toward the athletic side of school life went out for swimming, track, or basketball. Albert Worthen, Leroy Anders, William Schultz, Edmund Dillon, Jack McNevin, and Theodore Newcombe made up the Freshman Boys' Basketball team that was formed during the latter part of the season. Although the team suffered defeat at the hands of the Sophomores, they are working for a better team for the coming year.

Under the leadership of their faculty advisers, Miss Taylor and Miss Duguid, the Freshman Class contributed its share in the Post Exam Jubilee by presenting a foot movie that won recognition from the rest of the school.

The final triumph was the April Fool Frolic sponsored by the Freshman Class. On the night of the event, the auditorium blossomed out in green and white, the Freshmen's adopted colors. Mr. Alter and Miss Swander acted as chaperons with Miss Duguid and Miss Taylor. The party was unanimously declared a success by the upper classmen and the faculty.

Although the Freshmen have made a few mistakes, we are certain that the record they have won in the year of '27 will qualify them to fill the vacancy left by the former Sophomores.

CATHERINE GREGORY '30



UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

C. E. Chadsey---Dean of College of Education

L. W. Williams---Principal of University High School

H. G. Paul---Supervisor of English

E. B. Lytle---Supervisor of Mathematics

D. R. Alter---History, Civics, Economics, Social Science

A. Marie Anderson---Art and Design

H. H. Braucher---Industrial Education

Mrs. Ethel Chase---History

Helen Marie Clark---Librarian

Genevieve Duguid---English

W. E. Harnish---Physics, Chemistry

J. M. Harvey---French

Clara Hobbs---Commercial Education

Harriett Kerr---Spanish

C. R. Kinison---Industrial Education

W. R. Kukets---General Science, Biology

Liesette McHarry---English

Anna Belle Robinson---Home Economics

C. S. Restle---Athletic Coach

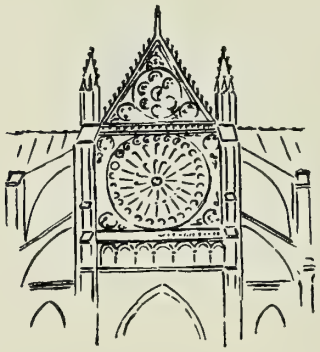
Edith Swander---English, Public Speaking

E. J. Shultz---Music Appreciation, Orchestra, Glee Club

Helen Taylor---Mathematics

Ruth E. Wilkin---Latin

Lillian Hart---Secretary, College of Education; Assistant Secretary of Appointments Committee



High Points of Literature

"HIGH POINTS OF LITERATURE"

Everything has its high points; everything has its low points. However, it is with the high points which we are concerned. There are high points in progress, music, art, architecture, and literature. We think of the high points in progress when we read of some particularly noteworthy occasion in the history of the world and mankind. We seem to understand the high points in music when we hear the work of a master rendered by a wonderful symphony. We see the high points in art when we look upon a painting perfect in its composition. We think of the high points in architecture when we view a beautiful cathedral with its lofty spires and absolute balance and symmetry. We all know that the works of great authors like Dickens, Scott, and Shakespeare are considered high points in literature, but we also know there are high points in the works of amateurs. In our high school work there are some literary efforts which are better than others. These we have selected and now present to you in the literary department of the U and I as our High Points of Literature.

Mary Louise Irvin '27

"THE GIRL WITH A CURL"

"There was a litle girl, who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was hor-rid!"

At that particular moment, Mary Louise Baker was indeed "hor-rid," for Mary Louise's mother had informed her, as the result of a D paper in Math, that unless she brought home some fairly decent grades, hereafter, she could not have a new dress for the Spring Dance; and Mary Louise had in return informed her mother that she didn't give a whoop whether she had the new dress or not because she wasn't going to study her ol' head off for any darned teachers.

Whereupon, she flounced out of the room, marched right up the stairs to her own room, flung herself on the bed, and had a good cry; for Mary Louise did care whether she had the dress or not, and she cared very, very much.

Everything had gone wrong that day. She hadn't had any of her lessons, and somehow the teachers had discovered it and scolded her, and a perfectly brand new pair of hose developed a run, and she had been late to one of her classes, and oh! oh! oh! why did her mother have to jump on her now, of all times?

Mary Louise Baker wasn't always like this. Usually she was a sunny-tempered girl of sixteen. She was extremely pretty, with yellow, curly hair; but when the blues plus temper got the best of her, she was a bad, bad child.

Presently, Mary Lou's common sense told her that it was silly to cry for nothing at all, so she bathed her eyes with cold water and went downstairs onto the verandah. Just then a shrill whistle sounded across the hedge. It was Ted Sparks, who lived next door.

"Wanna play a game of tennis before dinner?," Ted yelled.

"Well—I don't know—"

"Whasamatter, yuh gettin' to be a sissy?"

The last remark stung, even if Mary Lou didn't look the part of a tomboy with her angel-face, and golden, yellow curls; for she had always been a tomboy, and always intended to be one.

"Awright—come and play on our court, though."

When Mary Lou emerged from the house a moment later with a racket and several balls, Ted was batting balls around on the Baker's tennis court.

"Well," he shot out, "whatcha been cryin' for?"

"Well, Mr. Sparkplug, if you must know, I'm a complete failure."

"How come?"

"Well, y'see I got a D out o' that ol' Math exam this afternoon, and mother says that hereafter yours truly has gotta pull in some decent grades, or she'll know the reason why."

"Well 'at's too bad. Come on. Let's start playing, it's getting late."

"Isn't that just like a boy?" thought Mary Lou, "he doesn't have to worry. Boys aren't expected to get good grades."

When the game of tennis was over, Mary Lou was simply furious with Ted for being indifferent to her troubles. All through dinner she said nothing to her parents, but planned secretly to have revenge on that Ted Sparks for not caring

whether she got that new dress or not. Even if she hadn't told him about the dress, he might be a little more sympathetic.

After dinner she immediately started studying; and, in her cage she studied hard—much harder than she ever had before. The next day she knew her lessons perfectly, much to her own surprise.

Her fury lasted for weeks and weeks—and so did the fit of studying. However, the usual games of tennis with Ted suffered, for she was too busy getting her lessons most of the time even to speak to him.

The day the grades came out, Mary Louise, as she said herself, "just about fainted," for hers were excellent. Of course her mother was pleased. She took Mary Louise right down town to buy the new dress. Mary Louise found the dress right away, and slippers to match. And to think that all of this came just because she had been mad at good old Ted.

The next day, Ted again came over for the usual game of tennis—vowing that if she refused to play this time—it would be the last time—because there was a limit to everything. He was surprised when he found Mary Lou already on the tennis court.

"Well! well! well!" he cried gleefully, "If it isn't my old friend Miss Mary Louise Baker—or was it Plumber, so perhaps it was Carpenter?"

"Myself, and no other," said Mary Lou, making a deep bow.

It is needless to say that that game of tennis was a huge success. When it was over they sat on the verandah to cool off. As Ted was leaving, he said, "why haven't cha had time to play tennis with me lately?"

"Don't you wish you knew?," said Mary Lou, "but you're a darn good kid, in fact—you're a brick."

Then she disappeared into the house.

"Well," said Ten, scratching his head, "Aren't girls dumb?"

BERTHA ENGER

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

In the path of the moon, he wandered. The shadows of night had long before closed about him. He had time for many thoughts as he trudged wearily on. Back and forth he marched stopping often to listen to the noises of the night. The stars shone above him in the heavens. His little lantern hung at his side.

The safety of many people was in his hands as he rambled there in the night. Often he stopped to rest his weary limbs. He would nod his head until he was almost asleep, then with a start he would arouse himself and begin his journey again.

He was the guard of the people who slept in yon mansion. He must protect them from the unseen dangers which lurked in the darkness. He must not fall asleep on his guard, for he was the night watchman.

JANE SNODGRASS '27

YUM! YUM!

One summer day Colonel Carter, a Southern plantation owner, was sitting on the shaded veranda of his large, white colonial home. The Colonel was content to rest thus, for the day was very warm, and he was almost exhausted from his recent tour of his extensive tobacco fields. He sat there staring dreamily out over his great plantation. He was glad that he was a Southern gentleman and owned these broad acres of land. Suddenly he was startled from his reverie by a rustling noise which issued from behind the tall magnolia bush near the porch.

"Who is there?" shouted the Colonel in a gruff voice.

"I is," came the faint reply.

Out from behind the bush stepped a small, negro boy of about six years of age. He was dressed very amusingly in a dirty, multi-colored shirt, and ragged, much patched trousers. His kinky black hair stood up grotesquely all over his head.

"Why hello Rastus! What is it I can do for you today?" asked the Colonel when he recognized the small boy as the son of Mammy, his negro cook.

Rastus stuck his thumb in his mouth, looked at the ground, started to draw pictures in the dust with his bare toes, and finally replied, "Today is mah birfday Cunel. You all neber forgot befoah."

"So it is! So it is! What do you wish that I should give you for your birthday? Would you like a whole dime to spend by yourself?" demanded Colonel Carter.

"No sah," was the prompt reply.

"I have it! Would you like for me to tell Mammy to make you a big, white frosted cake?" continued the Colonel.

"No sah," Rastus immediately replied.

"Tell me, what is it that you want anyway?" asked the perplexed Colonel.

The little body removed his thumb from his mouth, raised his shining eyes to the face of the dignified old Colonel who was looking down at him expectantly, and said, "I don't want un dime or un cake. What I want is sumpen good. When I die and go to heben, I want some of it to eat eber day. It is the bestest thing in all de woild. It is big, and round, and juicy! Yum! Yum! What I want is un big fat—watermelon!"

Mary Louise Irvin '27

THE STATE OF PERFECTION

There was a song, two or three years ago, which began thus: "There in the sunshine and flowers so rare—." There is only one place to which that song would always apply, that place in Los Angeles county, California.

It is strange, that although I abhor an Illinois winter, I never long for the west until the beginning of spring. Then, although I fully appreciate the invigorating beauty of a spring day, I begin to entertain a grudge against the Middle west in general, and Illinois in particular. Every whiff of air reminds me of the glorious, salty sea-breeze, every lovely sunset makes me realize how much more exquisite in form and coloring is a sunset on the Pacific.

People say that Californians habitually indulge in hyperbole. I disagree. A man cannot exaggerate about the attributes of California. A Californian, in the rainy season, accepts rain as a matter of course. If it should rain in the summer, he would have sufficient cause to believe that a dire catastrophe had occurred. A few days ago I heard a person scoff at a Californian who said that the stars in his state were bigger than anywhere else in America. I am perfectly willing to vouch for that westerner. He may have been slightly confused in his logic, but at least his eyes were unimpaired. Nowhere in the east, south, or north do stars appear as large as in the Golden State.

There is a certain secluded beach in California with which I am particularly in love. It is a place where the mountains meet the sea, with a tiny strip of yellow sand between the two. It is a place where the foot-hills are the deepest purple, red, and green, the sky and water, the most brilliant blue, and sunrise and sunset, the most stupendous riot of color that I have ever seen. It is a place in which an artist would revel.

To lie in the sand and burn to a deep, paintful tan, or to dive off crags into pellucid water, or to scramble up boulders after barnacles and abalones, and at the end of the day to go up a steep path to a driftwood cabin, roll up in blankets and a poncho, and go to sleep under the stars—this is my idea of perfect bliss. Someone has said that man cannot be completely happy unless he is occupied in doing something for someone else. That man has never been to Laguna Beach. Omnipotent Mind, when creating this footstool, must have made all other places first, then taken the most delectable of each, blended them into one perfect union, and named the result—California.

Francis E. Leslie '28

AN ODOROUS ADVENTURE

My dog, Petie, and I were tramping through the woods one day when suddenly he stopped and sniffed the ground. He started slowly forward again, smelling his way along. His speed gradually increased until it was all I could do to keep up with him. He was running along, barking furiously, when all of a sudden he ran, head first, into a very hard tree. "Ki yi," he said. "Ki yi yi yi yi."

Soon I heard Petie barking as if something was about to happen. I ran as fast as I could toward him. Just as I reached the top of a small hill, I saw him about ten yards in front of me. He had ceased his barking and came slinking toward me with his tail between his legs. A little distance behind him was an old woodchuck's hole from which issued the most terrible odor that my nose had ever come in contact with. Petie, also, was reeking with it.

We left for home with none of the gay spirits with which we had started. Mother would not let us come near the house, and now, about a quarter of a mile from our cottage stands a weather beaten board, at the head of a small mound, bearing this inscription:

"Here Lie the Remains of Andy Draper's Clothes and Petie's Collar.
Faithful till the Last, May they Rest in Peace, Safe from the Ravages of Jimmy Skunk."

Andrew Draper '30

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN TIE HATER

Next to collar buttons, there is probably nothing quite so trying to the soul as an innocent necktie. The first difficulty is encountered early in the morning when the victim attempts to tie the necessary knot. I find that at first one invariably has trouble in making the ends come out at approximately the same length, but this difficulty is soon overcome by conscientious practice.

It becomes offensive to the wearer at an early period in the day when it persists in slipping from behind the collar, or in fastening itself firmly around the wind pipe. Consequently the knot becomes exceedingly compact.

I have never owned a well behaved tie and have given up practically all hope of ever doing so. My stock in the contemptible things is quite low, and the supply is replenished only at Christmas time.

In "Ye goode olde days" people went around in workshirts and overalls. Neckties were unknown except at church and corn husking bees.

But now, one must have a special tie for each and every occasion, event, and happening. It seems to be the style to choke one's self whether he is digging a ditch, or attending a tea-party.

Some ties blend harmoniously with the wearer, but others stand out like a frozen cabbage leaf. I envy the man who can wear any of the various species of neckties with comfort, and look decent, according to modern ideas of dress.

It is said that the style in most any article of apparel, (trousers, for instance) goes in cycles. If such be the case, I impatiently await the time when one is not looked upon as being only half dressed if he neglects to bind a *cloth* around his esophagus.

ERIC BABER '28

ON CERTAIN SPRING DAYS

Do you realize that Easter vacation begins a week from next Thursday? After that, there are only about six weeks until exams. Six weeks are not so long when you think of them in terms of week-ends—six more Friday nights, six Saturdays, six Sundays. Of course I am counting from after Easter, but the ten days until vacation can take care of themselves. The opera is over; yet two plays, a stunt show, two banquets, and at least one school party will be crowded into the remaining eight week-ends. It is the time which must be spent between week-ends to make these affairs "come off," that scare one.

Just as you are going to sleep, do you sometimes start with the sickening remembrance of something that had to be done today—it is too late now? Or do you ever think of something which you must do to-morrow, and which you are sure to forget? Have you ever asked yourself how you can remember not to forget? I want to have nothing that I must remember not to forget. I want to have nothing that I must remember—no history report for Monday, no chemistry quiz for Tuesday, no story to be given in French Wednesday, no essay for Thursday, and no lesson for an observation class in algebra on Friday.

When I can read (not for credit); or sew; or dance; or go to a movie; or play golf; or go swimming, or hiking, or canoeing; or even mow the lawn—when I can do all these things and more just as I take the notion to, I shall be happy.

LOUISE CAMERON '28

THE ROBBERS GO BY

Hands up!
Along the road there goes
A patter of footsteps, a rustle of clothes,
A whisper of words beside the door.
Hands up!
The robbers have come for more!

Silent and stealthy and still they march,
Under the boughs of the green-spreading larch.
Hands up!
The robbers before us stand;
But more than robbers are in this band:

Hard men and fierce men, big and strong,
Lived to steal and to do the wrong:
Broken windows and squeaking doors;
Shattered vases on hard wood floors;

Hands up!
Along the road there goes
A rattle of handcuffs, a marking of toes;
For all the band have now been caught.
Hands up!
The robbers have come to naught!

In imitation of "The Flag Goes By" by Henry Halcomb Bennett

JANE SNODGRASS '27

THE MUMPS

Such a feeling to be tormented by upon first awakening on a bright, cheerful, and sunny morning! Why couldn't my spirits coincide with the calm day? What was the matter with me, or to be more exact, with my face? Millions of red-hot needles were racing headlong at each other from both cheeks. Every second I held my breath and waited, wondering why those darts did not meet and make one final and terrible pang.

Why! what had happened to the size of my cheeks? Oy observation with the aid of a mirror, I found my answer. Of course I might have known that such a varied and wonderful vacation as I had planned was not for such ordinary mortals as myself. Instead, the monotony of having my temperature taken, medicine forced down my throat, and an odiferous salve rubbed all over my aching countenance was mine to bear.

A week passed—two weeks—no company yet. Then the third week and oh! such a bright outlook of future happiness came to me. I had still three more weeks and would now enjoy them because the epidemic of mumps had hit me the first thing. I have ever since felt glad the mumps, bad as they were, came at that time and left me three continuous and complete weeks of plasure.

EUGENIE HERSHEY '27

THERE'S A NEW STAR IN HEAVEN TONIGHT

Professor Jones was a very busy man, being the head of the Department of Astronomy; moreover he was connected in various ways with numerous educational magazines, in which his writings were in great demand.

The professor's wife was quite the opposite; she was a musician, and her only weakness was that she was continually buying new victrola records.

Coming home one afternoon from a two day siege with his telescopes, he heard his wife talking over the telephone.

"A New Star in Heaven, you say," he heard her ask, "Well thank you so much, I am glad you called."

The professor did not wait for his wife to tell him, no woman could tell him anything, so he hurried back to the observatory.

He worked all night but to no avail. He could not even find the new star, let alone calculate its magnitude. He admitted defeat to himself, as he started home to ask his wife the particulars.

"Dear," she said comfortingly, "You look so worn out and discouraged, but I have a new record about Rudolph Valentino, that I'm sure you will like, 'There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight'."

ELWOOD L. FABERT '27

AT CHRISTMAS A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

"What can be ailing Dick, Father? The other children are terribly excited about Christmas, but he hasn't shown the slightest bit of interest. My! I'm proud of Dick! Dick is certainly a Jones through and through. I do wonder what is wrong with him?" Thus Mrs. Harris rambled to her husband.

Suddenly awaking he said, "Yes, yes, I agree, my dear. I certainly agree."

"Agree! Agree to what? You are so exasperating, Father! I asked if you had noticed how Dick has been acting. He hasn't been eating well."

"Oh, I don't know. He probably thinks he has outgrown Christmas."

"Probably so. I do hope he isn't going to be sick on Christmas."

A few blocks away in the Jolly Fellows club room (an abandoned garage,) all the fellows were gathered close about Dick Harris. "What's the matter, Harris, you seem about as down and out as a straw hat on Christmas. Come out of it! We're depending on your winning the game for us to-night."

"Oh, go on away. I'm not interested in basket-ball. I've more serious things on my mind. When you fellows get to be seventeen you'll be interested in something besides basket-ball games."

"Why, Dick, you've been the peppiest fellow on the squad. What on earth has come over you?"

"I tell you I have something else to think about. Leave me alone."

At school the next day, again that evening, in fact, every place Dick went he apparently was bearing up under a great load of care. His diary disclosed the mystery. "December 23: I'm all cut up. I think I'm going crazy.. I simply can't think what to get for Lilly May's Christmas present. Frank Brown may get her something much nicer than I do, and get to take her to the New Year's dance."

FRANCES MEADE '27

MY ROSE

Summer is almost gone:
Already, the colorings of autumn are appearing;
The morning air is crisp and cool;
Hardly a flower is left in my garden.
A single rose is on the bush under my window.
I have watched it for three days, now.
It, too, will soon be gone,
But I would not think of plucking it;
It is far prettier where it is than in a vase.
I must take one more look.
I do not wish it to go.
Ah! There it is.
It is the pink of perfection now.
It sways lightly in the breeze.
Oh! Cruel wind be careful.
There, now only a handful of petals is left.
That is the end of my rose.

JANE SNODGRASS '27

NO DIFFERENCE

Grandfather Brown was a rather fussy old gentleman who had no patience with new fangled ideas or notions. He could not understand his grand-daughter or grand-son. One day, he was startled by a strange noise, coming from the general direction of the kitchen. Hastily he got up and started kitchenwards in order to investigate the matter.

His footsteps were hastened by the frenzied shout which issued from the kitchen, "Grandfather! Come quick or I will be drowned like a rate in a trap!"

Panting from his unusual exertion, he rushed into the kitchen all ready to play the part of the handsome hero. There he saw a much excited Mary. She was grasping with both hands the water pipe under the sink.

"Why, Mary, what is there to be so excited about? Why are you holding on to that pipe?" gasped grandfather.

"Oh grandfather! Can't you see? The water pipe is leaking, and if I let loose of it, the house will be flooded. Do something quick!"

"Let's see, what had I better do? Perhaps I had better call your mother," deliberated grandfather.

"For heaven's sake don't call her! She can't fix it. Think of something sensible to do. I can't hold on much longer. I have it! Call the sanitary engineer!" Mary fairly shouted.

"But—but who or what is that?" said grandfather.

"The man who fixes pipes," replied Mary.

Grandfather stood motionless in the middle of the floor. A puzzled frown was on his face as he muttered, "What could a sanitary engineer be?"

Mary, hearing these words, desperately shouted, "Grandfather! Don't stand there! Call the sanitary engineer. In plain language, call the plumber."

At these words grandfather dashed madly out of the kitchen door mumbling, "Why didn't she say *plumber* in the first place?"

MARY LOUISE IRVIN '27

LIBRARY SKETCHES

Two promising young students are sitting on the library window sill studying diligently from the latest monthly magazine. The practice teacher at the desk reigns supreme. She gazes about the buzzing room with a self conscious air suddenly realizing that there is too much noise for study.

At the end of the first table a lovelorn couple sit with heads close together whispering interesting nothings to each other, braving the looks of haughty inquiry sent their way by the librarian.

An unsophisticated freshman walks across the room and after knocking a book out of the hand of a dignified senior, begs a hasty pardon and retires to his inconspicuous corner amid a rosy cloud of blushes.

A dignified upper classman enters the room without his permit and after unsuccessfully trying to persuade the practice teacher that he is unwittingly innocent of committing an unpardonable crime, makes a hasty exit for the office.

Mr. Williams enters the room. The students on the window sill grab hastily at their Caesar books although they do happen to be turned upside-down and begin studying diligently.

The practice teacher quietly rises from her chair and reproves the blushing freshman for whispering the Algebra assignment to his near neighbor, while the lovelorn couple hastily dispose of notes they have just written; and finally a temporary hush falls over the room.

CATHERINE GREGORY '30

THE SAPS THAT RISE IN THE SPRING

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love"—thus sang Annabelle as she busied herself with the dishes, although she was thinking of Tom. He had been very attentive all winter, but somehow he had seemed different the night before. What had caused the change? Spring? Anyway, she determined to make the most of it, for who knows but what the hot summer days might cause his enthusiasm to wilt?

Noon brought a telephone call. The voice at the other end implored her to allow him to see her that evening; it was important; he must see her; he had something to ask her. Two nights in succession!

Evening came, and so did Tom. He was more like himself that night, and this pleased Annabelle.

Finally Tom became very serious. He took Annabelle's hand and looked adoringly into her eyes. She blushed and looked down. "Annabelle, there is something I want to ask you. It has been on my mind for a long time, but I could not bring myself to ask you before."

"What is it, Tom?" asked Annabelle, with a low trembling voice—all prepared to melt in his arms with a fond "y-e-s."

"Well, it's this—shall I buy a new tan suit? English style, or another plain blue one? I just can't decide."

Annabelle never answered. The girl burst into tears and left the room, slamming the door behind her. Tom sat still for a moment, scratched his head, and muttered, "Of all fool things!"

RUTH STUTTLE '27

HORSEBACK RIDING

Horseback riding is a versatile recreation. When I am fed to the eyebrows on dancing, talking, reading, and playing around, there is always riding to fall back upon. There is something satisfying and complete in it. It makes me forget the little things in everyday life, and I am possessed with the joy of just living. I forget the discouragements and disappointments and am filled with reassurance and confidence. What a glorious feeling to swing along mile after mile, to hear the rhythm of hoof beats on the springy earth, to feel the sweet, warm wind against the face, and to smell the wild greenness of the pines and cactus.

Riding is more than just a recreation. It is a pleasure that fits into the good moods and chases the bad ones away. When I am tired of everything and am feeling reckless, I always choose a wild spirited horse, one that is not satisfied just to amble along after the first spurt. The plains is the only place for such a horse. The open spaces call him. All he asks is a release on the reins. As far as I am concerned, they are his. He tosses his grand head and dances a fancy step or two to show his appreciation. The sands hold forth to unlimited space. It is the call of freedom. The cactus lifts its arms in approval. A little cloud of joy sweeps down and drives cares away. The rippling sands are wait ing. We are off. The past and future are forgotten. I live only for the moment.

In this busy life we so seldom have time to stop to think of thinks we would like to think of. There is always something to interfere. But sometimes I like to steal away and spend the whole day just thinking. I turn toward the hills on my old trust-worthy horse. His foot will never slip on the treacherous hills. He is contented to be guided by me, but I am also contented to let him pick his own way while I absorb the beauty that is everywhere—up a hill, down a hill, and through a canyon where a tiny stream from a spring goes singing over the rocks. Little wild flowers are here and there, and great pines reach toward the sky, while the sun splatters down between, making cool shadows or brilliant spots of color. There is beauty in every little colored rock. It is all so quiet and peaceful that I must leave frivolity behind. My thoughts turn to deeper and better things. The hills are my friends. They reach to the sky and shut every thing else out. They will keep all my secrets and watch over me while my good old horse carries me safely along.

Mary Catherine Coffin '27

SCARLET SKIES

Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out in the night as our hero, Alkali Ike, peered cautiously around the edge of one of the stable buildings only to behold his sweetheart in the embrace of his hated rival, Pete, the Rattlesnake. Carefully freeing his heavy Colt 45's in their holsters, he advanced into the open, shot off the hammers of Pete's guns, and punctured his sombrero.

Johnny sat perched in a precarious position, an unnoticed spectator to the drama that was before him. Born and bred in Chicago, he found the life and manners of this part of the country of great interest, but to every appearance, he was highly bored.

Holding Lulu before him as protection from Ike's shooting, Pete quickly made his way to where his pinto pony was tethered. Leaping to his horse, he put spurs to her and galloped away after waving derisively at Ike.

After embracing Lulu and reloading his heavy guns, he put his fingers to his lips and whistled shrilly for his horse. The noble beast came running to him. She was black and white, a combination of Arab, Kentucky, and American mustang.

As Ike mounted, a shot from ambush knocked him off his horse. Lulu ran to him and found his thigh pierced by a cowardly bullet. She took his head into her lap. Was this to be the end of everything for her? No, for as she laid her hand upon his brow, he opened his eyes, smiled at her, and closed his eyes again.

Johnny, however, had had a strong feeling all along that the fallen hero would not die. In spite of his extreme youth, he was a good judge of people's physical conditions.

Just then, Pete, the Rattlesnake, stepped from ambush behind the ranch house, his rifle in hand.

Johnny could scarcely resist the temptation to reveal himself. Pete called, "Hands up!" to Lulu, who immediately complied. His shout raised Ike from his stupor. Faint from loss of blood, he tried to rise but fell back exhausted. Pete dragged our hero to the wall, where he propped Ike in a sitting position and bound his hands and feet securely with his lariat. He then gave his attention to Lulu, taunting her with the helplessness of her brave but disabled lover.

Ike began to struggle against his bonds, but Pete had tied him too well for any chances of sly escape. Pete noticing Ike's efforts to free himself, picked up his rifle, swore a terrible oath, took deliberate aim. Then he gave a sneering smile to our helpless hero and prepared to pull the trigger.

But as Pete squeezed the trigger, he was overwhelmed by the attack of Ike's beautiful Collie dog, who, in some way had sensed his master's danger and had come to his rescue.

At last Johnny, uable to restrain himself any longer, stepped out into the open. He felt there was nothing to be gained from staying where he was, helpless to avert any catastrophe. His first act was to blink his eyes on account of the strong sunshine and say, "I wish I'd saved my money. That was a bum show."

Irwin A. Cochrun '28

NODDING

As I walk down Washington Boulevard, I pass Mr. Grimes. He is striding along at an even stiff pace. As I pass him, he nods a cold, formal, sophisticated nod of greeting. I pass on down the street feeling like a two-pence half penny until I arrive at the corner. Feeling insignificant, I shrink close to the building in rounding the corner and in doing so bump into another poor unfortunate who evidently felt in the same frame of mind as I. He began to smile a friendly sort of smile. On looking at him, I noticed that he had a genial face and a merry twinkle in his eye. This seemed, somehow, to give me a different outlook on life, and I passed on down the street in much gayer spirits after receiving his nod of farewell.

As I passed on, I arrived in front of Simmons' "Expert Dry Cleaning" building. When I saw this sign, my knees began to shake, and I felt rather inauspicious again. However, I entered and found enough courage to confront Mr. Simmons. He was a burly fellow who glowered at his customers in a most uncomplimentary way. Trying to make myself as imposing as possible, I walked up and said, "I wish to complain about the condition of my wife's dress which was returned last night. You remember the dress?" He nodded a gruff nod of acquiescence. I asked him if he intended to send it that way. He again nodded in a foreboding manner. Gaining confidence, I asked him in a threatening tone if he intended to do it over. After some hesitation, he nodded again I was almost overcome by now, so turned and walked out.

When I returned to the living room at home, I found my daughter, Lena, playing the piano and accenting the beats by nodding her head and pounding those notes out in a doleful manner. I interrupted; but all I received was a stamp, a vicious nod, and a tongue extended.

This was too much, so I returned to the other parts of the house to find wife to tell her of my courageous defense of her dress. I found her scrubbing at a wash board and bobbing her head up and down with a determined air. This was not the mood I expected, so I retreated.

Getting a glance of Ella amusing the baby by nods of the head, I left the house and went to the neighbor lady's house. Tip-toeing in, I found her nodding her head in a delightful doze. Finding I had not disturbed her, I left and found retreat in the lover's lane lying beneath a large bush. I wondered why people used the nod so much, and the queerness of it was that each nod meant something different. Nodding is really only the repeated dropping and lifting of the head, but this small gesture often marks an epoch in someone's life. For example, when a mother asks the nurse returning from her son's sickroom, "Is it the end?" and the nurse replies by that heart-sickening nod, the world will seem blacker to that mother.

Just then I saw a couple approaching. I drew myself closer and thought all nods must be disagreeable or trivial. As the couple were passing, my thoughts were interrupted by his voice saying, "Mine for always?" and looking out, I saw her trusting and shy but certain nod.

ALICE HESSLER '28

FRESH PAINT

The sun shone brightly that morning when I arose for the day. I was certain that it was going to be a good luck day for me. Then I remembered with a sigh that it was Friday, the thirteenth. What would happen to me before nightfall? Something surely would.

I entered the kitchen where my sister was enameling her bedroom furniture and started to seat myself. "Fresh paint," she called before I plumped down into the sticky mess.

Later while I was walking in the garden, I stopped to talk to the gardener. While I was talking to him, I backed up as he worked toward me. Having gone as far as I could, I started to lean against the fence. "Fresh paint," he yelled to me before I touched the freshly white-washed fence. Once again luck was with me.

That evening I went to the dance at the country club with Betty, my best girl. We were sitting alone on the porch. Betty had been meddling with her vanity box, but soon she put it aside and leaned back against the post. I leaned towards her and asked for a kiss. "Be careful," she said warningly, "fresh paint."

JANE SNODGRASS '27

IF

If you can have a class at eight each morning,
And never late a minute or two be;
If you can listen to a teacher droning,
And not a single yawn you let her see;
If you can listen to the same old stories,
And always be prepared with a good laugh;
If you can have a flock of little fairies,
To finish answers with the other half:
If you can reach a class in short ten seconds,
And not run swiftly up and down the halls;
If you can turn away from all Spring's beckons,
And answer not with cuts her many calls;
If you can always get along in typing,
And never break of rules a single one;
Then surely you will graduate some spring,
And—what is more—your name is luck, my son.

Apologies to Kipling

GEORGE PICKELS '27

ON DREAMS

There are many kinds of dreams, you know—good ones, bad ones, and those that are middling.

The dreams which I am about to describe to you are those that do a great deal toward explaining that time-worn phrase—"The morning after the night before."

On this certain night of which I speak, my brother Ted and I had been to one of New York's fashionable night clubs for a "blow-out." It must have been four A. M. when we finally turned in; and from that time on I was a sailor on the "bounding main," a steel magnate fighting robbers, an aviator doing a parachute jump—wherein the parachute opened only when I was within one hundred feet of the ground; but still worse than these I was a diver poised far out on the spring board ready to skim through the air in a swan-dive, but striking the water absolutely flat with a deafening *thud*.

Such was my sensation when I awoke to find myself sprawled on the floor. my night-shirt torn in shreds and the bed covers looking as if a tornado had struck them.

TERLAN PAUL '28

ON BEING A POODLE

"Ou darling little bunch o' honey, 'ou're jus' too sweet for words. Does ums love his muvver, 'ou little precious? Of course ums does, 'cause his muvver is just quazy about him."

To be awakened to this music every morning is worse than it sounds. By the time "muvver's little darling" has his bath and has taken his morning walk, with a nice pink ribbon tied around his neck, muvver's vocabulary commences to show signs of exhaustion, and her little darling is put on his silk pillow for a nap.

When I awaken in the afternoon, we go shopping, muvver and I. It's hard enough to be led around with a ribbon on my neck, but the way the other dogs stare is enough to make me have fits, only if I did, muvver would call the veterinarian, and I would have to take some terrible medicine.

After our little shopping tour, muvver will take me home and give me some dog-biscuits and milk. I hate both of them.

The time when I feel happiest is when Bill, muvver's husband, comes home and calls out, "Here, Pete, I have a bone for you." I wag my tail and think life is not so bad after all.

ELEANOR THOMSEN '28

READIN' AND 'RITIN' AND 'RITHMETIC

"John, John, John!"

A tall, ill-kempt woman stood at the doorway of a log cabin on a South Carolina farm. The drab cabin was surrounded with old boxes and barrels, and with young children. In the two windows of which the home boasted were hung red cheesecloth curtains, soiled and bedraggled with age and use.

The woman had apparently exhausted all her vocal powers and was in the act of shaking her knotty fist at the red-shirted figure who was running full speed for the woods.

"Thar he goes again," she fumed, "thar he goes agin and all thet churnin' to be did. Bah! School! Lizzie!"

"What do y' ant, maw?"

"You'll hev to churn today. I'm going to help your pap plow, and John's got another silly notion into his head! Drat the rascal."

"Oh, maw, I'm busy."

"Wal, do it anyway. Send Jemimy at noon with the vittles. Have Mary and Rachel wash the dishes. Tell Henry to feed the chickens, and the rest can work in the garding."

And where was John? He was striding down the forest paths a perfect picture of youth, a picture which might have inspired an artist. He was barefooted, and around one of his toes was tied a piece of a red bandanna handkerchief. The other part was tied, cowboy fashion, around his neck. A floppy-brimmed straw hat, apparently home-made, was perched on his head. Between mouthfuls of corn pone, he whistled and chirped to the birds and squirrels. Under his arm was a tattered spelling book, profusely ornamented with skeletons and dog ears. Yes, John was going to school.

Of course, he was late, and this was his first day of school! The teacher looked at him, sighed, and muttered something about "another boy." Curious little girls saw his ragged clothes and tittered amusedly among themselves. Big boys "haw-hawed" and privately challenged the new-comer to "wait 'till recess."

Finally lessons began. The first class in 'Rithmetic was called. John was in the first class.

"John, how much is five and nine?"

Prolonged silence from John's corner.

"Think, John, think!"

How could John think? Everyone was reading aloud. Now he heard something interesting about Japan, or was it China? Again, someone was in the act of being eaten by a bear. What was interesting about a mere five or even a nine when as thrilling an instance as being eaten by a bear was before him?

"Sit down," roared the disgusted master, "and stay down."

Reading was still more embarrassing. He could not "keep the place" and he found himself slyly watching the tiny girl who sat next to him, that he might know when to turn the page.

The bell rang for recess, and John was the first to bolt out of the room. He did not hesitate, and when the master reached the door, he saw the red-shirted figure running full speed for the woods.

The next day found our hero contentedly churning while the spelling book rested serenely in the creek.

JEAN BULL '30

MAUD MULLER A-WHEEL

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Single she rode, and her merry glee
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from town
Upon a hill-slope, coasting down,

The sweet song died, and vague unrest
And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear that she hardly dared to own;
For what if her wheel sould strike a stone!

The judge scorched swiftly down the road—
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade
Of the apple tree to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly loan
Her pump to him, he had lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump
And in less than a jiffy produced the pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down
At her feet once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the judge as he pumped away,
"'Tis very fine weather we're having today."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of twenty mile rides and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown
Was over her knickers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, alack-a-day!
The judge remounted and rode away.

Maude Muller looked and sighed, "Oh me!
That I the Judge's wife might be!

"My father should have a brand new wheel
Of costliest make and finest steel.

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design
So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and form more fair
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!

"Would she were mine and I to-day
Could make her put those knickers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And shuddered to think how they would scold.

If he should, one of these afternoons,
Come home with a bride in pantaloons.

He married a wife of the richest dower,
Who had never succumbed to the knicker's power;

Yet oft, while watching the smoke wreaths curl,
He thought of that freckled knicker girl;

Of the way she stood there pigeon-toed,
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who worked in a store,
And many children played round her door.

And then her knickers brought her joy!
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought,
And sighed o'er the loss that her knickers wrought;

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin;
And then confessed, "It might have been."

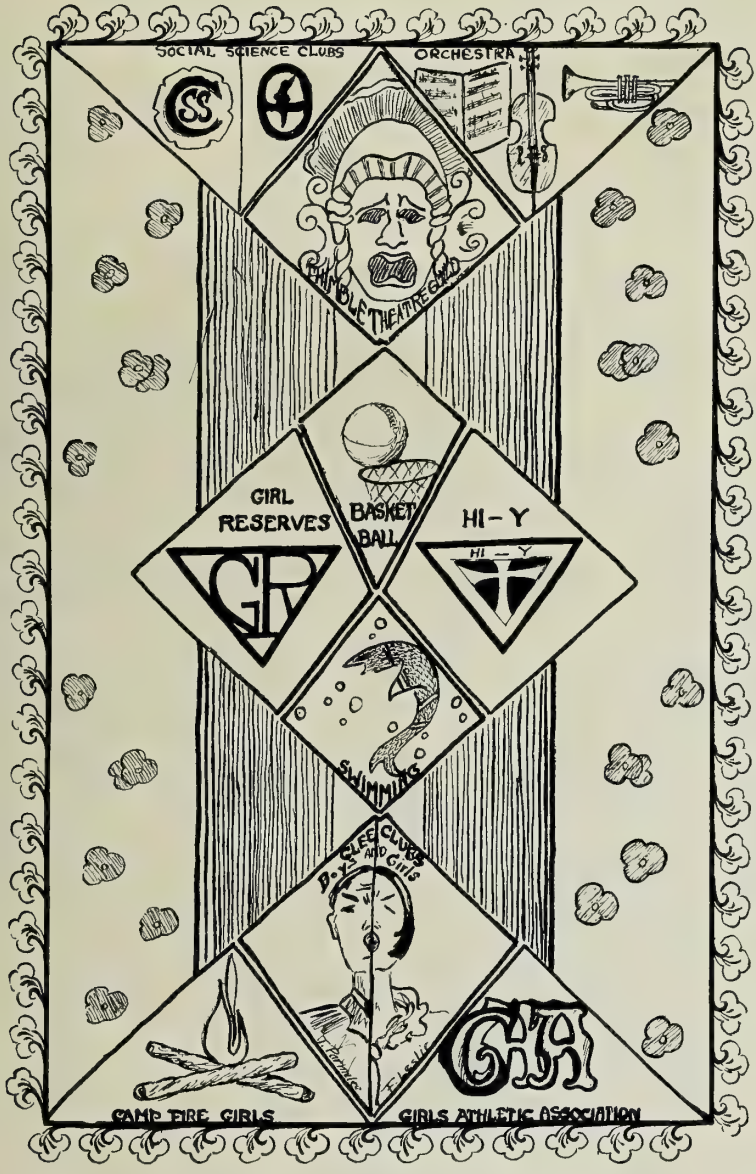
Alas for the Judge! Alas for the Maid!
Dreams were their only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,
The wisest are these: "Leave pants to men."

Ah, well! For us all hope still remains,
For the knicker girl and man of brains .

And, in the hereafter, knickers may
Be not allowed to block the way.

MORRIS JOHNSTON '27


SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUBS
ORCHESTRA
THESPIAN THEATRE GUILD
GIRL RESERVES
BASKET BALL
HI-Y
SWIMMERS
GLEE CLUBS AND GIRLS
CAMP FIRE GIRLS
GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

13—A Senior's Diary—Dearest diary, this is the first day of school. I am a senior now. It seems impossible, diary, but it's so. There are lots of new people. We old seniors are glad there are new sniors because our class is small.

14—A Freshman's Diary—Diary, I am a freshman at Uni High now. It seems queer to be studying such things as Latin and algebra.

15—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, the Juniors and Seniors had class meetings today with a scramble for class advisors.

16—A Sophomore Diary—O, diary, there was an assembly today. Mr. Williams presided. You should have heard him warn the "innocent freshman."

17—A Freshman's Diary—Well, diary, one week of high school is over. Perhaps I haven't done you justice this week, but just you wait. I've been told that lots of things happen at Uni High during the winter.

20—A Senior's Diary—It was just Monday, diary dear.

22—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, it was certainly blue Wednesday today. The practice teachers came.

23—A Sophomore's Diary—O, diary, we had to write our life history for the practice teachers today.

24—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, I've taken my slicker out of storage. The season has begun.

28—A Sophomore's Diary—It's all wet, diary, rain and more rain.

29—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, repetition is monotonous; and if monotony killed us, we would all be dead from hearing the bells ring. But for a change we had no ding-dongs today.

OCTOBER

1—A Freshman's Diary—Dear diary, it's the beginning of the month—but hurrah! for it's the end of the week.

5—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, the Girl Reserves had a tea today for the new girls. Cider and cookies were served. There was plenty for all and more, but I survived to tell the story.

6—A Sophomore's Diary—Diary, our class had a candy sale today. We certainly have some good candy makers in our class.

7—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, our nursery rhyme days were brought back to us in assembly today by Professor Paul who told us about Eugene Field. In his selection of poems to read, he didn't forget "Little Boy Blue," a favorite with all.

8—A Senior's Diary—Dearest diary, "when the cats away, the mice will play" —Mr. Williams was out of town attending teacher's institute.

13—A Sophomore's Diary—Dear diary, the Home Ec Club had a party today. Games were played, and refreshments were served.

14—A Freshman's Diary—Dear diary, we had a movie assembly today. The picture was "When a Man's a Miner" with a hero, heroine, a villian, and everything.

19—A Junior's Diary—Diary dear, the Girl Reserves are having a drive for new members. I wish every girl would join. It certainly is a good club.

20—A Sophomore's Diary—Diary, we were entertained by Mr. Schultz and his promising orchestra in assembly.

21—A Senior's Diary—Diary, the Thimble Theatre Guild had try-outs today. Everybody that wasn't dramatic pretended to be before the critical eyes of the old members.

27—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, nothing thrilling happened. We had class meetings. It's a fine place for old friends to get together.

28—A Sophomore's Diary—Dear diary, we just received our grade cards. That's enough to tell you.

29—A Freshman's Diary—The Halloween Party given by the Seniors was to-night. We had the most fun. We all went dressed in costumes. There were games, dancing, refreshments, and everything.

NOVEMBER

2—A Sophomore's Diary—Dear diary, the Home Ec Club had a party today. Games were played and refreshments were served.

3—A Senior's Diary—Dearest diary, we had the best assembly today. Reverend Franklin of the Crossnore School for mountaineers in South Carolina talked to us of his life in the mountains and his yearning for the education which he finally got. He imitated the sounds of the birds and animals of a Sunday morning in the mountains. It was certainly beautiful.

4—A Junior's Diary—O, diary, the Thimble Theater Guild had an initiation for the new members. It makes me creep yet when I think of the oysters for brains and the macaroni for veins.

9—A Sophomore's Diary—Dear diary, the Home Ec Club had an initiation for new members today. Only one new member came. I wonder if the rest were scared away.

11—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, there was a Matinee Dance today. Also, our girl's Newcomb ball first and second teams played St. Mary's teams.

16—A Freshman's Diary—Oh, diary, oh! The Hi-Y's had an initiation for new members. I'm only a freshman. I don't like initiations.

18—A Sophomore's Diary—Darling diary, there is no more school for the rest of the week on account of High School Teacher's Conference.

29—A Junior's Diary—Dear Diary, these dramatic people expect too much. There are still tryouts for "Where But in America."

DECEMBER

1—A Freshman's Diary—Diary, it is the first of the big month. We freshmen are going to be good from now on.

10—A Sophomore's Diary—Diary, our basketball team was defeated to-night.

14—A Senior's Diary—Dear Diary, the Girls Reserves had a Christmas party with a program and refreshments.

22—A Senior's Diary—Dear Diary, the Juniors gave a very good Christmas party. We exchanged gifts and wished each other "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

JANUARY

3—A Freshman's Diary—Dear Diary, we are back from vacation again.

14—Senior's Diary—Dear Diary, our basketball team plays St. Joseph to-night!

17—Sophomore's Diary—Snow! Lots of snow! Sleigh rides! Fun!

21—Junior's Diary—Diary dear, exams are coming. The fatal day is drawing nigh.

FEBRUARY

1—A Senior's Diary—Diary dear, today is the beginning of a new month and a new semester. I've registered at Uni High for the last time, I hope.

10—A Freshman's Diary—Dear diary, the U and I Staff had charge of the assembly today. Each member of the staff and representives of the classes and the faculty spoke.

11—A Senior's Diary—O, diary, we seniors are holding our breaths. Are we going to have the Senior Play? We must have the money, we must!

MARCH

2—A Sophomore's Diary—It's the day for the district basketball tournament, diary.

4—A Junior's Diary—Dearest diary, we had a bus load of fun today. A bus drove down to Monticello to the county basketball tournament.

10—A Senior's Diary—Diary dear, the Spanish class had charge of the assembly today. "Valencia,"—"Valencia!" Isn't Spain a romantic country? Just ask Linda.

11—A Freshman's Diary—O, diary, everything was awfully sweet today. The Juniors had a candy sale.

15—A Sophomore's Diary—O, diary, everybody is skating. I've fallen only five times as yet.

16 A Freshman's Diary—Dear diary, the social science girls had an assembly today.

21—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, the first day of spring is here, and it has turned cold again.

23—A Freshman's Diary—Diary dear, Mr. Williams spoke on "Study and Study Habits" at assembly today. I feel guilty.

APRIL

1—A Freshman's Diary—Our class is giving the April Fool party tonight, dear diary. We want it to go over big and show the upper classmen that we *are* something after all.

4—A Sophomore Diary—Dear diary, all we hear nowadays is practice—Senior play practice. The seniors are rushing frantically to rehearsals and are looking quite worn and fagged.

8—A Senior's Diary—Dearest diary, the night has at last arrived. Tonight is the Senior play.

12—A Sophomore's Diary—Dearest diary, we had an assembly by the French II class and the general science class.

13—Freshman's Diary—Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Easter vacation starts today.

19—A Junior's Diary—We are back from vacation, diary dear. Junior play practice starts today.

MAY

2—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, all I can say is that the U and I staff is hard at work.

12—A Freshman's Diary—Diary, the juniors are all excited on account of dress rehearsal for the play.

28—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, tonight is the Junior-Senior banquet, it is sure to be good.

JUNE

3—A Senior's Diary—Dear diary, exams are here. If we get through these we won't have to take any more exams at Uni High.

5—A Freshman's Diary—Diary dear, tonight is Baccalaureate.

8—A Junior's Diary—Dear diary, we are real Seniors now.

9—A Senior's Diary—Dearest diary, tonight we commence.

THE THIMBLE THEATRE GUILD

I am sure that the members of the Thimble Theatre Guild will agree with me when I say that we have had a happy and successful year.

Last fall at our first meeting we elected officers for the first semester. They were: president, Harry Irvin; secretary, Bertha Enger; treasurer, Eleanor Thomsen; business manager, Milo Ketchum; stage manager, Helen Thomsen; publicity manager, Mary Louise Irvin.

During the first semester we gave a very successful Dramatic Evening. In "Where But in America" by Oscar Wolfe, Loretta Sturdyvin took the part of Mrs. Espegnhayne, Milo Ketchum, the part of Mr. Espengnhayne, and Jane Snodgrass, the part of Hilda, the maid. The second play was "A Ghost in a Boarding School." Elizabeth Huff took the part of the principal of the school. Eleanor Thomsen, Mary Louise Irvin, and Helen Johnston were three of the girls in the school, and Elizabeth Gore was the much-abused new girl. In addition, David Baldwin and Ruth Stuttle gave humorous readings.

The second semester, we elected the same president which custom by the way, seems to have become a tradition of the club. The other officers were secretary, Bertha Enger; treasurer, Eleanor Thomsen; stage manager, Paul Kinder; publicity manager, Mary Louise Irvin; business manager, David Baldwin.

Our club project for the year was a make-up box, which was to be for the use of school organizations at a small cost. We paid for this out of the proceeds from our Dramatic Evening.

I hope that those of you who will be back next year will try out for membership in the club at our very first try-outs, if you do not belong now. And please remember that if you are not accepted the first time, try, try again!

Bertha Enger '28

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

From a tiny seed in the fall, Aiyukpa Camp Fire Group began to grow. Camp Fire is an interesting organization for all girls who want something to show for their deeds and accomplishments. As a sign for such activities, each girl receives an honor bead. Really it is quite nice to have a bead for washing dishes, making your own bed, coming to school on time, and not chewing gum. These of course are only a few of the things for which we receive recognition. Frances Leslie, assisted by Sylvia Paine, has acted as a very efficient president. Lois Shelford has recorded our accomplishments and actions. Elizabeth Windsor has registered our meetings and motions on our sacred totum pole. Christine Taylor has hid for us the necessary wampum. And last but not least of our officers and such, are Miss Helen Taylor guardian, and Miss Edith Swander, assistant guardian. We have not, as yet, shown to the school at large how efficient and kind we are, but now that we have sprouted, we too shall do our bit toward making a more perfect "Unity of Spirit."

Christine Taylor '27

THE GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserve Club, during the last year, has continued its work in our school although the membership has been small.

At our first meeting we gave a tea for all the girls in the school. Several of our members gave reports to explain the meaning and the purpose of the club to the new girls. We sang songs; then cider and cookies were served.

The topic of the yearly programs was "Temples." At each meeting something dealing with the situating, building, and furnishing of *The Temple,* our Girl Reserve Club, was given.

A Christmas party was given at the Y. W. C. A. building. There was a short program after which refreshments were served.

At Thanksgiving we sent a basket to a poor family. Throughout the year we gave several candy and sandwich sales. We gave one luncheon at noon in order to make money.

We gave the second annual banquet for the basketball boys in the spring. The following week we gave a stunt show which was cleverly put on by the members of the club. With the money from the stunt show, we intend to send a girl to Camp Gray on Lake Michigan.

The officers of this year were: president, Louise Cameron; vice-president, Mary Louise Irvin; secretary, Helen Thomsen; treasurer, Helen Johnston; social chairman, Jane Snodgrass; membership chairman, Mary Louise Irvin; service chairman, Elizabeth Windsor; program chairman, Francis Leslie.

Our new officers for next year are: president, Elizabeth Gore; vice-president, Francis Leslie; secretary, Eleanor Thomsen; treasurer, Helen Johnston.

THE Hi-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club is an interdenominational Christian club for high school boys. Our purpose is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character. The four planks upon which our organization is based are: clean speech, clean sportsmanship, clean scholarship, and clean living.

The officers for the past year were: Milo Ketchum, president; Merton Rapp, vice-president; Morris Johnson, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Alter was again elected to be our faculty adviser. Junior Mumford, a former member of our club, was the student leader from the University Y. M. C. A.

We have had many interesting discussions this year about the problems of every day life. From these discussions we feel that we have been benefited greatly, especially as they have been led by members of the club itself instead of by outside speakers. We have felt that the possible loss in power and inspiration was more than offset by the gain through individual experience in speaking. The talks were almost all vocational in character, each being given by a member especially interested in the subject under discussion, and, as a whole, calculated to help the membership in the selection of life work.

This completes the fourth year of the club. Several promising new members have been added, and we hope that next year the good work will be continued. We are certain that none of our members have regarded the time spent together as wasted, and feel sure that there are many others in the school who would find the club a positive benefit to them.

UNI HIGH ORCHESTRA

Since the beginning of this school year, the Uni High orchestra has stepped right along. Of last year's organization eleven players were still with us: Elizabeth Gore, Willard Padfield, Merton Rapp, and Betty Rusk—violins; Dikran Daghlian—flute; Milo Ketchum, Robert Stiven, and Apperly Clinkenbeard—clarinets; Edward Bourne—alto saxaphone; Robert Kennedy—trombone; and Lindo FitzGerald—piano. As was the case last year, however, Fortune was most kind to us, and we found in our group a first class cornetist who hails from Arkansas and goes by the name of Eric C. Baber. Also Preston Evans, cornetist, decided to try us, and he is rapidly developing into a very valuable member. Neither Mr. Baber nor Mr. Evans are Seniors, so we are assured of an excellent cornet section next year. We also inherited two clarinetists last fall—Andrew Draper and Robert Wright; Andrew plays first and Robert second clarinet.

Another addition which has helped the orchestra wonderfully are the drums, manipulated by Paul Murdock, assisted by practice teachers from the School of Music.

One bright thing about our future is the fact that only one of our members leaves us through graduation this year, Milo Ketchum. While we shall miss Milo, we can and do expect great things next year since our ranks will be practically unbroken.

The regrettable feature is that there are so few freshmen and sophomores in this work. To the glory of the Junior Class, be it said, that they compose over half of the membership of the orchestra. Let us hope that the class of '29, '30, or '31 will resolve to equal or break this record next year.

UNI HIGH GLEE CLUBS

Our Glee Clubs have been quite an essential feature in our musical career this year. Without them how could Miss Clark be entertained in her "sanctum" or Mr. Alter learn his brave, thrilling part of the captain of the guard? We really do learn to sing pretty songs, even if we are sometimes rather discordant.

Besides learning to sing many school songs and light concert numbers, we have spent quite a time in the preparation of the "Bohemian Girl," a light opera.

We began work on it about October first, taking the harder choruses first and progressing by slow, but sure degrees in the mastery of them. After perhaps a month of practice, we began to memorize the words; from that time on, it was no unusual thing to hear snatches sung on the the stairs, in the hall, in classrooms, at home—every where, such is the power and charm of music.

At last, on the evening of April second, we received the due reward of our labors, when the opera was presented at the Urbana High School. Our own Glee Clubs not being sufficient for all the choruses and solos, Mr. Schultz secured some members of the University Glee Clubs to aid us in our presentation.

The part of Arline was exceedingly well portrayed by Ruth Habermeyer, one of our seniors. Her father, Count Arnheim, was well characterized by Mr. J. Paxton, a member of the University Glee Club. Thaddeus, Arline's ardent lover, was well enacted by Mr. Butcher, also a member of the University Glee Club. Frances Leslie as the vengeful queen entered into the spirit of her part.

Mr. Pfoff portrayed the role of Florestein very well indeed, and the parts of Devilshoof and the Captain of the Guard were well played by Mr. Schultz and Mr. Alter. The choruses were spoken of very highly.

Terlan Paul '28

SENIOR PLAY

"Not So Fast"

By Conrad Westervelt

Henry Watterson Blake	Milo Ketchum
Mary Standish	Eva Becker
Rose Standish	Mary Louise Irvin
Robin Standish	Elwood Fabert
Arabella, a maid in the Standish home	Jane Snodgrass
Sylvester Vane	Bernard Mullen
James Barton Acton	Harry Irvin
Fay Fothergill, Acton's stenographer	Louise Locke

MISS EDITH L. SWANDER

Her interest in furthering dramatics in the school, as well as her hearty co-operation in all student enterprises, have established for her a secure place in the hearts of University High School students.

PERSONNEL OF THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Irvin	Meade
P. Miles	Jackson
Mullens	Wisenand
Thompson	Torres
Padfield	K. Miles

REVIEW OF BASKETBALL SEASON

The basketball season of 1926-27 may be classed as one of the best ever represented by Uni High. Although we won only one game during the season, most of our games were close.

Through the efforts of Mr. Williams, we were entered in the county tournament for the first time. We were lucky enough to draw a bye for the first round, but we had to play the winner of the Sadorus-Longview tussel in the second round where we demonstrated that we were of county calibre by forcing Sadorus, last year's county champions, to the limit.

The first game of the season resulted in a 29 to 10 defeat at the hands of Monticello, but following this, Uni High won over the strong Onarga Military Academy by a score of 27 to 18.

The next three games resulted in decisive defeat by Rantoul, Monticello, and Leroy.

The games with St. Joe, Tolono, and Rantoul were lost by a small margin of three points.

Following a 29 to 9 defeat at the hands of Villa Grove, the team went to the county tournament where it demonstrated the best form of the season.

COUNTY TOURNAMENT

A long shot, lucky or other wise, saved Sadorus from an overtime period and a highly possible beating by Uni High. The person who negotiated this outrageous basket was none other than Mr. Cekander. The remarks that burst out from that crowd as the ball glided through the hoop would not look good in print.

Bernie Mullen was high point man for Uni High with eight points from the court and two from the free throw line, making a total of ten points.

Thompson and Irvin, the guards, kept the Sadorus five from running up a high score. Thompson came up to the occasion in the third quarter and added the finishing touches to a wonderful rally by making a beautiful basket from back of center.

This game was an up-set of dope, for the fans had expected us to be beaten very easily. After a few minutes of play, the boys won the admiration and respect of the whole crowd.

The score was tied with 50 seconds to play when the winning basket was ushered through the hoop from back of center of the floor, making the count 20 to 18.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Another heart-breaker was lost to Mansfield who walloped Fisher, the county champions. When the last gun went off, Uni High was just one point behind. The score zig-zagged back and forth, first one team holding a small lead and then the other. Neither held it for any length of time.

BASKETBALL SEASON RECORD (1-12)

Uni High	10	Monticello	29	L
Uni High	27	Onarga	18	W
Uni High	16	Rantoul	25	L
Uni High	12	Monticello	29	L
Uni High	13	Leroy	27	L
Uni High	24	St. Joe	27	L
Uni High	12	Rantoul	14	L
Uni High	14	Tolono	18	L
Uni High	7	Onarga	18	L
Uni High	14	St. Joe	18	L
Uni High	9	Villa Grove	29	L

COUNTY TOURNAMENT

Uni High	18	Sadorus	20	L

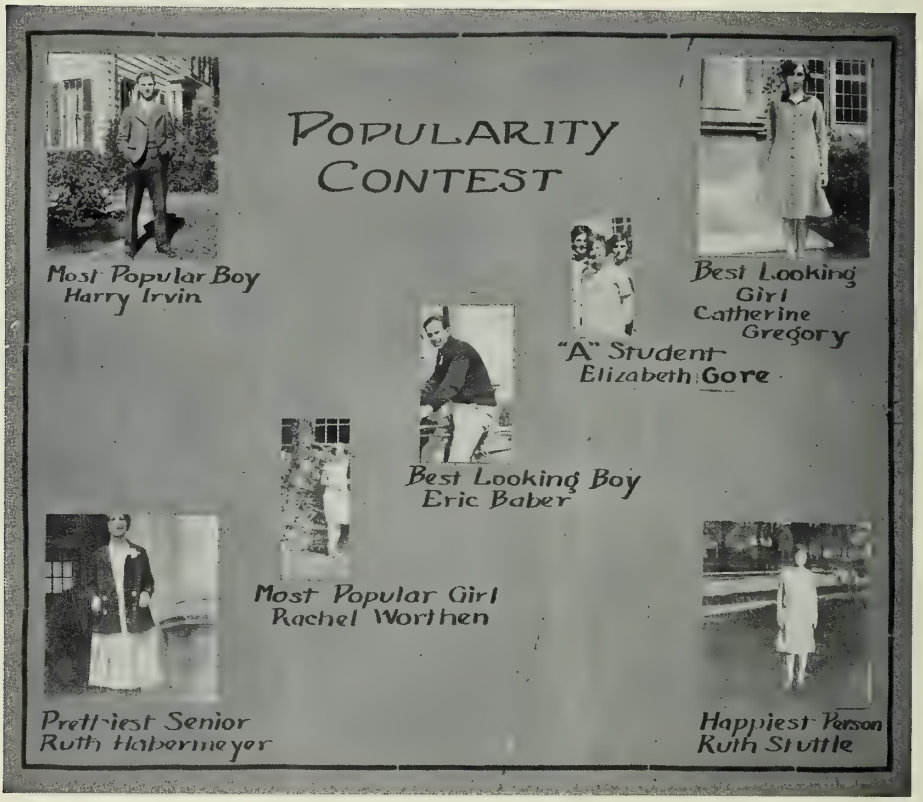
DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Uni High	16	Mansfield	17	L

TO THE COACH

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Stanley Restle of the University Coaching School for his untiring efforts during the past two years to produce winning teams. He has stressed cooperation and sportsmanship during the entire time. He has always been a distinguished and friendly figure around school, and we know that he will be missed by everyone when he is gone.

We do, at this time, take the opportunity to congratulate him for what he has done for Uni High and wish him great success where ever he goes.



POPULARITY CONTEST

We are happy to announce the winners in the popularity contest. We congratulate them and urge others to follow in their footsteps. May University High ever be found rich in such popular material as these pictures denote.

RUTH STUTTLE

ADS
AND
JOKES

Thank You!

Because it would be impossible to see each of you personally we desire to express—through this medium our appreciation for your support and co-operation during the past year.

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JOHNSTON'S SPORT SHOP

Seely Johnston '24

BULLETIN BOARD

Assembly at 10 o'clock.

Girl Reserves meeting at 4 o'clock. 218.

Report cards will be given out at noon.

Hi Y meeting at 7:30.

I wish to see the following some time today:

John Spears
Elizabeth Zimmerman
Azalia Wheeler

If you have not returned your report card, please do so at once.

There will be a candy sale Friday. Bring your money. Sponsored by the Juniors.

Class dues must be paid as soon as possible.

Mr. Harvey: Did you read these French questions?

Evelyn Wallace: Yes, I read over them.

Helen Catherwood: You surely have red hair.

Eleta Dallenback: Yes, the sun rises and sets on me.

Mary Coffin: (writing to her mother in the South) Auntie, how do you spell financially?

Aunt: F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed.

Mr. Harnish: What happens when you get potassium in water?

Helen Johnston: It gets wet.

Gelvin's

Eventually you

will be

"Gelvinized"

so why not

now?

Practice teacher: Williard what would you administer to one who took carbolic acid?

Williard Padfield: The last sacrament.

Why teachers learn more after an exam:

Who was Louis XIV?

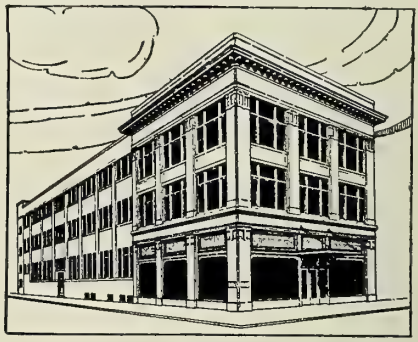
Azalia Wheeler: Louis XIV was a king who was gelatined during the French Revolution.

What is so rare as a day in June?

Don't know unless it's the 29th of February, I think that is pretty rare, it only comes once in four years.

Helen Klontz: What's the smell in the library?

Eric Baber: It's the dead silence they keep in there.



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WHEN YOU THINK

of Photographs

THINK OF DUNCAN'S

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The Duncan Studio

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On a cold wintry morning in December, Elwood Fabert was covering his Ford with a blanket.

Little boy (looking on)—Don't cover it up, Mister, I saw what it was.

Tommy's sisters were talking about giving a dialogue at school. Tommy listened a while, then said: "Mother, why do people have to have logs when they die?"

Ask the Gold Dust Twins about all the dirt.

The proof of this book is in the waste basket.

Miss Robinson (Home Ec)—Girls don't wipe the stove with a towel, use your head.

Mrs. Chase: George I have just come over on a ship, I know nothing about the Monroe Doctrine. Explain it.

George V.: Sorry, I was on the same ship.

Betty Rusk: Our orchestra is sure long winded.

Jean: Why so?

Betty: Well, they play "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Why, do you know it is 130 miles from Champaign to any point 130 miles from Champaign?

Miss Robinson (in sewing class) What is jersey?

Kathyrn Bourne: Jersey is a cow.

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and boys
of
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Illinois

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Champaign

Mr. Williams: Why do you let your work slide so much?

Bob K.: Oh, I play the slide trombone in Mr. Schultz' orchestra.

The proof that Shakespeare was interested in football:

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.

"A touch! A touch! I do confess it!" —Hamlet.

"Well placed."—Henry VI.

"An excellent pass!"—The Tempest.

Mary Ferris: How can a person eat hash and put only one vegetable at a time on his fork?

Isn't it hard to believe that Dame Fortune raised such a daughter as Misfortune?

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High School
Graduate
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Who Said These?

'May I have the next dance?''—St. Vitus.

'Wouldn't that jar you?''—Henry Ford.

'I'll tell the world.''—Radio broadcaster.

'I got your number.''
—Telephone Operator

'Darn it!''—Seamstress.

Williard Padfield: (after trying out for chorus) Do you think I will be able to do anything with my voice?

Mr. Schultz: No, but it may come in handy in case of fire.

English teacher: Give me an example of a double negative.

Isabel Downs: I don't know none.

English teacher: Good.

We wonder why one of the observers thought Bob Stiven a Freshman.

Why Pupils Flunk

''Who wrote the Monroe Doctrine?''
Preston Evans: Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Harvey: Are there any questions?
Bob Stiven: What time is it?

In American History

Mary Cameron: How do you spell seizure? ei or ie?
Jane Snodgrass: ae.
Mary: What?
Jane: C-A-E-S-A-R.

Ruth Habermeyer: Were there any jokes in junior English?
George Fry: Yes, I recited.

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7-1509

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Buying a hat for the head of a pin.
Skinning fur from a fir tree.
Smoking a bagpipe.
Pulling teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi.
Looking for hands on the arm of a chair.
Spinning the top of a building.
Drinking pop out of a pop gun.
Shingling the roof of your mouth.
Combing your hair with a rooster's comb.
Picking up the pieces when the day breaks.
Selling a pair of glasses to a blind man.
Drinking out of a looking glass.
Drinking water from the Big Dipper.
Watering the grass with a silk hose.
Making a strawberry bed.
Untying the knots in a board.
Feeding a Starved Rock.
Cutting wood with a blade of grass.
Making snowballs in summer.
Running a race with an airplane.
Counting the revolutions of an electric fan.

—By Lone Scout Frank P. Pysick,
Wells, Minn.

Ruth S.: Do you know any good jokes for the U and I?
Stanley Wrestle: No, but I can give you my picture.

Games for the Freshmen

Parade of wooden soldiers.
Drop the handkerchief.
Spill the beans.
Jump the rope.
Fox and goose.
Ring around the Rosy.
Clap hands.
Farmer in the Dell.
London Bridge.

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SPECIAL PARTIES CATERED TO

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Champaign

Mr. Alter: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Freshman: At the bottom.

Miss Swander asked the pupils to put more personal touches in their themes. One of the next themes ended.

"Well, how is Mr. Alter? By the way could you give me an A?"

Practice teacher: What is a trunk line railroad?

Louise Locke: A railroad to carry trunks on, I guess.

Remember when there were but three in the American History class?

Faculty—A group of people that get the blame for every wrong doing.

Miss Anderson: What's the matter Milo? You're looking worried.

Milo Ketchum: Work-work — nothing but work from morning to night.

Miss Anderson: How long have you been at it?

Milo: I begin tomorrow.

George Fry: Won't your folks be surprised when you graduate?

Louise Locke: No, they've been expecting it for several years.

"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me. If you need one, take it."

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Customer: I should like a Blue-Rose Compact.
Clerk: Round or square?
Customer: Brunette.

Miss Taylor: Where are you going?
Margaret Schroth: To the Co-op, got to get some paper to write my geometry in.

Miss Swander: What is etiquette?
Helen Stahl: It's saying "No thank you," when you want to say—"gimmie."

Miss Wilkins: Translate *rex fugit.*
John Gregory: The King flees.
Miss Wilkins: Use has with the perfect tense.
John: The King has flees.

Practice teacher: What is a frontier?
K. Miles: Well, how do you want to take it?

Mrs. Chase: What were Lincoln's dates?
E. Zimmerman: Anne Rutledge.

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Miss Duguid told her Freshmen always to remember that PANTS is a very uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Shed a tear for Johnny Hug.
Prohibition broke his jug. (Found in history room).

On the blackboard: Welcome to our class, may you live through it.

Senior: I heard and saw some stuffing of the ballot box for that popularity contest.

Sophomore: When did you see that?

Senior: The third time I went in to vote.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Elizabeth Gore saying—"I don't know?"

Charles Wilson bright and active.

Apperly Clinkenbeard on roller skates.

Johnny Spears on time to classes.

The Home Ec Girls serving lunch to the faculty.

Any high school pupil welcoming exams.

Miss Hobbs not grading papers.

Maurice Johnson with his hair combed.

George Pickels with a two minute report.

Elwood Fabert knowing his lesson.

Mary Louise Irvin skipping.

Margaret Schroth tall and thin.

Frances Leslie not singing.

Mr. Harvey without glasses.

Elizabeth Huff not talking about someone.

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Recognize Duty

Roger Zombro & Co.

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AND MOST DELICIOUS

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CANDIES
AND
MINTS

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CANDIES

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CHAMPAIGN :: ILLINOIS

Frances Leslie: I wish I could get a chance to sing in public.

Linda Fitzgerald: Then why not join the salvation army?

Lady on street car: Stop snuffling. Can't you do something with your nose.

Little boy: Yes'm, I can keep it out of other people's business.

Mother (angrily): Behave yourself Theodore, what would Miss Clark say if you were to behave like this at school?

Theodore Newcomb: She would say—"Behave yourself, remember you are not at home now."

Bertha Enger: Making up time?

E. Zimmerman: Making up, but not time.

OUR PET PEEVES

To have assembly on our only study period.

To lose or forget our locker key.

To get to the door just as the bell rings and then have to get a permit.

To study a lesson and then remember that there is an assembly at that hour.

To have Mr. Williams announce a vacation.

To have lessons assigned over vacation.

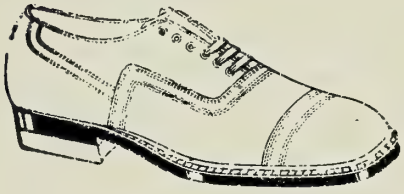
Rachael Worthen: Mother, he says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?

Mother: No, just let him keep on thinking so.

Mr. Harnish: What month has 28 days?

Floyd Alexander: All of them.

REAL SHOES
FOR YOUNG MEN



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Spaulding and
Fenster

19 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN

Miss Hobbs after a quiz: Hand in your papers as you pass out.

Judge: How did you come to steal the automobile from the cemetery?

Prisoner: Well, your honor, the car looked so lonely at the gate that I thought the owner must be dead.

Mr. Mullen: Bernard, what's this story I hear about your overdrawing your bank balance?

Bernard: Oh, I should say it was very much overdrawn.

Mr. Kukets: Can you tell me the name of any animal peculiar to Australia?

John Clements: The rhinoceros.

Mr. Kukets: That's not found in Australia.

John: That's why it would be peculiar.

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

100 per cent.....I did
90 " " .....I will
80 " " .....I can
70 " " .....I think I can
60 " " .....I might try
50 " " .....I should
40 " " .....What is it?
30 " " .....I wish I could
20 " " .....I dont' know
10 " " .....I can't
0 " " .....I won't

Ed Bourne: I do hope you will pardon my dancing on your feet—I'm a little out of practice.

Tressa Norton: I don't mind your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that aggravates me.

Morris Johnson: If it's heads, I'll write a letter; if it's tails, I'll read a magazine; if it lights on edge, I'll sleep; and if it doesn't come down, I'll study.

THE CO-OP extends its congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 1927.

Those who are entering the University will find the CO-OP prepared to serve you with all needed supplies.

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

Right now we are showing some of the latest and most popular gift articles particularly appropriate for presents for graduates, weddings and such like occasions.

THE CO-OP

(U & I SUPPLY STORE)

GREEN AND WRIGHT STREETS

"When the water boils away it will be mist," sighed the tea kettle sadly

---

Does anyone know why Mr. Alter refuses to sign up for *House Beautiful* when he takes it from the library?

Albert Worthen: Give me an ice cream cone, please.
Soda Jerk: Five or ten?
Albert: Just one.

Eva Becker: What are you doing for a living?
Jimmie: Breathing.

Mrs. Chase: What did you get for passing your exams?
Merton Rapp: Have you seen those new sport model Cadillac roadsters?
Mrs. Chase: Yes! Yes!
Merton: Well, I got five bucks.

James Munnis: Why were you kicked off the Glee Club?
Ed Bourne: I had no voice in the matter.

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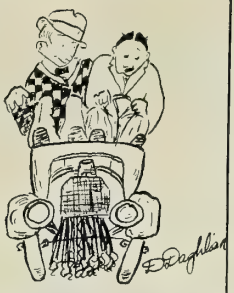
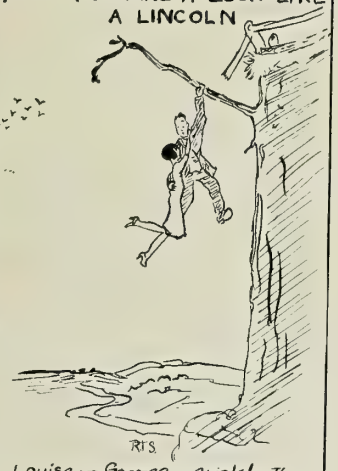
THE THOMSENS FIND IT A SLICK PROPOSITION!



LYLE AND ELWOOD PUT WHISKERS ON THEIR FORD TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A LINCOLN

G. PICKLES — Hooray!! I've invented my loudspeaker for deaf mutes millions in it !!!

G. Pickles returning a few books after Christmas Vacation.



Louise — George, quick! I'm slipping!! Put both arms around me!!

Skating — Two down — Three more to go!

Autographs

A SENIOR'S MEMORIES

The events of our high school are soon
passed away,
And our Carefree youth doth depart;
And yet, old and musty, there's memory
of days
Of the happiness chucked in our hearts.
So, friends of my cherished days in this
school,
Whether "hookey-player" or not,
May luck spur you on as it's driving
at me,
While the past's not scorned nor forgot.

Oh! there's nothing at morn, that's as
sweet unto me,
As the smile of a friend so true,
With a laugh on his lips, and a
nod that you see,
And a twinkle in eyes so blue.
A freshman is sly, and a sophomore
smart,
And a junior is filled with good
cheer,
But a senior is sad and sheds tears
in his heart,
For the time of his parting is near.

Then ho! for the Freshie, and ho! for
the Soph,
That filleth the halls of our school.
For we Seniors will go and our
hats we will doff
To the Juniors, who take up our
rule.
Crowding our memories, good time
and fun,
They stand in review as we pass.
From mistakes we have made, and
the course we have run,
They rejoice in a victory at last.

Imitation of "An old Man's Memory" by Riley—
CHRISTINE TAYLOR, '27

IN CONCLUSION

We thank you who have so unselfishly co-operated with us in publishing this U and I. May it prove a source of constant enjoyment.

U AND I STAFF

Morris Johnson	Editor-in-Chief
Milo Ketchum	Business Manager
Christine Taylor	Circulation Manager
Mary Louise Irvin	Literary
Jane Snodgrass	Society
Harry Irvin	Sports
Ruth Stuttle	Jokes
Ruth Habermeyer	Art
Ruth Stuttle	Assistant Art

U and I

University High School Annual

Published by

The Senior Class

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

June, 1929

Volume Eight

University of Illinois High School
Urbana, Illinois

DEDICATION

TO MISS FOLEY

who with constant radiant cheerfulness, has guided and inspired us to reach our goal, we gratefully dedicate this annual. We shall always recall her with friendly affection.

FOREWORD

The staff, in editing the eighth volume of the University High School Annual, has tried to make it so that it will please you now and bring back memories to you in the future. In doing this, we have been helped by everyone connected with University High School. Mindful of this and particularly grateful to Miss McHarry and Miss Hibbs for their help, we, the staff, submit this annual to its readers.

CLARENCE THOMPSON

Editor-in-Chief

RUDOLPH

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Clarence Thompson
Business Manager	Willard Padfield
Circulation Manager	Robert Kennedy
Art Editor	Mary Ferris
Sports Editor	Raymond Comings
Society Editor	Hazel Waxler
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Literary Editor	Dorothy Stahl
Calendar Editor	Margaret Schroth
Jokes	William Walter

TO THE FACULTY

The Senior's gift to Uni High—
We've thought and thought what it should be.
A precious gift we can't deny!
We're leaving them the faculty.

MARTHA MOORE

FACULTY

Standing from left to right are: Miss Foley, Miss Hibbs, Miss Wilkin, Mrs. Hagan, Mr. Byerly, Miss Robinson, Miss McHarry, Miss Duguid, Mr. Haberton, Miss Taylor, Miss Hendricks, Miss Carol, and Mrs. Wilson.

Sitting from left to right are: Mr. Harvey, Dr. Paul, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Harnish.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

TOMORROW

As the sun is setting in the west,
Our streaming banners we bring to rest.
Four years of glorious promise
Now have come to surcease.
And as we pause to renew our strength
On the upward road, whose winding length
Runs far ahead through mountain mist,
We know not what may follow Tomorrow.
Adown the valley awhence we came,
We see past stages of achievements done;
Of tasks completed; of honors won;
Each of which will e'er cherished be—
What happy days, what joyous memories
Of friends and counselors whom now we leave!

The sun is set; the stars come out;
The night has sent the day to rout.
The afterglow of twilight
Lights up in splendor yon height
Awhere we next our tents shall raise
Tomorrow, and all the Tomorrows of afterdays.

Mary Ferris '29

CLASSES

FAYE ANDERS
Urbana High School
"Never let your studies interfere with your education."
Senior play committee.

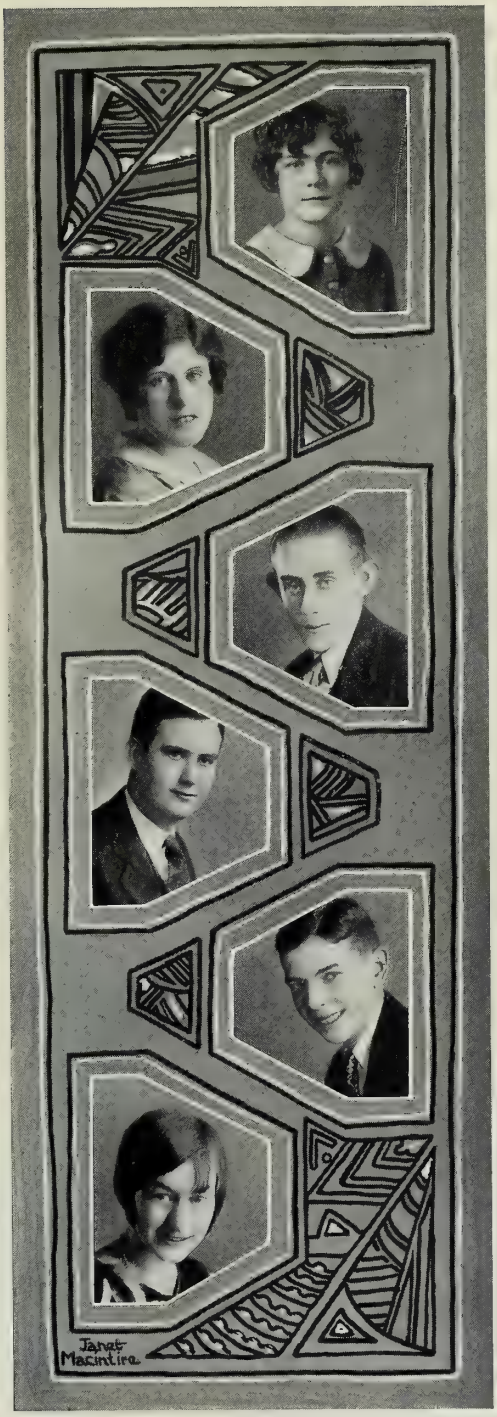
VIRGINIA CASTO
St. Joseph High School
"Her hair stood upright like porcupine quills
Till the barber's scissors best subdued it."
Glee Club; Operetta; Girl Reserve; Senior Stunt Show; Piano solo.

JOHN CLEMENTS "JOHNNIE"
"Lincoln was assassinated in office; I'm satisfied with my job."
Basketball Manager; Hi-Y Club.

APPERLY CLINKENBEARD "APP"
"He has the capacity for aiding all."
Hi-Y Club; Basketball Manager; Senior Stunt Show.

RAYMOND COMINGS "RAY"
Oak Park High School
"The blush is beautiful; but it is sometimes inconvenient."
Class President; Basketball Team; Track, Captain; Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y Club; Senior Stunt Show; "Kelly Kid"; Glee Club; Operetta; U and I Staff; Senior Play.

HARIETT DEERE
Longview High School
"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes."
Girl Reserve.



MARY ALICE FERRIS
Champaign High School
"She has a certain dignity."
Class Poet; Thimble Theatre Guild; Senior Stunt Show; Girl Reserves, Social Chairman; Senior Play; U and I Staff; Senior Invitation Committee.

ELSIE YEATS
Winchester High School
"Be check'd for silence, but never tax'd for speech."
Girl Reserve.

ROBERT KENNEDY "BOB"
"His speech is never called rigmarole."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y Club, President; Basketball Team; Senior Sunt Show; "Kelly Kid"; Glee Club; Operetta; Hatchet Oration; U and I Staff; Senior Invitation Committee; Senior Play; Orchestra; Extempore.

GEORGIA KNIGHT
"O, I'm stabb'd with laughter."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Girls' Basketball; Girl Reserve; Senior Stunt Show, Chairman; Library Student Assistant; Glee Club; Operetta; Senior Invitation Committee.

MARY ANN MALLOY
Champaign High School
"Youth comes but once in a lifetime."
Girl Reserve; Senior Stunt Show; Glee Club; Operetta.

MAJOR MARRIOTT "MAJ"
Arsenal Technical High School
Indianapolis, Indiana
Urbana High School
"I am not in the role of common man."

FRANCES McCLELLAND "FRAN"
"All people said she had authority."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Glee Club; Senior Stunt Show; Library Student Assistant; Commencement Committee; Class Prophecy; Senior Play; Girl Reserve.

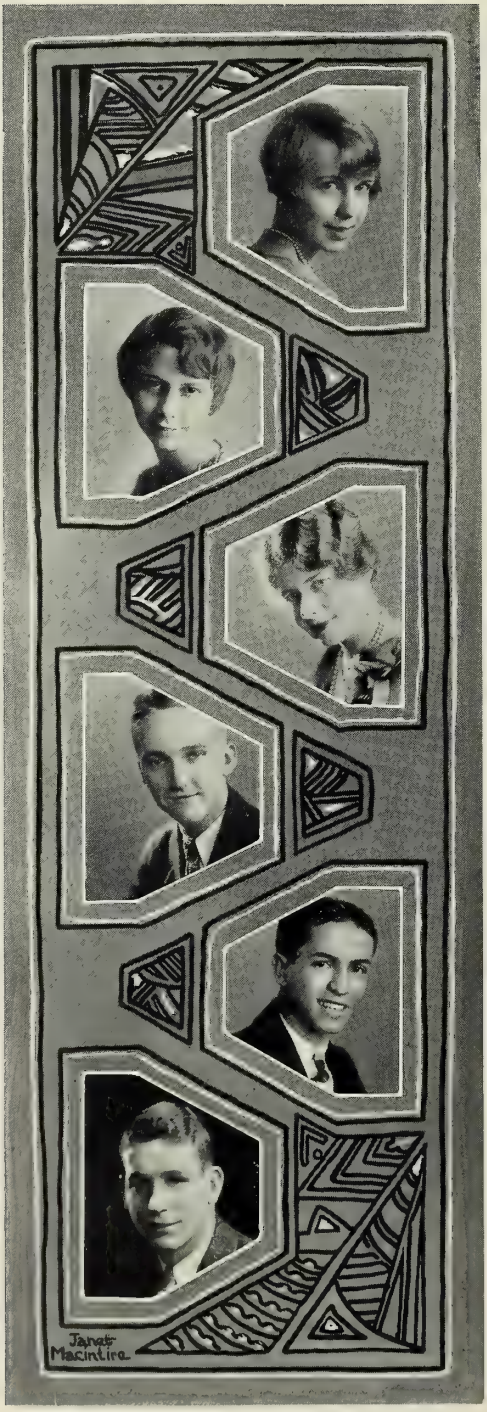
WILLARD PADFIELD
"He's the flavor of all society,
He's the vanilla of his class."
Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Travellers"; Orchestra; Glee Club; Operetta; Basketball Team; Senior Stunt Show; Class Will; U and I Staff; Senior Play.

VERENA PRICE
"Too great haste leads one to errors."
Senior Stunt Show; Girl Reserve.

MYRTLE REA
Urbana High School
"She adorned whatere she wrote by the most splendid eloquence."
Senior Stunt Show; Class Prophecy; Girl Reserve; Essay.

MARGARET E. SCHROTH
"Let the world slide."
Class Secretary; Girl Reserve; Glee Club, President; Operetta; Senior Stunt Show; U and I Staff.

JOHN SHELFORD
"Ripe in wisdom was he
but patient, and simple, and childlike."
Senior Stunt Show; Track Team; Class History.



DOROTHY STAHL

"Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve, Service Chairman; Girl's Basketball; Commencement Committee; U and I Staff; Library Student Assistant.

HELEN MARIE STAHL

"Is she talking yet—or still."

Girl's Basketball Captain; Glee Club; Operetta; Senior Stunt Show; Class Will.

DOROTHY SWEET

Collegiate High School, Saskatoon, Canada.

"Give me some music, music moody food."

CLARENCE THOMPSON "TOMMIE"

"Zealous, yet modest, patient of toil, serene amidst alarm."

Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Travellers"; Track; Basketball Team, Captain; Hi-Y Club; Senior Stunt Show; Commencement Committee; U and I Staff; Senior Play.

RICHARD TORRES "MEX"

"Dark men are jewels in beauteous ladies eyes."

Operetta; Glee Club; Senior Stunt Show; "The Travellers"; Class Will; Senior Play; Track; Basketball Team.

WILLIAM WALTER "BILL"

"I have not slept one wink."

Class, Vice-President; Senior Stunt Show; "The Travellers"; Class Prophecy; U and I Staff.

HAZEL WAXLER
"*Her wit ambles well, it goes easily.*"
Thimble Theatre Guild, President; "The Travellers"; Girl Reserve, Program Chairman; Senior Stunt Show; Class Treasurer; Welcome; U and I Staff; Senior Play.

CHARLES WILSON
"*And gazed a while the ample sky.*"
Hi-Y Club; Track; Glee Club; Senior Stunt Show.

GEORGE WHISENAND
"*Of course I'm right,*
What makes you think I'm wrong!"
Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Travellers"; Track; Hi-Y Club; Senior Stunt Show; Basketball Team; Farewell; U and I Staff; Commencement Committee.

JOHN HUGHES
"*There is likewise a reward for faithful silence.*"
Senior Stunt Show.

MARGARET ANDERSON
"*Hey! Kiddie, I just heard—*"
Girl's Basketball; Operetta.

HERBERT LAWRENCE
New Burnside High School.
Vienna Township High School.
"*I'll not budge an inch.*"

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '29

It is customary to refer to all freshmen as green, timid, and bewildered. However true that may be of other classes, it was not true of the class of nineteen hundred twenty-nine, which entered University High at eight o'clock, September fourteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five. We knew that the stone gargoyles were not meant to frighten boys and girls, and we did not shrink in fear from Mr. Williams' tardiness lectures.

Willard Padfield, our president, presided over the meetings in a very satisfactory manner. John Mathis, the vice-president, although he had little to do, did that well. Our secretary, Marajen Stevick, had to leave us before the year was over. Dorothy Stahl was elected treasurer—an office she filled to the satisfaction of all. The advisers were Miss Duguid and Mr. Alter. A valentine party was our first attempt at entertainment. Even so, it was a success. Although we suffered defeat in the class basketball games, we were not discouraged in the least.

The next year, as sophomores, we took great pride in helping the freshmen get acquainted with school life—via the "Freshman Pool." This year the executive office was held by Robert Kennedy. The second place was left in the hands of Clarence Thompson. George Whisenand kept the records, while Azalia Wheeler took charge of the finances. The advisers were Miss Thomsen and Mr. Alter.

Our junior year was even better. Clarence Thompson, who had proved his ability as vice-president the previous year, was made president. Raymond Comings was elected to the office formerly held by Clarence. Mary Ferris was made secretary, while Frances McClelland was given the work of extracting and conserving the dues and other funds belonging to the class. Miss Thomsen and Miss Duguid acted as advisers. We produced a commendable junior play—"The Intimate Strangers" by Booth Tarkington—in which Clarence Thompson and Hazel Waxler had the principal parts. Our rummage sale was successful—surprisingly successful considering that the seniors had forced everyone to hand over his cast-off clothing but a few weeks before. An enjoyable junior-senior banquet served as a fitting conclusion for this year.

Now as we come to the last year, we see that it is the best year of all. We made Raymond Comings, president; William Walter, vice-president; Margaret Schroth, secretary; and Hazel Waxler, treasurer. We chose Miss Foley and Miss McHarry as faculty advisers. The seniors this year were notably successful in getting money. After several weeks of effort, enough material was collected to have a rummage sale early in the fall. The same thing was repeated with equally good results later in the year. The large attendance at the senior stunt show helped considerably in filling our treasury. Apperly Clinkenbeard was just too sweet for words! The senior play and the junior-senior banquet promise to be up to standard.

A brief survey of the members will disclose the cause of the outstanding achievements of the class. We have risen to greater heights than any previous class. As proof of this we offer Apperly Clinkenbeard. Our president, Raymond Comings has not only shown himself an able president, but he has distinguished himself as an operatic star. When things became too serious, our joke editor, Bill Walter, helped us to see the lighter side of life. Some of the boys, at least, have found the library unusually attractive when Georgia Knight has taken charge.

JOHN SHELFORD '29

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Parent Teachers and Class Day Banquet

Wednesday, May 29, 6 P. M.

University High School

Parents' Welcome . . . . . Mrs. Robertson
President's Response . . . . . Raymond Comings
Class History . . . . . John Shelford
Class Poem . . . . . Mary Ferris
Class Will . . . . Willard Padfield, Helen Stahl, Richard Torres
Class Prophecy . . Frances McClelland, William Walter, Myrtle Rea
Hatchet Oration . . . . . Robert Kennedy
Junior Response . . . . . William Shultz
Principal's Address . . . . . Lewis W. Williams

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 2, 8 P. M.

Prelude, Marche aux Flambeaux (Clark) . . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Father John A. O'Brien
Chorus—I Would That My Love (Mendelssohn) . . . Girls' Glee Club
Scripture . . . . . Reverend H. Clifford Northcott
Vocal Solo—O Rest in the Lord (Elijah—Mendelssohn) . Margaret Schroth
Sermon . . . . . Reverend Father John A. O'Brien
Vocal Solo—My God and Father (Charlotte Elliott) . Robert Kennedy
Benediction . . . . . Reverend H. Clifford Northcott

Commencement

Thursday, June 6, 8 P. M.

Processional March, March Romaine (Gounod) . . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend M. T. Kennedy
Welcome . . . . . Hazel Waxler
Piano Solo—Scherzino (De Leone) . . . . . Virginia Casto
Commencement Address . . . . . Robert Daniel Carmichael
Professor of Mathematics, University of Illinois
Vocal Solo—"You" (Crosse) . . . . . Eleta Dallenbach
Farewell . . . . . George Whisenand
Chorus—Wake Thee Now Dearest (Czecho-Slovakian Folk Song
Girls' Glee Club
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Charles E. Chadsey
Dean of the College of Education, University of Illinois
Presentation of American History Award
Representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution
Benediction . . . . . Reverend M. T. Kennedy

WELCOME

Four years ago, as we entered University High School, we had very little idea of responsibilities of any sort. We have since learned, through experiences pleasant and unpleasant, that to be responsible means to be answerable for one's conduct,—to be trustworthy. We have learned what it means to have a task assigned to us and to be left to plan out a course of action which will bring the task to completion. We have come to realize, further, that there are two kinds of responsibilities—those to ourselves and those to others. Each of these has its part to play, but we have come to feel that the former is a step toward the latter. Shakespeare says in "Hamlet," "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Responsibility to ourselves has been centered upon the acquisition of knowledge—the gaining of as much benefit as possible from our studies. At the same time our mingling with students and teachers has led us to feel accountable to ourselves for a personality that will permit us to make the best use of the knowledge that school has afforded. To be sure, we have not learned completely the lessons that will make us responsible to ourselves, but we feel that at this commencement time, we are, in a measure, ready to assume the second phase of our task—the obligations that we owe to others. Our high school experiences have done much to prepare us for the great work of our maturity—being responsible to those with whom we live and work.

An important part of our education, also, has been the cultivation of a sense of recognizing important trusts; and, although we have not realized it, this sense has grown upon us, especially during our senior year, until we have come to appreciate a little of the truth of the lines, "The straightest path perhaps which may be sought, lies through the great highway men call, 'I ought!'"

We have grown through four happy years in many things necessary to our intellectual and social well-being, until we stand before you tonight, not only happy in the realization of some of the responsibilities which we shall meet in later life, but also confident in the knowledge that we are partly fitted to meet them.

It is with delight in this feeling of capability and of gratefulness for what others have done for us, that we welcome you, our parents, teachers, and friends to this Eighth Annual Commencement of University High School.

Hazel Waxler

CLASS WILL

We, being an extremely unusual variation of the previous grotesque species of the customary graduating group, the carcass of twenty-nine, in this metropolis of erudition, county of perception, state of all-subtilizing intellect, thoroughly convinced that we are of unbalanced mind and debilitated bodies and realizing the incredulity of this hemisphere over which we are about to be strewn, do hereby prepare, ordain, and promulgate this, our last will and testament, drawn this sixth day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine. The following members bequeath their personal belongings thusly:

Faye Anders leaves to Edith Lytle her indexed catalog of written excuses.

Margaret Anderson leaves Jack to Reva Myers to work on.

Mary Ferris desires that Rex Newcomb be the recipient of her golden silence and dignity.

Margaret Schroth leaves her love for the school in general to all posterity.

Ray Comings leaves his childish coiffure to Bill Schultz.

Clarence Thompson leaves his one arm Chevy-driving technique to Harry Heddins. We hope Harry will take advantage of this wonderful break.

Virginia Casto leaves her knowledge of the by-lanes off the St. Joe road to George Gulette.

George Whisenand leaves his wondrous store of conceitedness to Bob Watson.

Apperly Clinkenbeard leaves his red checkered rompers to Robert Little.

Georgia Knight bequeaths to Helen Garland her knack of keeping her pencil stuck in her hair.

John Hughes leaves his boisterous ways to Virginia Wood.

Myrtle Rea leaves her address in the office to convenience those who have bills against her that are past due.

Bob Kennedy leaves his curly hair to next year's secretary.

Hazel Waxler leaves the last ounce of her bottle of Codliver Oil (tasteless) to Virginia Downs.

John Shelford leaves the press in his pants to Preston Tuttle.

Bill Walter leaves his ready wit to Janet Macintire.

Richard Torres leaves his numerous unawarded letters to the Athletic Ass'n.

Charles Wilson leaves to Bob Stout his knowledge of astronomy.

John Clements bequeaths his trainer's kit to Phillip Bogart.

Verena Price leaves her stenographic attitude to Dolly Carson.

Willard Padfield leaves his ability to "get along" with staff and practice teachers to John Anderson.

Frances McClelland wishes that Elizabeth Pickels should become the possessor of her hesitancy in speech.

Dorothy and Helen Stahl are leaving the fumes from the Dodge for the whole school to inhale next year.

Herbert Lawrence leaves his knowledge of physics together with his eligible notebook to Ed Dillon.

Major Marriott leaves one of the two diplomas he received for taking everything twice to the group who control the destinies of this school.

Dorothy Sweet leaves her dazzling smile to the freshman who uses Colgates.

We, PST, the L. L. D.'s of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine, do solemnly affirm that, except for CENSORSHIP in four places and threats from all those who are featured, this will was made without any undue influence.

SIGNED:

WILLARD PADFIELD
HELEN STAHL
RICHARD TORRES
L. L. D.'s of 1929

THE CLASS PROPHECY

Hello Everybody!! This is Station P-R-O-P-H-E-C-Y—owned and operated by Bill Walters and Myrtle Rea, in conjunction with Frances McClelland. We are operating on a frequency of 10,000,000 kilocycles, by the authority of the Federal Radio Commission, and are coming on the air at exactly 11:65 P. M. 1959.

We have a little surprise in store for you this evening, folks. Some letters have just been received from Uni High's Class of '29, stating the whereabouts and occupations of all the members. We have, therefore, set aside this hour to relate to you the following good fortunes and ignominious disasters gained and suffered, respectively, by our old classmates.

Clarence Thompson is now posing for Arrow Collar Ads. Tommy has evidently retained his blonde beauty throughout the years.

Ray Comings is a retired millionaire. Ray made his money through his invention of noiseless popcorn.

Helen Stahl is a well known writer. Her latest volumes are "My Power Over The Men" and "How I Acquired IT."

Mex Torres is conducting an institution for homeless mosquitoes at Bradyville.

Apperly Clinkenbeard has made his millions selling Mellon's Baby Food in the wilds of Africa.

George Whisenand is now a tired business man—tired of looking for business.

Mary Ferris has become a world famous novelist. She is temporarily residing in Philo, to secure material for her next novel entitled "Night Life In A Big City."

Hazel Waxler, having reduced her plump figure to the slimest degree possible, has recently gone to Hollywood to break into the movies and put all of the feminine stars out of business.

Willard Padfield has succeeded Mr. L. W. Williams as Principal of Uni High. Principal Padfield personally sees to it that none of his pupils fatigue themselves by overstudy. Margaret Schroth serves as his faithful private secretary.

Verena Price is now a prominent society matron at Mayview.

Dorothy Stahl is a missionary in the South Sea Islands. She is attempting to teach the natives how to embroider doilies.

John Shelford has reached an elevated position in life. He is the world's champion flag pole sitter.

Faye Anders is now a famous evangelist. Sister Anders travels around preaching to the younger generation about what happens to little boys and girls that skip school.

Georgia Knight is president of The Ladies Aid Society at Fithian.

Dorothy Sweet, a lover of music and cold climate, is now in Iceland teaching the Eskimoes their do, re, mi's.

Martha Moore is a famous lecturer on foreign affairs. At present, she is touring the country lecturing on "The Price of Spinach in Denmark."

Bob Kennedy's countenance appears daily in ads, for the "Rose Petal Skin" soap company. Oh! girls, that school boy complexion!!

Charles Wilson is having a hard time earning a living as garbage collector in Scotland.

John Hughes has taken up aviation. He is contemplating a non-stop flight from Tolono to St. Joe, soon, if weather conditions permit.

Virginia Casto is in the moving picture business. She is ticket seller at the Varsity Theatre.

Major Marriot is selling bullet-proof bibles in Cicero.

John Clements now has a rutebaga farm in Oshkosh.

Herbert Lawrence has become an ardent yachtsman. He is planning a pleasure cruise, next week, down the dredge in his trusty yacht "The Tub."

Elsie Yates and Harriet Deere have joined the circus and are billed as the only Siamese Twins, dead or alive, that art not fastened together.

Margaret Anderson is a famous prima donna. When she made her operatic debut, the audience wildly clapped their hands—over their ears.

This concludes our entertainment for the evening. Station P-R-O-P-H-E-C-Y now signing off.

Frances McClelland
William Walters
Myrtle Rea

HATCHET ORATION

Another year has gone by, and the time has come for one class to leave Uni High and another to take its place. As we hand on the hatchet in this connection, we may well ask the question, What is its meaning? Two points are clear. It stands first of all as a symbol of achievement. It represents things done, either good or bad. These include not only the accomplishments of the class as a whole, but also the noteworthy deeds of the individuals.

Apperly Clinkenbeard, for instance, has always supplied ample material to youthful writers and poets of this school. Do you realize that in this way Apperly has proved himself a great worth, for where would our budding writers be if there had never been an Apperly to serve as a universal example for every thing? With same honor Ray, Tommy, George, and others have lead the Seniors in athletics. Mex, as one of the best sports in our class has helped greatly in the many activities of our school. We can not forget the girls. Those on the staff of the U. & I. have made names for themyselves by what they have done, and the typists, both seniors and others, have done much valuable work.

Whatever has been accomplished has not been done by ourselves alone, but through cooperation with the teachers and other students. We have a small school with a large supply of teachers. Therefore close and helpful contacts have been possible. We have become well acquainted and have worked to-gether in a way that has been of great value to each of us. Tasks have often been made easy mainly because we have benefited by the help of teachers more than we realized. We have greatly appreciated this fellowship and aid, and we will miss it surely in the years to come.

The hatchet is also a symbol of excision. As we intrust you with the hatchet, we deem it right to give you a few suggestions for the use of it in the manner of which I shall speak. There are many important things that need immediate attention. For instance, a little length could be cut from some of your tall juniors and added with great advantage to members such as Andy Draper. We suggest that you cut away part of the thermostats in such a way as to check the heat on days when the temperature is 80° in the shade outside. Another urgent task which calls for action is to cut down Miss Wilkin's assignments. Another matter is pressing. The juniors must try bravely to put a stop to Mr. Harnish's boistrous laughter and hilarious ways in the school building. Then there still remains the problem of ventilation on the fourth floor. We suggest that you hack a hole in the roof expressly for this purpose. A surgeon uses the knife to cut away diseased tissues for the good of the body; we charge the juniors to so use the hatchet that all undesirable features may be cut entirely out of the life of Uni High. These blemishes are well known to all and need not be dwelt upon.

In leaving Uni High, we regret that many things have not been done. However we are confident that the juniors will finish all that we started and will conquer in the things they attempt. At this eventful time it is with implicit faith that we intrust this hachet to their care and guardianship.

ROBERT KENNEDY '29

JUNIOR RESPONSE

We accept the hatchet from you, knowing we will use it well, as have you who pass before us from the halls of Uni High. Every junior class must finally become senior, then give way to those who follow, while it seeks into the future. Some of these in passing will have a strong effect and leave their mark upon the school. Others will—just pass, using the hatchet not at all. You have tried to be of the former group, and to some degree have succeeded, while we have been of the former and will continue to be of them.

We started, three long years ago, to carve our way through the maze that is high school, and we quickly learned why the plaster on the walls starts about four feet up. One can't carve on the marble that forms the lower wall. Our disappointment at this discovery we assuaged in various ways. Little Edmund Dillon whiled away weary class periods jerking the zipper of his lumberjacket, while big John Gums argued with Miss Swander that "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" is the only ballad worth reading. To Miss Swander's relief, Mr. Alter stopped the argument by suggesting that the class of '30 publish the "Tiny Illini." The class of '29 had failed lamentably at this venture, but we succeeded better than those who scoffed at freshmen. Al Worthen brought down the wrath of upperclassmen by accompanying Rachel on her peregrinations, and Janet MacIntyre brought down the wrath of the faculty by setting a new tardiness record. Through it all, Jean Bull blushed.

By the next year one fact had been established: the way to get a laugh was to compare the robust Andy Draper to stately Ap Clinkenbeard. We almost got the laugh of the year by our effort to dispel any lingering memories of the victrola dance it had been our distinction to give. As sophomores we employed a junior-senior orchestra and omitted the detail of paying them for their services! However there have always been sufficient refreshments at our parties, a trifle noticeably lacking at those you have sponsored. We ungrudgingly concede our mistakes and willingly admit yours, but in spite of this, we will take your suggestions for the use of the hatchet. This, at least, we owe great seniors.

If this has been too truthful for a panegyric, take it not amiss. Officially we will take your place, but in reality we can do that no more than a new acquaintance can replace an old friend. Progress dictates your retiring, as it will dictate ours when we come to join you in the unfolding of strange destines.

William Schultz '30

FAREWELL

In the great business of living, everyone must reach at intervals land marks or stages which are in truth brief periods of transition. Such a transitory moment is at present upon us of this graduating class. We have now reached the point of departure from the imagination of childhood and of arrival into the realities of life. We have come to a parting of the ways where the road diverges into an unlimited number of beautiful paths from which each one must choose. We stand before the entrance to the future wishing to knock but hardly daring to enter. For all to brief a second we pause to survey the endless vistas of future adventure and those of the past, which will always remain endeared to us. We must, in the same breath, bid "Farewell" to the past and "Hail" to the future! Long ago, when we entered high school, such a step seemed unreal and unthinkable to us. We saw the graduating seniors and pitied them as if their valedictory was "Farewell, happy fields where joy dwells forever, Hail horrors!" But slowly this idea has changed until at last we too are ready, even eager, to know the world. Already high school is little more than a beautiful memory which will grow steadily dimmer as time eclipses itself. Let us hope that as these priceless, treasured remembrances unconsciously grow fainter each one of us has taken with him something more material than past happiness. With our classified knowledge, let us believe, we have received a key-note of success, not only worldly glory but that success which is happiness perhaps even our secret life. Thus each of us may be enabled to say truthfully, "Out of my four years at University High School, I gained something more than mere study. I have received my future."

As students of the class of '29, we realize that whatever of this secret we have found we owe largely to the faculty of our school. We have been more than fortunate in this respect; and as the years roll on, we shall understand more and more our great debt to these sincere friends, our teachers. We can hope to pay this debt only by accomplishing those things for which they have helped equip us. We go forth into the second great adventure armed with the knowledge which they have helped us to find. With this no task should be too great.

Before we start life's new adventure we linger, hesitant, here on its brink to make our last gesture in our old rôle. Tomorrow we go forth. Opening wide the gates, we, for whom it is both the beginning and the end, shout aloud to eternity, "Hail and Farewell!"

George Whisenand '29

JUNIORS

OFFICERS

President	Edmund Dillon
Vice-President	Catherine Callen
Secretary	Jean Bull
Treasurer	John Gums

TO THE JUNIORS

Juniors, you know who now aspire
To the seniors' lofty role,
May your attainments rise yet higher
May you, too, achieve the goal.

MARTHA MOORE

JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

This is station Uni High, Urbana, Illinois, operating for the class of '30 under the direction of Messrs. Habberton and Harvey.

The latest office reports are as follows: Edmund Dillon, president; Katherine Callen, vice-president; Jean Bull, secretary; and John Gums, treasurer.

The story we have for you today is one of the junior class and their various maneuvers during the school year of 1928-1929.

To start the class off with a bang, the president appointed a class pin and ring committee and a "hop" committee; and before you could say "Jack" Robinson," the juniors were wearing the new pins and rings at their own "hops." So full of enthusiasm were they that just three weeks after the Halloween dance was given, they were hosts at a Thanksgiving party.

After having paid off most of their social obligations, they turned their next thoughts to raising money. Who will forget the candy sales—and "THE COPPERHEAD"?

And to top it all, came the most glorious banquet given for the senior class.

We are signing off until a year from now, when we hope to give you the one most enthusiastic and successful account ever heard from this station.

BETTY PROVINE, *announcing*

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

You would scarcely recognize the Class of '31 as it entered University High School in September, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight. We now went under the title of sophomores. Sophomores! why what fun it would be to be able to look down and up instead of always up.

Acording to the tradition of all the classes who had gone before, it was our duty to hold a class election. Walter Enger was elected president; Elinor Wilson, vice-president; Dolly Carson, secretary; Elizabeth Pickles, treasurer; Barbara Knipp, class historian; Miss Duguid and Mrs. Wilson, class advisers.

At Christmas we gave our annual school party with the usual Christmas tree and general exchange of presents and good feeling. During the year we also added to our class funds and fed the hungry.

With some regret we realize that we are half way through our school course, but we look forward to the coming two years with the hope of finishing well what we have started out to do.

Barbara Knipp '31

FRESHMEN

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '32

The Spirit of '32 had a hard time finding enough passengers to make it worthwhile starting the flight. At last we collected eleven nervy ones, but one fell ill at the last moment. Reduced to ten, we commenced selecting officers. First we would need a capable pilot to help us establish a good reputation with the passengers of the upper planes who were traveling ahead of us and who thought we were very green. We selected Barbara Ruth. Next we would need a substitute pilot to keep the plane from falling into a tail spin if Barbara became ill. We chose Marcella Clifford. "Who is going to keep the log?" was the next question. After due thought and deliberation, we elected Helen Garland. We would have to have somebody to take care of insurance policies. Walter Draper came flying in to take office. The passengers of the upper planes told us we would need a historian, so we elected Marcella Clifford.

"We must have two advisers," exclaimed someone, "so what about Miss Hendrix and Mr. Harnish? Miss Hendrix is rather mathematically minded, and Mr. Harnish knows more about chemistry than anyone I know of around here." The class agreed; we started our flight. Nearing the coast of Sophomore Land after a very pleasant flight, we gave a party for the upper planes' passengers to make fools of themselves. As everyone seemed to enjoy himself, we were satisfied.

Now the landing field is in sight, and we must reluctantly leave our memories of this happy flight and turn our heads toward the future flights.

MARCELLA CLIFFORD '32

Mascot
Some Boy
Harveys Hobby
Our Giant
Girls
Mix-up
More Girls
Marty
Sailing
Push!!
Teacher

CALENDAR

S-everal **E**-nthusiastic **P**-upils **T**-ramp **E**-agerly, **M**-ischeviously, **B**-y **E**-very **R**-oom

9/19/28 Miss McHarry brings her car to school and walks home. Absent minded!
9/24/28 All *skool frolic*. Orchestra? Punch!
9/28/28 Rain! '29ers etc. elect *ossifers*.
9/29/28 Girl reserve silver tea at Betty Provines. Did you miss anything Betty?

O-over **C**-utting **T**-reacherously **O**-usts **B**-oisterous **E**-gotistical **R**-owdies

10/ 1/28 Not cats! Girls' Glee Club vocalizing. More rain!
10/ 2/28 Oh Goody! We can go swimming this Saturday!
10/ 3/28 Seniors plan for rummage sale. More fun! Yeh!
10/ 4/28 More gossip—Miss Foley rides. Will she pay the chauffers an A?
10/ 5/28 Matinee Hop. Nine rahs for Clarence Gray and his orchestra! Eight rahs for the cider! There wasn't enough for nine.
10/ 9/28 Big staff meeting. Got any rummage? French class have a grab bag. What next?
10/10/28 Thimble Theatre Guild organize. Mr. Harvey falls—ill.
10/11/28 Girls' Glee Club set the 1928-29 social pace by giving a weiner roast for the Boys' Glee Club and Faculty. Food—more food—and then some!
10/15/28 Girl Reserve meeting. "Brave Betty" holds her post. The mouse stays hid.
10/16/28 Tommy finds peace for *study* in his car.
10/17/28 Don't stay away again Mr. Krone. The Boys' Glee Club didn't help the Girls' side of the house a bit.
10/19/28 Matinee Hop, but where are all the boys?
10/22/28 Tommy reports the rummage sale a huge success. We are $38.45 to the good. Tommy's father reports the loss of a new sweater.
10/23/28 Oh! See Bill Walter's new hat!
10/24/28 This time we sell Eskimo pies. Grade cards are out. Some good and some bad.
10/25/28 Dr. Paul enlightens us on authors, bed-warmers, etc.
10/26/28 We sleep on the floor while the Homecomers enjoy our beds.
10/27/28 Miss Kitchell: When was Beethoven born?
M. S. in a whisper) 1492.
V. Price (appreciating the information) 1492!

N-ow **O**-ur **V**-arious **E**-ntertainments **M**-ust **B**-e **E**-ver **R**-ollicking

11/ 1/28 Girls' Glee Club and Boys' Glee Club sing at the assembly.
11/ 2/28 The girls' *overall brigade* gather corn stalks and feast at Prehn's.
11/ 3/28 The barn loft is decorated before the first guest arrives. Senior masquerade party. Pumpkin pie and whipped cream. Hot orchestra, keen decorations, and a slick floor.

11/ 5/28 Tomorrow is the big election. Ale Smith vs. H2over.
11/ 6/28 Eskimo pie sale. I hope they get that victrola paid for soon.
11/ 7/28 Hooray for Hoover! Parent teachers' meeting. Lot of painting done for dramatic evening.
11/ 8/28 Assembly! Where's the rest of the liquid air? Hi Y meeting. We hope they don't have to eat twenty Eskimo pies this time!
11/19/28 Oh Goody! The Girl Reserves get a free supper! Imagine it! Free!
11/12/28 Practice for dramatic evening. Candy sale.
11/13/28 More candy! More charge accounts!
11/14/28 Have an animal cracker. Come on, they won't bite!
11/15/28 Sr. class meeting. Now don't miss the dramatic evening performance! Oh, no! We wouldn't miss it for anything.
11/16/28 Dramatic evening. *Velly goot! Velly goot!*
11/19/28 First snow. Thank goodness! We're getting tired of all the rain.
11/21/28 Assembly. Schubert program. *Ark! Ark!* the Lark!
11/22/28 Why is everyone out in the hall? Oh! I see. Henry Keller.
11/23/28 No school. Hooray for the High School Conference!
11/24/28 Hick! The juniors gave a party that lasted 'till ten fifteen!
11/27/28 Have you seen Ray's pictures? They're simply divine! He looks just like a *collitch* man.
11/28/28 Now our school is over, and we are going home—to eat turkey.

D-iligently **E**-arning **C**-redits **E**-very **M**-onth **B**-rings **E**-xcellent **R**-ewards!

12/ 3/28 Ellen Ling dresses up in her intellectual clothes for observation.
12/ 4/28 The freshmen know how to make candy; the seniors know how to charge it.
12/ 5/28 Staff meeting. Myrtle Rea says that bumble bees don't have drums. We wonder how she knows.
12/ 7/28 Big pep meeting! Mr. Harvey is still telling jokes. Beat Penfield!
12/11/28 Too bad we lost, but our boys nearly had them scared out.
12/12/28 Only thirteen more days 'till Christmas.
12/13/28 Time to start being good.
12/15/28 Another pep meeting. Beat Monticello!
12/18/28 Another loss.
12/19/28 Sailing fine. Observation in English IV tomorrow.
12/20/28 Cooking class gives a tea at the Gamma Phi Beta sorority.
12/21/28 Assembly. Now about these people who wear hats and coats in assembly. Take them off and stay awhile. Yes sir! And we did!
12/22/28 Sophomore class gives the Xmas party. How was it? Quite nice. We're leaving you now until January 7. Good bye!

J-ust **A**-nother **N**-aive, **U**-nrestrained, **A**-rdently **R**-iotous **Y**-outh

1/ 7/29 Ugh! Back to the old grind! Was Santy good to you? I started the new year out right. Yeh! I was tardy.
1/ 8/29 Violet Meeker comes back for a visit. My what scandal she has to tell!
1/ 9/29 What's all the excitement about? Oh! Exams! I can hardly wait!
1/11/29 We lost the game with Tolono. A good time was had by all—who went.
1/14/29 The following people must make up time before they can take their exams. Sure! We'll see you this evening.

1/15/29 So! And they're going to let the boys take home economics?
1/21/29 Wath ever a man with soul so dead
That to himself hath never said?
Studies H—! I'm goin' to bed!
1/22/29 Rain! Sleet! Miss Lamberton will certainly *earn* her money writing tardy permits for today.
1/23/29 Today is the to-morrow we worried about yesterday. Yes. Exams!
1/24/29 Jerry Bidwell faw down an' go BOOM!
1/25/29 Last day of exams. Thank heaven! We'll really make whoopie!
1/28/29 Registration for the last time—we hope. Barbara Dodge finds the only slick corner in town and breaks a wheel.
1/29/29 Virginia Downs, Margaret Jones, Richard Torres, Martha Smith, Mario, etc., start the new year right by being tardy.
1/30/29 Did you ever see Barbara Strauch when she wasn't bumping into someone?
1/31/29 Senior class meeting. We are going to have another rummage sale. They are getting to be *almost* as bad as the French class' candy sales.

F-ierce **E**-vening **B**-reezes **R**-age **U**-nceasingly **A**-nd **R**-ouse **Y**-ou

2/ 1/29 First day of the month. That's queer.
2/ 2/29 What? Yes! We really beat Farmer City!
2/ 4/29 Now we ask you. What is Jean Bull doing with that baby-doll?
2/ 5/29 Big *dornick* sale. Bob Little knows something about cooking after all.
2/ 6/29 Girl Reserve—Hi-Y Banquet. Eat? Reduce?
2/ 8/29 Basketball game at Rantoul. Boosters: One girl and three alumni.
2/ 9/29 Junior play. "I didnt know Preston Tuttle had so much ability as an actor."
2/11/29 "Hold everything, Teacher, I'll get there!" said Charles Wilson about thirty seconds before the bell. He's a track man, you know.
2/12/29 Some of these boisterous senior girls took some snow pictures a la bathing suits. My! My! What is Uni High coming to next?
2/13/29 Eleta Dallenbach: "Oh I know another good Scotch joke!" So that's the reason for the group of girls standing in the corridors.
2/14/29 St. Valentine's day. Big pep meeting!
2/15/29 Whee! We get out of school for the first time in the history of county tournaments!
2/16/29 We win: we loose,
Tee hee; boo hoo!
2/18/29 Blue Monday. No one studied over the week end. Oh no! It isn't a bit unusual.
2/20/29 Marcella Clifford slipped and fell on the back of her lap.
2/21/29 Tommy has the measles. Professor Nolan speaks in assembly on the seven wonders of the world. Ted Newcomb says he is the eighth wonder.
2/22/29 Ten o'clock—Williard has the measles!
Three o'clock—Willard doesn't have the measles!
Hi-Y meeting. They send flowers to Tommy.
2/23/29 Game at Farmer City. Rex and Billy both try their skill at baskets.
2/25/29 Tryouts for operetta. My *dear*, I *do* hope *you* get the part you're trying for.

2/26/29 No orchestra today. Hooray!
2/28/29 Moving picture assembly at eleven o'clock in natural history building.
2/29/29 Ray elects Mary Ferris as a committee. How does he get that way?

M-yrtle **A**-rgues **R**-eal **C**-hewing-gum **H**-elps

3/ 1/29 Bob Stout gets arrested for speeding.
3/ 4/29 Willard lost his *noo shooze*. Now 'aint that too bad?
3/ 5/29 Who was the man who did most to bring about the Missouri compromise? The Missouri compromise? Oh! Mr. Sourri.
3/ 6/29 Open House. John Shelford missed a question in History. How can we account for that?
3/ 7/29 Ah! and to think that we got to sleep just as long as we wanted to.
3/ 8/29 County tournament at Monticello. Try to get in without a reserved seat.
3/11/29 Practice for senior stunt show at four o'clock.
3/12/29 Assembly. Buy your annual now! Miss Carrol was the first to buy—and pay for hers.
3/13/29 The orange side has to give the blue side a dinner.
3/15/29 "Wee Willie Walters ran through the town—in his night gown." The stunt show is over!
3/18/29 Now that St. Patrick's day and the stunt show are over, we'll start working on the operetta.
3/19/29 Everyone is working hard on his long paper for English.
3/22/29 Whee! They're in at last!
3/25/29 Spring is sprung! Reva has her hair cut and a new gingham dress.
3/26/29 Dr. Hyronomous speaks in the Assembly. So do some of the pupils.
3/27/29 School is out at eleven tomorrow for Easter vacation. Nothing more for this month.

A-ny **P**-upil **R**-aces **I**-n **L**-ate

4/ 2/29 Tommy gets arrested $12.50 for driving too fast.
4/ 3/29 Glee clubs and dramatic club entertain for P. T. meeting.
4/ 4/29 Spring is here for sure. Affra and Margaret A. have to write six hundred word themes on playing hookey.
4/ 5/29 Track meet at St. Joe.
4/ 6/29 All fools party given by the freshmen. Excellent for the freshies; for the upperclassmen too.
4/ 9/29 Rain! Martha Smith dosen't get to wear her new white shoes.
4/10/29 Reva Myers comes to school on crutches. Now Reva! Biology class gives an assembly. It rained, it hailed, the sun shined, it rained.
4/11/29 Buy a ticket to the operetta! Buy a ticket to the basketball banquet! Pay your class dues! Money! Money!
4/12/29 Mr. Williams calls people down for making too much noise.
4/15/29 How many senior invitations do you want? Juniors are still selling candy. They ought to give us a good banquet.
4/16/29 Measurements taken for caps and gowns.
4/18/29 Apperly and Ray have turned to dueling. Why don't you pick on someone your size, Apperly?
4/19/29 To press we go.

MARGARET SCHROTH '29

Take your mark!

What's Above?

Such Popularity

Studious? Why?

Two Crooks

Got a Paddle?

Blonde or Brunette

Home Sweet Home

Junior Lassies

3 Wise Monkeys

Just too Cute Belles of 1932

Sir Fool

LITERARY

WHO'S WHO

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"
—Robert Burns

This little boy has mischief beaming in his eyes. In the classroom he sits and concentrates on his lessons for a few minutes; but as soon as the teacher leaves the room and the slightest confusion is suggested, he turns around quickly, brushes away the little lock of hair which persists in hanging over his right eye, and is ready for any part he may play in the furtherance of commotion. If the fellows are throwing chalk, he begins to throw books. Thus the disaster increases until a teacher appears.

Whenever we see him walking sedately down the halls, we have learned from experience to be on our guard against his pranks until he is out of sight. For everywhere that Billy goes, trouble is sure to follow.

* * * * * *

A veritable cyclone is this character—a "now you see her, now you don't" type of person. She is ever in a hurry—always scampering pell-mell down the halls at a lightning speed, hurrying along as if her very life depended upon her rate of speed. She is "pep" personified, an extremely quick and agile young person, always hustling and bustling. To put it briefly—Pickles is the very embodiment of perpetual motion.

* * * * * *

"Yes, I was quite surprised when Miss Foley asked me to take part in the junior play," Bill admitted. "I did not think that she realized the full extent of my dramatic ability, but I see now that it was too obvious—she couldn't miss it."

I now took time to notice his hair of which I had heard so many comments. He wears it in a long bob, which nearly reaches his ears. "Your hair," I struggled for the words, as I was already under the influence of his magnetic personality. "How do you keep it so attractive?"

"Oh, it is merely a matter of time and care," he explained.

"Which subject do you enjoy most?" was my next question.

"Oh! Trigonometry by all means," he readily replied. "The subject is so . . . . " Suddenly the bell rang cutting short my engrossing interview.

* * * * * *

"Say did you kids see that in he paper last—yah I knew her awfully well she's my best friend—or—Say what're you kids going to wear. . . . I'm going to wear my new dress the one with—You see that goodlooking boy on the corner—yes, I've known him a long time—huh—his name—oh yes, its . . . ." Through these opening sentences you have become acquainted with that animated bit of humanity, "Fuzz Garland."

* * * * * *

She sits in class sometimes alert, but most of the time—far away. Her gray eyes say so. But when she comes down to earth, she looks and smiles. She is always ready to give her help to others. She uses her gray eyes, not her words, to sympathize. Catherine is a wisp of sunlight and shadow.

"OF TARDINESS"

Tardiness is a sort of personal injustice which, the more the student turns to, the more tries the faculty to weed it out. For as to an attempt to prevent this incurable disease, many minds were brought together, only to retreat in wonder, when their ingenious schemes, plans, laws, and sundry other devices—failed! Not only were these devices composed by the brains and genius of the school, but they were intended to reform the punctual habits of a certain group of young people, all of whom are harmless, lovable, and respected citizens of the community.

The gravity of the situation drew the intellect of the school (Faculty) together a second time. They were then requested to expose the fruits of the hours of concentration which had been directed toward an insolvable problem. Many were the ideas, plans, and devices set forth, and exhaustless the discussion (gab). When each one had exhaled his or her opinions, doubts, hopes, proverbs, psalms, etc., these weary, fatigued, intellectual lions emerged, bringing forth a law. This new law was to revolutionize the tardy records for the inhumane purpose of giving other scholastic circles an inferiority complex.

This fresh document was be-tacked on the altar of the school and besmeared generously with threats of expulsion and failure in courses. The optimistic generation could not realize the reality of the matter, for they still breakfasted, dressed carefully, and performed their proper toilets. They suddenly awakened upon this new era of school history—only to deluge the secretary with—excuses.

Instantaneously the alarm clock advocates reported for duty and proceeded to build a wall around the secretary; but in the haste of building, a wee hole was left, unnoticed, yet sufficiently large for a person to thrust an arm through, the hand grasping a written excuse. Unfortunately not everyone possessed an excuse (or the ability to write one).

The Faculty were overjoyed, for success began to push through the gloom of defeat—procrastination was doomed. However the year is almost over and tardiness and making up time are taken as part of the individual's routine—it has lost its novelty and reality.

Occasionally the chief of the wits will come to and stare the inconceivable and monstrous in the face. This serves to start a fire under his boilers, and he attempts to tell us of the "Inconceivable Wickedness of Procrastination" filling in the empty moments of the assemblies with it or bringing it about under the glorious disguise of the "Easter Vacation," or the "Final Exams."

Generally speaking, though, the intellect of the school is dormant, and even the chief of the wits has lost the fire and vigor that was common to all in the beginning. Perhaps a comparison will be made of the tardy and grade records with those of another school. This would begin a new problem "Is tardiness a sign of genius or is genius a sign of tardiness?" Intellectual lions, such as ours, would readily pounce upon this means of informing us of the evils of procrastination, but let us hope they do not forget to wage a war upon tardiness next year—it is really very amusing.

Preston Tuttle '30

THE CLASS OF THIRTY-TWO

Our class is very small this year.
The class of thirty two.
Our knowledge will amount to some
When high school days are through.

Marcella will an actor be,
When she is on the stage.
And Barbara will an old maid be,
When she is up to age.

Bob and Walt are contrasts,
As they are short and tall.
When Bob slips or skids abit,
He has much more to fall.

Helen is the treasurer,
And Margaret Lehmann's bright.
If an algebra problem we have wrong,
Margaret has it right.

Bob Little is the freshman cook,
And also is the shiek.
Gladys Stout, the powder puff,
With powder sure does reek.

Cornelia is the Chinaman,
With pig tails down her back.
Claire Weber is the quiet one,
Who stays off the beaten track.

But after all is said and done,
We have a nice veneer.
After that is all worn off,
We'll be like the seniors of this year.

WALTER DRAPER '32

"BY THEIR FRUITS . . . . "

I was up before the Head Zumpkin Zorea Zicktickle to pass the sixth and last of the terrible tests that determined whether I was to be freed or not. The Grand Oracle rose from his seat and in a commanding voice gave the decree.

"If you fail to identify the authors of these themes, you will be cast back into the dungeons. They are all written by members of the English I class, and you should not miss a one."

I sat in fear and trembling.

"Theme number one. 'On the last day of camp it is the custom of the older boys to . . . ' "

"Robert Buswell," I cried, for he was never known to write of anything else.

"Number two."

This one puzzled me, for there was nothing to identify the writer, until it came to the phrase, "Don't be like that." Immediately I shouted, "Gladys Stout!"

"Number three—'Once Jane and Mary were taking care of their little baby brother when Margaret looked over their fence and said, 'Hello'!"

"Claire Weber," I called.

"Number four," came the voice. "One day I was feeling kind of mischievous so I . . . ."

"Walter Draper," I said as he always began by explaining that *once* he felt mischievous.

"Number five—'It was a lonely, dark, still night, as my brave father walked slowly and yet carefully and bravely through the mysterious, treacherous, dangerous swamp of Southern Florida.' "

"Cornelia Burge."

Who else in the class would write a theme like that?

"Number six—'I am going to tell you about some more of my dolls—' "

"Margaret Lehmann," I said with a laugh.

She would have dolls!

"Number seven—'One day in cooking class—' "

"Robert Little," I cried, for I knew he would be the one to tell about his beloved cooking class.

"Attention, number eight." The Oracle scratched his head. "There seems to be something written across the top of this page. "I'm sorry, but I just couldn't think of anything else to write about, so I chose this thing. I know it isn't any good . . . . "

Without waiting even to hear the subject of the theme, I shouted. "Helen Garland," for I'd heard Helen apologize before.

"Number nine—er—this is a little peculiar, the sheet is blank."

"Mario, without a doubt!" for that's the kind he writes.

"Number ten."

I noticed with relief that this was the last one. It was interesting enough; in fact, I liked it the best of any the Oracle had read. When he stopped I said, "That is Marcella's."

The doorman opened the great iron door; and I, rejoicing in my liberty, but still in awe of the Head Zumpkin Zorea Zicktickle, passed solemnly out.

Barbara Ruth '32

THE LIBRARY

There can be no doubt that, to the students of University High School, the Library is the most important room in the building. Here, to this pleasant, west side, second floor room, students come at all hours of the day—some to do serious work and some to indulge in a little flourish of play.

Every day Miss Carroll is there to welcome all comers, whether they are the worried seniors, the self-important juniors, the playful sophomores, or the frightened freshmen. To all she gives a helping hand, to some the very watchful tail of an eye.

It sometimes happens that students come to the Library for other pur-

poses than study. Occasionally, this delightful room is used as a refuge for those poor wandering souls who, failing to harmonize with their instructors, have, after a brief and unhappy understanding, been shown the door, set adrift in a cold corridor as it were. The Library takes them in for that period, warms them, and tries to feed them.

It often happens that somebody chooses this room as a happy place in which to catch up with his sleep. This works very well, if the gossip exchange is not in session; but if it is, woe to the tired student who would snatch some sleep "to knit up the raveled sleeve of care." It is well known that in the Library you are almost sure to find someone with whom to spend an eight o'clock study period—with whom to exchange choice bits of school news.

It is said that Philip Bogart reads all the books in the Library through every year. His regular attendance there, his long book list, and (O dear me!) his report card support the rumor. At any rate, Miss Caroll hopes the present book covers and chairs will last as long as Philip does, for it is dreadfully expensive to have new bindings put on books and new seats put in chairs.

First signs of spring are always to be found in our Library. Even before the robin and the crocus, these signs are with us. In early March when the seniors are busy with the quotation books, we know that work for the Annual is under way and that June herself is not far away. Another sign is the disagreeable odor that greets us there. But our sensitive noses soon tell us that it is only moth balls carried to school by certain playful, small boys, whose mothers have finished with the putting away of the family flannels.

Our last year's seniors are frequently found in the Library. We watch them with great interest as they search madly through the books for certain important references. One saucy sophomore said they came back because they were afraid of the big University Library and its awful catalogue.

The regular Monday afternoon rush and excitement is occasioned by the arrival of the New York Times. Mr. Harnish is the first in the waiting line, and Mr. Habberton second. Miss Taylor, who is third in the line, spends the rest of the day reading the sport section. The first of the month finds a group of teachers around the magazine rack. Miss Duguid retires at once with her favorite, "The House Beautiful," while Miss McHarry always chooses "Harpers."

To all our High School, the Library is our most important room. Whether he is a freshman or a senior, whether he seeks to study or to play, the student goes to this inviting room. When we graduate and leave University High School, I think the room we all shall remember is the Library.

Martha Hartley Rusk '31

ON PICNICS

Some people like picnics. Let them have them. Why anyone likes to get out in the wide open spaces and eat ants and grasshoppers is more than I can fathom.

When the ardent nature lovers (picnickers usually are such) get to the woods, they seek an old oak surrounded by soft green grass and wild flowers. The head of the house usually leads the way with poor father dragging along behind burdened with baskets of food, cans of water, bottles of milk, an ice-cream freezer, the youngest child, and a frying pan. Father doesn't like picnics. After tramping about twelve city blocks, they settle down under a stubby thorn apple surrounded by thistles and skunk cabbage. Father builds a fire with wood he has brought from home. Mother and daughter spread out a cloth, over which the

dog runs. Iittle Reginald and Elsie go out to look for wild flowers and return stung by horse nettles. Spiders, and ants, and centipedes are attracted from all directions, and with the dusk come swarms of mosquitoes. Jamey is lost! Much hubbub! Jamey is found! Much rejoicing! Father wants to eat. The food is spread on the cloth. A grandaddy-long-legs vainly struggles to pull himself out of the butter. The ham is gone, and Fido licks his chops. The ice-cream is melted. Mother is worried because Elsie isn't getting the proper vitamins and calories. A loud splash and a shriek! Willie is in the creek! He wanted a crawdad. Father wades in after him much to the distress of his white ducks. Mother swathes the protesting Willie in a blanket. She can't wait until she can get him home to her camphorated oil. "Father, get the car!"

JEAN BULL '30

THE LIFE OF THE CORRIDORS AT UNI HIGH

It is morning at Uni High. Classes have just taken up, and the faithful old school corridors, a moment before gayly alive with a noisy group of vivacious boys and girls, have now settled down to a blissful state of solitude. An air of utter contentment seems to prevail throughout the halls, which seem glad to get a brief rest from the boisterous merrymaking of hilarious, carefree youth. Now, only the gentle, muffled din of office and schoolroom comes softly to break the quietude of the halls. But blissful peace is not to reign for long. Morning classes at Uni High have begun in reality!

The first floor corridor is sleeping peacefully when he is rudely awakened from his nap by a jumble of voices coming from the office. He hears one of these say, "But really our clock was slow and—" here, the secretary's voice cuts in with,—"I'm very sorry, but that is no excuse,—be sure to make up your time within the week." The old hall chuckles. What a familiar sound that is to his ears! Silence again—except for the faint rumble of machinery in the manual training room and now and then the metallic click of pots and pans coming from the recesses of the cooking laboratory. The first floor corridor dozes.

Up on the second floor, the corridor is patiently listening to the sound of stern tones issuing from the library. The librarian is severely lecturing her study hall pupils on the evils of chewing gum and creating disturbances in the library. The hall yawns. He knows that lecture by heart. The voice finally subsides, and the second floor coridor is soon lulled to sleep by the steady tap, tap of keys coming from the typing room.

The third floor corridor fares better than either of his brothers; only the dull, droning monotone of French pupil's voices, sounding their verbs, comes to disturb his peace. He is used to this and is soon sound asleep. Now every corridor is in the arms of Morpheus. Complete silence—again. But, alas, it is a short lived silence. The sharp, rasping trill of the bell cruelly announces that eight o'clocks are over. So is the sleep of the corridors. The halls are wide awake in an instant, bracing themselves for the mad rampage of a young bedlam, turned loose for an eternity of ten minutes. So it goes all day long, for five long days out of each week,—growing worse as each class progresses. But,—such is school life. Such is the life of Uni High's corridors.

MYRTLE REA '29

PRACTICE TEACHERS

Some would say that we who sojourn at Uni High are blessed. Others would say we are cursed. The latter group seem to predominate, but it may be that they merely speak more loudly. Perhaps if we define the group commonly known as practice teachers, we may be able to decide whether they are responsible for our blessings or otherwise.

In the first place, practice teachers are unfortunate in bearing that title. One rarely likes to be practiced upon. Perhaps if it were a particularly attractive actress practicing a love scene—yes, but there is a rather wide difference between being kissed at and taught at! One might call them "assistant instructors." This though would give a false impression of their importance and is therefore not to be tolerated. Since they are novices, we might call them neophytes, but neophyte reminds us of a fraternity pledge, which reminds us of torture, which immediately brings to mind the term "practice teacher," our starting point. It seems that they will have to retain that cognomen.

Practice teacher: One, who, recently like ourselves, has fallen from the path to unadulterated regard. Specifically, one who can prove himself both a "good sport" and "tyrant" in one class period. May be masculine or feminine. Preferably feminine if physically attractive, though that is incidental. They occur in this locality during a season lasting from two weeks after the beginning of the semester to the end of the same.
Refer to: Slave driver, COUNSELOR
(From: Webster's Dictionary)

The definition is paradoxical in the extreme. This in itself is true of the whole tribe, for they are truly a paradox. They are nuisances. Many of our bad reputations come from the character sketches required of them. Then, too, were it not for the practice teachers, we would have a little extra vacation when a staff teacher is ill or late. As it is, due to the practice teachers' unwanted activities, classes commence at the bell's ring, staff teacher or no,—admittedly a most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

They are nuisances, yet—a whispered answer from a practice teacher has succored many a student in distress. Information that would take hours in the library to discover is acquired by a few judicial questions to the practice teacher. The nervous, hurried crowd back stage is "made up" for the coming dramatic event by a reassuring individual called a "practice teacher," who yesterday gave them an "utterly unnecessary" quiz.

Generalization is a dangerous pastime, and especially so in the presence of such a capricious thing as a paradox. Nevertheless, we are venturing a reasonably safe statement when we decide that practice teachers may be a blessing, but as such they are well disguised.

William Schulz '30

IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD

God lies in the fragrance of a lovely, fragile flower
Tenderly caressed by silver dew
And in the raptured glory of a gleaming rainbow bower
Blending, rose and gold, against the blue.

God lies in the whisper of a fleeting, fretful breeze,
A murmuring, elusive little sigh.
God is in the beauty of the great majestic trees
Rising, tall and proud, into the sky.

God lies in the splendor of the mellow, golden moon
Beaming from its shining throne above
And in the dreamy softness of the ocean's tender croon
Singing to the stars—a song of love.

MYRTLE REA '29

GUM CHEWING IN UNI HI

As I begin to write on such a pliable subject as gum in this fair school of ours, I am taking a subject to which I am well qualified to do justice.

During last year the cracking of tremendous wads of chewing gum evidently developed frayed nerves among the faculty. They gathered for a council of war; where upon they put their complaints before Mr. Williams and Dr. Paul to hasten the departure of this "gooey" substance from the jaws of these neophites of knowledge.

As the result of this gathering of our distributors of learning, a notice appeared on the scandal board to the effect that all those indulging in this vulgar habit would be suspended from our beloved classes for the remainder of the day, and, in addition to this disgrace, were not to be allowed to glean the knowledge that they would otherwise deserve.

Had this rule remained in effect, it would have been instrumental in curbing this evil; but the rule went into obscurity with the disappearance of Miss Thomsen and James Munnis who claimed that he could chew twenty sticks at one time without endangering the working organism of his jaws. This disappearance brought much relief to the instructors who had had to seek their abodes when they wished to indulge in their favorite pastime.

Since this fever of punishing violators of the above mentioned rule has disappeared, we find our gentleman authority on history securing Wrigley's refreshments by the box, and our French linguist going so far as to put this jaw exercising substance on sale at the junior class candy counter.

So we find that this rule concerning exercising of the molars has passed out of existence—almost.

May we hope that knowledge seekers of this place of learning shall never be bothered with it again.

RALPH PRATT '30

PENALTIES

May 6th or 7th—1929

Bein' as I'm a big reporter fer a *big* newspaper in Warmhound, Arizona, I'm delighted to do Uni High a big favor by writin' for their schul annuals—

T'other day I gotta leter from a frien' I have in Chambana askin' me if they had penalties at Uni High when I enjoyed the weather!

"Yes," sez I, thinkin' hard to myself, "Yes, they did."' Seems like I hava faint recollection of bein' subject of some o' them penalties.

I recollec my first week in that collitch. I'd come straight from the west where men were big and silent, and freedom was free. I didn't see nothin' wrong to takin' a few days off to enjoy the wide, open spaces. I'm sorta like Wordsworth folks back home tell me—Well, anyway—

I returns to schul in a few days an' the lady at the desk, where yu get the white scraps of paper, sez to me she sez, "You bin sick?"

I was real scared an' anxious an' I sez, "Why—no. Do I look white?"

She gets real mad an' sez, "What was the mater with you?"

"Why—nothin'," I sez, "Whatsa mater with Wordsworth?" Wasn't it Wordsworth who said, "Oh what is so rare as a free day in January?" An' folks back home say I'm like him—Well—anyway.

I got called in by that man with the specs, who thinks the world's allas *late* at everything.

He sez, "Well, young man, I hear you've been out of school several days and came in late to a 10 o'clock this morning."

"Yes," I sez, wonderin' what biznes it was of his.

"Well," he sez, "You stay in the office and make up time. One hour for tardiness and the rest on gen'ral principales. Can you write themes?"

"I don't know," sez I, "never havin' seen one but I cin write po'try!"

"Alright," sez he, "write one on skipping schul."

I remember a little of the poem—it went this way—

"I can skip the rope
Skip, skip, skip
But as for skippin' a schul
I'd trip, trip, trip."

He didn't seem to like it—I dunno why, maybe he doesn't like Wordsworth!

Say, is he still there—the man with specs? I thought maybe he'd gotten tired of waiten' for people. "Allus late," he uster say. A few days later I got caled in—I got caled in fer jewin gum. Mr. Williams sez,

"You bin jewin gum?"

"No," sez I, laughin' hard to think I fooled him, "I'm jewin' an eraser."

Well I got sent home. S'funny the way they get mad if you dont come to schul, and then they send you home. Well—anyway.

The nex' time I got called into that office was fer gulpin' a cigar. I was leanin' up against the fountain puffin when I hear—I ain't sure yet, but I think it was a roar. I shifted an' saw Mr. Williams stumblin' towards me with *surprise* on his face. I didn't know what I was in fer then, but I thot I'd have to stretch out on the concrete floor and sob to my dazed brain, Sir Andrew Barton's cry,

"Fight on, my men, said Andrew Barton
I am hurt, but I'm not slain
I'll lie me down and bleed awhile
And then I'll rise and fight again."

But I never got the chanct cause I left the nex' day for Warmbound, Arizona.

I was glad to do this little editorial for you, 'cause I know I'm famous like Wordsworth—so folks tell me—.

Well anyway . . .

ELINOR WILSON '31

PREPARATIONS AND FULFILLMENTS

To a loyal son or daughter of Uni High, there can be but one answer to the question of what is most important at our school. It is the Fourth Floor!

The most enjoyable function of our fourth floor is that of a theatre. One who had not been vitally interested in a high school play has missed an experience, the glamour of which he cannot realize. Perhaps it would be well to look into our fourth floor a few days before one of our numerous productions. Our first impression is one of chaos—unutterable chaos. It seems as if a wind storm had dipped down on the four corners of Champaign-Urbana, plucked out a collection of aparently useless articles, and dumped them down in one spot of not great dimensions. Stretched out on chairs are several wooden frames on which had been pasted cloth. Various paint be-dabbled figures are spattering (spattering is not eloquent enough) paint on the cloth. What in the name o' common sense could these be used for? Surely not scenery! Due to the initiative of the director-in-chief, Miss Foley, and the manual labor of the art and public speaking classes plus such personages as Bill Walter, an entire new set of scenery is being constructed or rather concocted. After a few more changes the "scenery" will be made to stand firmly (?) by itself. However a few slips on the way matters not at all because the motto of those who labor here is "Do, undo, and do again." Anything completed without a mistake is one of the seven wonders of Uni High. Not withstanding this, good looking characters must still do their work on a funny carved and priceless stage. The rehearsals of our plays may seem disappointing. Things never seem to go right. If they did, everyone would consider it almost a bad omen. Everyone goes home from dress rehearsals feeling that this is one play that will be a flop, but when the final curtain is rung down on the performance and the applause is still ringing in our ears, we taste fully the joys of fulfillment after a well done preparation.

But now! The scene changes. We again see the high peaked ceiling, the tiny stage, and the folding chairs; but our beloved attic has become a ball room. The erstwhile auditorium is gaily decorated again by the untiring efforts of the enterprizing classmen. However it looked less beautiful to the decorator, standing on a tall, wobbly step-ladder while contemplating the hardness of the concrete and the distance to it. But all this is forgotten when one whirls away in a dance with his fair "amoret" in his arms. Once again we enjoy fulfillment after preparation.

A less enthusiastically received duty of the fourth floor is that of assembly room. Weekly assemblies as an institution are popular only when they come

at an unpopular period. None the less assemblies are enjoyed by those who attend and particularly those faithful few who know the words to "Illini High." A typical example of a good assembly was the physics class' demonstration with liquid air. The mysteries of science as known and shown by the physics student prove a source of never ending delight and wonder to the untutored minds of the common! Ahem! To bring us down to earth, perhaps the glee clubs will consent to warble a few sweet notes to complete one great hour of entertainment.

Now as we stand and reflect on the varying scenes presented to us our of the diary of the fourth floor, we see something more than mere fun in it all. In these preparations and fulfillments we have gained much in practical knowledge. The lessons of co-operation and friendly fun in work which we have learned as we rushed through high school will prove of great value to us in the greater struggles for which each must be prepared.

G. V. Whisenand '29

THAT'S THE WAY AT UNI HIGH

Uni High is just brimming over with unique souls who have the ability of balancing the lamp of knowledge on their heads while at the same time they keep the balls of fun and fancy in the air. It is all in the day's work to take an A or even E on that certain surprise quiz, to pay an office call on Mr. Williams, to chase along home for life's lament, our little report card, and at the end of a perfect day to spend an hour or two watching the hands of the clock creep around, all because we arrived on the scene a minute late. Yes, that's the way at Uni High!

Catherine Gregory '30

ORGANIZATIONS

THIMBLE THEATRE GUILD

This year the dramatic club thought it more practicable to have fewer and more important meetings than they had last year. In one of these meetings we decided on the plays to be given for the dramatic evening. The first one, "The Dyspeptic Ogre," gave us Andy Draper as the ogre; Marcella Clifford as his soft-hearted and accommodating cook; and Barbara Ruth as a little girl with a fairy godmother. There were also seven dinners, the most interesting being Martha Rusk, "Wednesday dinner." This old ogre, it seems, had without his knowledge been consuming Irish stew day after day instead of juicy little girls. Andy made a very nice old ogre even if his stature was not very alarming.

"The Kelly Kid" came next. Billy Coffeen, the "Kid"; Jean Bull, Elizabeth Pickels, and Harriet Dere, old ladies; Marguerite Dolch, a nice young girl; and Robert Kenndy and Ray Comings, policemen; were the outstanding characters. Billy Coffeen was himself, the old ladies were nervous and excitable, and the policemen were meant to be fat.

The third play given was "The Travelers." The family was as follows: the head, Clarence Thompson; his wife, Elinor Wilson; their daughter, Dorothy Carson. Their guide in foreign parts was Richard Torres, a dramatic, amusing, and typical guide. They are traveling through the mountains in Sicily and stop off for a night at a mountain inn. During the night they are troubled with unfamiliar noises such as the proprietress practising on her saxophone. All this gives the wife a good many "strangest feelings" and makes the husband secretly timorous.

A great deal of time, before the plays were put on, was spent up on the fourth floor making bigger and better scenery.

The dramatic club has had the pleasure this year of seeing a great many of its members in other dramatic events of the year and has noted that they have come out successfully.

GLEE CLUBS

For the past two semesters Miss Kitchell has had charge of the Girls' Club and Mr. Krone, of the Boys' Glee Club.

Although the Glee Clubs practiced separately, they combined in giving a very well-liked operetta, "Riding Down The Sky." The success of this operetta was due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of Miss Kitchell, Miss Foley and Mr. Boyle. The principals of the operetta were:

Ben Baker ---------- Robert Kennedy
George McDonald ---------- Raymond Comings
Joshua Scroggins ---------- Willard Padfield
Don Pedro De Garvanza ---------- John Honens
Carmeleta ---------- Margaret McCaskill
Pepita ---------- Virginia Huff
Rosa Escodido ---------- Margaret Schroth
Don Jose Del Melino ---------- Jack McNevin
Francisco Bandino ---------- Richard Torres
Maria Bandino ---------- Elizabeth Pickels
Sgt. Timothy Riley ---------- Theodore Newcomb
Fernando Gonzales ---------- Ralph Pratt

Dancing chorus—Dorothy Carson, Barbara Dodge, Reva Meyers, Barbara Strauch, and Virginia Wood.

The remainder of the Glee Club was in the chorus.

The Glee Clubs also sang at several of the P. T. A. meetings and assemblies throughout the school year, and entered the county contest.

ORCHESTRA

Personnel of the orchestra:

Violins	Virginia Huff
	Robert Little
	Willard Padfield
Cello	Marguerite Dolch
Flute	Barbara Ruth
Clarinets	Andrew Draper
	Ted Parmalee
	Apperly Clinkenbeard
	Walter Enger
Trombone	Robert Kennedy
Pianist	Jean Bull

This year we have had a very small, but active orchestra under the direction of Mr. Max Krone. It has played for dramatic evening, for plays, for assemblies, and for the Parent-Teacher's Association. Since only two members graduate this June the next year's orchestra will have a fair sized group with which to begin.

This is Mr. Krone's first year at Uni High, and he has certainly won for himself a place in the life of the school. We wish to congratulate him on his perseverance and successful work with the orchestra.

GIRL RESERVE CLUB

The Girl Reserves of this year have attempted a good many things and have come out very well. In the fall they gave a silver tea for the girls and their mothers at the home of Betty Provine. At Thanksgiving they gave their annual charity basket.

During the second semester they arranged for a schoolbag, filled with all schoolroom necessities to be sent to Mexico. The club has had two suppers and several teas which were served after the regular meetings had adjournd. They attended a good-will banquet given by the Urbana and Champaign Girl Reserve and Hi-Y clubs.

The last and far from the least thing the Girl Reserves did this year was to sponsor the Basketball Banquet. Toasts were passed around with surprising alarcity, the speakers no doubt having a secret source for securing jokes on the basketball boys. "Doc" Molden's amusing account of his attempts to get into athletics and Mr. Williams' awarding of the letters gave the evening a pleasant close and practically finished the Girl Reserves' work for the year.

Old officers were:

President ---------- Betty Provine
Secretary ---------- Jean Bull
Treasurer ---------- Virginia Huff

New officers are:

President ---------- Margaret Jones
Vice-President ---- Dorothy Carson
Treasurer ---------- Elizabeth Pickels

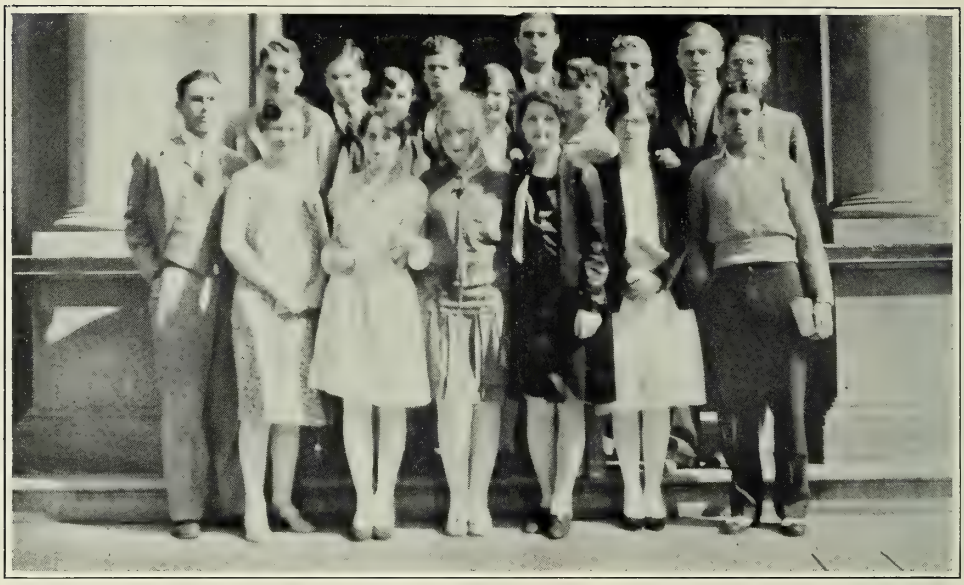
Program chairman ---------- Hazel Waxler
Social chairman ---------- Mary Ferris
Service chairman ---------- Dorothy Stahl

HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y has had a very successful year. Before school closed last June, the Hi-Y Club held an election at which they named Bob Kennedy president, Ed Dillon vice-president, and Bill Shultz secretary-treasurer.

The two outstanding points of this year's program were the Hi-Y Conference and the Hi-Y and Girl Reserve Banquet. Four delegates—more than we have ever had before—attended the conference at Bloomington. Reports showed that this meeting meant a great deal to the boys who were present. This year, for the first time, the Girl Reserve and the Hi-Y Clubs of the twin cities had a joint banquet. This was a very successful occasion. Even though Uni High is comparatively small, we had as large a representation as the clubs of the other two schools had. Earlier in the year we initiated five or six new boys into the club.

Officers for next year are: Ed Dillon, president; Bill Shultz, vice-president; and Bob Watson, secretary-treasurer.



SENIOR PLAY

"THE ROMANTIC AGE"

By A. A. Milne

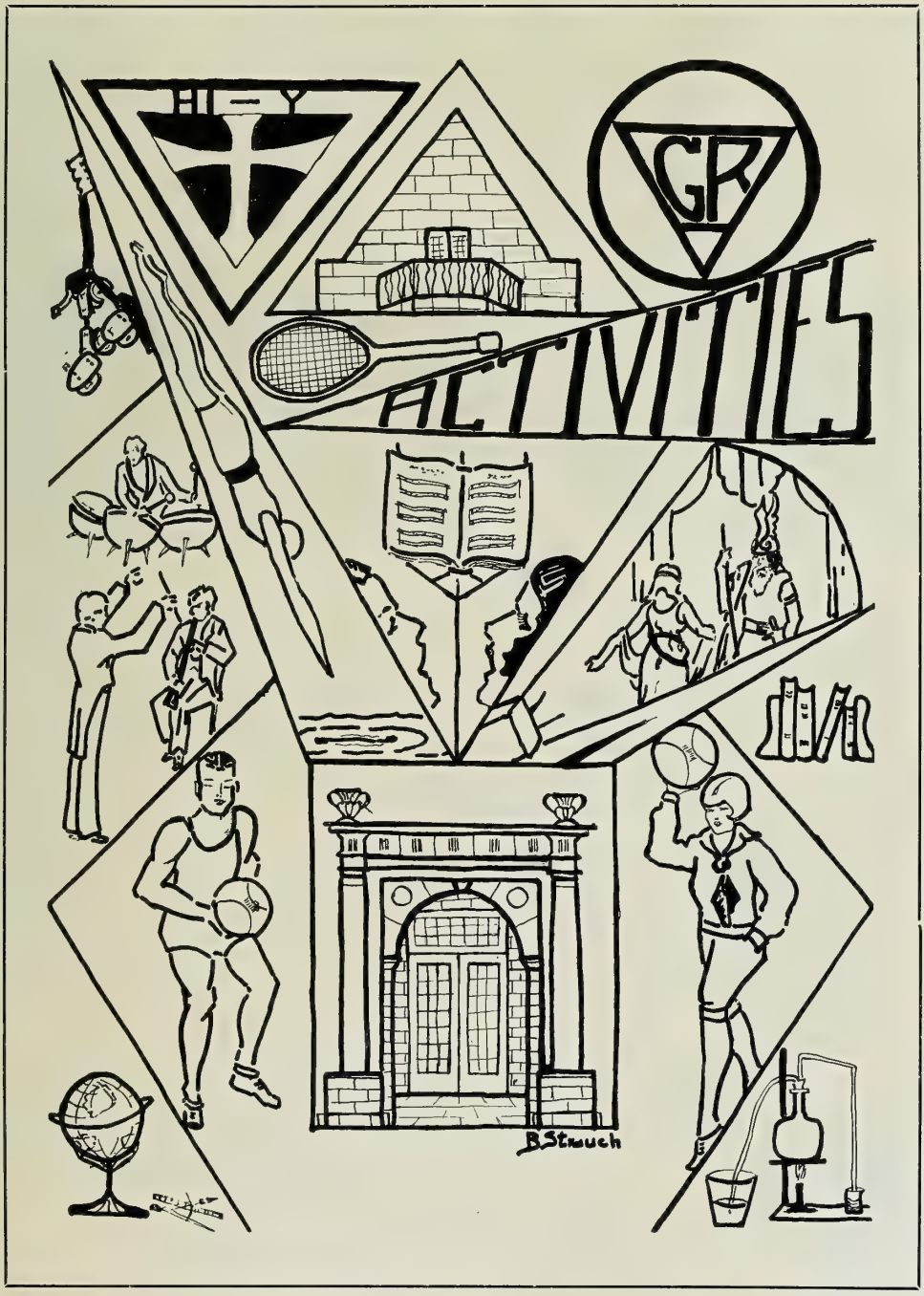
CAST

Henry Knowle ---------- Clarence Thompson
Mary Knowle (his wife) ---------- Mary Ferris
Melisande (his daughter) ---------- Martha Moore
Jane (his niece) ---------- Hazel Waxler
Bobby ---------- Willard Padfield
Gervase Mallory ---------- Robert Kennedy
Ern ---------- Raymond Comings
Gentleman Susan ---------- Richard Torres
Alice ---------- Frances McClelland

COMMITTEES

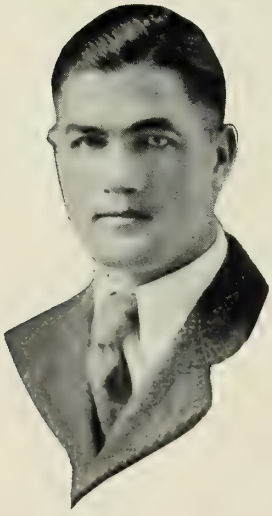
Stage ---------- Raymond Comings, *Chairman*
George Whisenand, Georgia Knight, William Walters
Properties ---------- Margaret Schroth, *Chairman*
Margaret Anderson, George Whisenand, Myrtle Rea
Costumes ---- Faye Anders, William Walters, *Co-Chairmen*
Business ---------- Apperly Clinkenbeard, *Chairman*
Charles Wilson

Directed by Miss Lena A. Foley


H—Y
GR
ACTIVITIES
B.Strauch

BASKETBALL TEAM

Capt. Clarence Thompson, guard
Raymond Comings, forward
Willard Padfield, forward
George Whisenand, guard
Robert Kennedy, center
Henry Keller, forward
Charles Blood, forward
William Coffeen, forward
Rexford Newcomb, guard
Managers:
John Clements
Apperly Clinkenbeard
Coach:
Cameron W. Parks



APPRECIATION
TO
COACH C. W. PARKS, '29

Coach Parks was assigned the place left vacant by Jack Snyder. He would have enjoyed success had not Dame Fortune forsaken him. Injuries, sickness, and ineligibility all combined to add to his worries. Yet, Cameron was a sportsman in every way, and win or lose he still wore that happy smile which marks a good fellow.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

Dec. 7. Penfield's "gymless wonders opened the season's schedule, beating us decisively in a fast contest. It was the seventh straight triumph for the winners.

Dec. 14. Monticello used a smooth passing attack the last half and defeated Uni High, after trailing at the half, 28-14.

Dec. 22. Uni High showed extremely faulty passing; and when Thompson left the game as the second period opened, Rantoul slipped through to victory, 21-11.

Jan. 5. Playing without the leadership of Parks, the Orange and Blue dropped a speedy battle to the St. Joe lads, 24-14.

Jan. 11. Tolono's star, captain, and forward took matters into his own hands, giving an exhibition of basket tossing that had us puzzled, allowing the Reds to win easily, 21-11.

Jan. 18. Mahomet and Uni High played almost everything except basketball, but Uni High's defense crumbled the last quarter, Mahomet ekeing out a win, 18-15.

Jan. 25. While Comings was out because of injuries, Kennedy was given a chance to show his worth, nearly beating Mahomet single-handed, but we lost, 14-12.

Feb. 2. Uni High was no "first half" team in this tilt, in which the Parks-coached lads played as they should, finally ending a game on the longer portion of the score against Farmer City, 18-13.

Feb. 9. Uni High appeared to have forgotten her losing ways when she met the Purple and Gold, stopping them completely the first half. But the Rantoulers thought otherwise, administering a sound defeat.

Feb. 15. The county tournament brought many teams to the annex, but Uni High encountered only two of them, nosing out Fisher in a listless, poorly played game, 9-7. The new county champs furnished opposition for the evening, eliminating us, 25-12, in a great defensive battle.

Feb. 23. Our longest journey of the season betook us to the small, low-ceilinged gym of Farmer City, where we lost. Ray and Keller left the contest, and Shaw began hitting the hoop. Uni High falling, 23-9.

Mar. 8. The results of the drawings found us pitted against the lanky Atwood five at the district. We were unable to "stretch" enough, being lowered badly, 23-4.

Mar. 13. The season's finale was a good frolic for the seniors on the squad, but only in a playing way, for Youman's long shot regained the coveted trophy for the Olive of St. Joe, although Uni High finished the year with her third win, 17-9.

COUNTY TOURNAMENT

The ninth annual county tournament was held at the Gym Annex, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth of February under the auspices of Uni High, with Principal Williams heading the group as a capable manager.

Everyone enjoyed the classic immensely, with a goodly five thousand in attendance at the six sessions, five in the annex and the semi-finals in the New Gym. The Sadorus, Champaign, and University bands all came over and aided much to promote the success of the affair. Elbert Isom's Ogden quintet romped off with the silver basketball emblematic of the championship.

George Whisenand could usually be depended upon for his one basket each game. This in addition to his fine defensive play, was largely the cause for Uni High's first tournament victory.

Willard Padfield, the weird shot artist, attained the high point position on the team, between exhibits of handling the ball.

Capt. Thompson was the "key" man in every department of play. This fearless leader demonstrated throughout the year that he was nothing less than an aggressive and skillful player, gaining the respect and praise of every coach, player, and fan in the county.

"Chuck" Blood left school at the end of the first semester, but played consistent basketball while a member of the team. It is very probable that Blood will receive an award, regardless of his transfer to Rantoul High.

"Billie" Coffeen, the diminutive forward, had a great deal of fight, but was not quite large enough to match the more lengthy opposition.

Rex Newcomb, somewhat inexperienced, but willing, is a good prospect for future teams.

Richard "Mex" Torres, accompanied by various alumni, formed the much needed competition, also doing double duty as cheer leader.

Being on the team, as well as sports editor, I found it almost impossible to efficiently fulfill my duties, and I wish to thank "Jimmy" Munnis for his very helpful work in editing this section.

"Ray"

Ray Comings displayed an abundance of ability plus agility for old Illini High at all times, although absent from the lineup for a time with an injured rib.

"Bob" Kennedy was probably the most improved performer on the squad, for after little or no experience, he developed rapidly and won an important position on the team the last half of the season.

Henry Keller's addition to the team at a crucial time seemed to have solved a difficulty, for his offensive work aided greatly in our scoring.

JOHN CLEMENTS

The two genial managers, Clements and Clinkenbeard performed their tasks well, Clements doing almost everything like a master, with "Tiny" acting as John's able assistant.

APPERLY CLINKENBEARD

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE, 1928-1929 (3-11)

Dec. 7 (here)	L Uni High—11	Penfield—23
Dec. 14 (there)	L Uni High—14	Monticello—28
Dec. 22 (here)	L Uni High—11	Rantoul—23
Jan. 5 (there)	L Uni High—14	St. Joe—24
Jan. 11 (there)	L Uni High—11	Tolono—21
Jan. 18 (here)	L Uni High—15	Mahomet—18
Jan. 25 (there)	L Uni High—12	Mahomet—14
Feb. 2 (here)	W Uni High—18	Farmer City—13
Feb. 9 (there)	L Uni High—15	Rantoul—29
Feb. 15 (here)	W Uni High— 9	Fisher—7 (County Tournament)
Feb. 15 (here)	L Uni High—12	Ogden—25 (County Tournament)
Feb. 23 (there)	L Uni High— 9	Farmer City—23
Mar. 8	L Uni High— 4	Atwood—23 (at Monticello)
Mar. 13 (here)	W Uni High—17	St. Joe—9
Total ----------	Uni High—172	Opponents—280

TRACK SCHEDULE, 1929

Apr. 5—St. Joe (there)
Apr. 20—Millikin Relays and Rantoul Invitational
Apr. 24—Tolono (there)
Apr. 27—Onarga Military School Invitational
May 3—County Meet at Tolono
May 8—Mahomet (there)
May 11—District Meet at Onarga.

TRACK

When the annual went to press, the track season had not progressed sufficiently, so as to estimate just what type of team Uni High would place in the field. But, from the large squad out and the enthusiasm shown in the early workouts, the Orange and Blue will have a fairly good representation in the cinder sport this year. Six men form the nucleus of the team. They are: Captain Ray Comings in the hurdles, high jump, and four-forty; Thompson in the jumps and weights; Wilson in the longer distances; Whisenand in the sprints and javelin; Arnillas in the half, and Coffeen competing in the pole vault and hurdles.

The members of the squad are as follows: Captain Comings, Thompson, Wilson, Whisenand, Dillon, Schultz, Coffeen, Arnillas, Buswell, Gullette, Shelford, Rapp, Heddins, and Newcomb. Coach Parks and Asst. Coach Gardiner. Managers, Clements and Clinkenbeard.

Mex is Busy
HardlyConceited
Did you fall?
Why This?
Will it Shoot?
and

JOKES

Congratulations, Class of 1929

On your first step, in a worthy ambition—to graduate from the University High; and if your ambition, leads you high, always, remember this:

Honor Class Roll of 1929		Record of Who's Who, 1939	
Name	*Address*	*Address*	*Occupation*
Faye Anders	905 W. Green U.		
Margaret Anderson	R. R. 2 C.		
Virginia Casto	St. Joseph, Ill.		
Raymond Coming	403 S. Wright C.		
Mary Ferris	104½ Armory Ave. C.		
John Hughes	404 E. White C.		
Robert Kennedy	1211 W. Calif. U.		
Georgia Knight	508 E. Springfield C.		
Herbert Lawrence			
Frances McClelland	505 N. McKinley C.		
Martha Moore	904 S. Fourth C.		
Glenn Neal	1204 W. Green U.		
Willard Padfield	1002 W. White C.		
Verena Price	710 S. Prairie C.		
Myrtle Rea	407 W. Main U.		
Margaret Schroth	503 Bash Ct.		
John Shelford	506 W. Iowa U.		
Dorothy Stahl	1010 W. Hill C.		
Helen Stahl	1010 W. Hill C.		
Clarence Thompson	914 W. Park C.		
Richard Torres	1207 W. Stoughton U.		
William Walter	101 E. Daniel C.		
Hazel Waxler			
George Whisenand	209 W. Church C.		
Charles Wilson	806 S. Sixth C.		
Major Marriott	207 S. Wright C.		
John Clements	1211 W. University U.		
Dorothy Sweet			
Apperly Clinkenbeard	307 N. Prairie C.		

We delight in your splendid achievement, and hope each member, will furnish all members, of the Class Roll, your report, for the Who's Who, Record, in 1939.

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The great were once as you.
You envy them their proud success?
'Twas won with gifts that you possess

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THE FACULTY

Mr. Williams: Chewing gum.

Miss Lamberton: Giving excused tardiness slips.

Mrs. Wilson: Not assigning out side reports.

Mr. Haberton: Not saying, "The fact of the matter is."

Mr. Harnish: Not telling jokes.

Mrs. Hagan: Giving a brief assignment.

Miss Foley: Not making facial expressions.

Miss Duguid: Shouting in the halls.

Miss McHarry: Remembering to drive her car home.

Miss Hibbs: Not getting the last word.

Tommy was meandering homeward much later than usual supper-time, when a friend of the family who happened to meet him said: "Why Tommy, aren't you afraid you'll be late for supper?"

"Nope," replied Tommy, "I've got the meat."

THE ALPS
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A negro cook answered the telephone the other morning, and a cheerful voice inquired—"What number is this?"

The cook in no mood for trifling questions, said with some asperity, "You all ought to know. You done called it."

A student failed the exams in all the five subjects he took. He telegraphed to a brother: "Failed in all five. Prepare papa." The brother telegraphed back "Papa prepared; prepare yourself."

Doctor: Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?

Wife: Yes, we buried him yesterday.

In Cooking Class

Teacher: Can any one tell me how macaroni is made?

Bob Little: First you take a big long hole and then you wrap some dough around it.

Teacher: Billy if I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue should I be showing?

Billy Coffeen: (Promptly) Brotherly love.

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Bob Stout before the judge, after being pinched for speeding.

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Bob: I don't know. What time do you get up?

Some Years Later

Margaret: Tomorrow is the tenth anniversary of our wedding. Shall I kill the turkey?

Willard: Why the poor bird wasn't to blame for it.

John Gums: Dad did you go to Sunday school when you was a little boy?

Mr. Gums: Yes, John I always went to Sunday School.

John: Well, Dad, I think I'll quit going. It isn't doing me any good either.

Clarence T: Who was the peach I saw you with last night?

Willard P: She wasn't a peach—she was a grapefruit.

Clarence T: Why the grapefruit?

Willard: I squeezed her, and she hit me in the eye.

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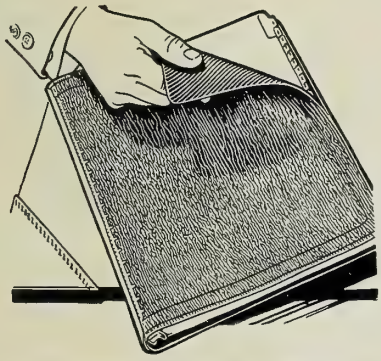

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Why Miss McHarry Bought A New Car

It seems as though Miss McHarry could not think of such a cheap car as a Ford and many times walked home and left it parked in front of the school. So the only thing to do was to buy a bigger and better car.

Mr. Harnish: What are the three laws of Motion?

Apperly C: Stop, Caution, and Go.

Teacher: What month has 28 days?

Rex Newcomb: All of them.

In Accord

Wilard's father after refusing Willard to use the car:

Why when I was your age, I didn't think anything of walking ten miles.

Willard: Yea. Well, I don't think so much of it either.

First Frosh: You're so modest you wouldn't work improper fractions.

Second Frosh: Yea, and you're so dumb you think a tutor carries a horn.

THE LAST WORD

IN

ENTERTAINMENT

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Him: Well, Well! So it's you.
Her: Why you intelligent old thing, you guessed right.

Miss Hagan requested all her pupils to type an application for a job as waitress, stenographer, etc.

Mary Ferris wrote the following letter:

I saw you want a waitress, I hate to wait on tables. Can't you get someone else? Please answer.

Mary Ferris.

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Ted Newcomb: Have you heard that new butcher song they're singing around school?

Dolly Carson: No, what is it?

Ted: Butcher arms around me.

Miss Foley: Will some one please give me a noun that is uncommon.

Ray Comings: Pants, they are singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

(Bad Assembly)

Mr. Williams: We will have school only half a day Friday morning.

Pupils: Hurrah! Hurrah!

Mr. Williams: But we will have the other half in the afternoon.

Miss Wilson: John, you should write your themes so the most ignorant of people could understand you.

John Hughes: (Half Asleep) What part don't you understand.

Miss Foley: Will some one give me a a definition for a short story.

Bill Walter: Pigtail.

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CHAMPAIGN ~ ILLINOIS

Working on the Fourth Floor

"Hey you fellows," said Bob Kennedy to the other fellows. "Don't any of you guys come down that ladder on the north corner. I took it away."

Ted Parmalee: What are you scratching your head for?

Walter Draper: I'm trying to get an inspiration.

Ted: That's a new name for them.

Voice Over the Phone: Is this the lady who washes?

Society Snob: Indeed, I should say not.

Same Voice: Why you dirty thing.

Freshman: Mary, Why do you put powder on your face?

Mary Ferris: To make me pretty, dear.

Freshman: Then why doesn't it?

Mrs. Price: Verena how is it you failed again?

Verena Price: Well, Mother you see we had another examination.

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E. Pickles: Doctor, you told me to put my tongue out, and you haven't looked at it.

Doctor: No, I merely wanted time to write a prescription.

Preston Tuttle: Lend me five for a week, old man?

Andy Draper: Who's the weak old man?

Rex Newcomb: Willard, do you like moving pictures?

Willard: If you mean photographic illustrations of animated nature displayed on a screen, why I have witnessed them with more than great satisfaction.

Martha Smith: (in office) Gimme an excuse.

Miss Lamberton: Why are you late?

Martha Smith: I got run over by a train.

Miss Lamberton: Did it hurt?

Martha: No. I was under the subway.

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JOHN ST. AT SIXTH

Bad History

Mrs. Wilson: When I was your age, I could name all the presidents off by heart.

Myrtle Rea: Yeah, but there was only about ten to remember then.

Mr. Harnish to Class: A cyclinder water tank is 8 feet in diameter and 12 feet high. What does it contain?

Class: We give up.

Mr. Harnish: Water.

In English Four Class

Practice Teacher: I think that any one who will draw illustrations on the board is absolutely nutty. I shall now draw an illustration of a circle.

Walter Draper: Dad, did you say God was everywhere?

Father: Yes, my son.

Walter: In this room, in my room, in my bed?

Father: Yes, now go back to bed.

Walter: But, dad if God is in my bed he's been biting me.

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Bob Kennedy: I'll find out what that girl said about me, if I have to wait till I meet her in Heaven.

Helen Stahl: Suppose she dont go to heaven?

Bob Then you ask her.

Cornelia B. Did you hear about the big fire last night?

Gladys S. No. What about it?

Cornelia. Well, I didnt either, but I didn't want to be missing out on anything.

Always Remember

Always come to school tardy.
Always run in the halls.
Always chew gum in class.
Always skip assemblies.
Always forget to study your lessons.
Always forget your report card.
Always park your car directly in front of the sidewalk.
Always dodge the bulletin board.
Always leave the study hall by fifteen minutes after the hour.

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CASH OR CREDIT

(In the Library)

Miss Carroll: All you girls over at that table talk louder. I cant hear a thing you're saying!

Mrs. Wilson: Frank, have you done your outside reading?

Frank Horton: No, Mam, it's been too cold.

It has been said that Martha Smith once told John Clements that a kiss without a mustache was like eating apple pie without cheese.

THE SCHOOL BUTCHER

Butcher: Come John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williams' Chops, put Mr. Haberton's ribs in the basket and wrap Mrs. Wilson's liver in a package.

John: All right; just as soon as I have sawed off Miss Foley's leg.

Martha Rusk—You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?

Ed Dillon: No, who were you?

Mr. Krone: Now, why didn't you stop? Those marks mean rest.

Bob Kennedy: Aw! what's the use of restin—let's get through with it.

Frosh: If it takes a hen a day and a half to lay a egg and a half; how long will it take a rooster to lay a door-knob?

Soph: I give up.

Frosh: So did the rooster.

Mary Malloy: I feel terrible my head is just spleeting.

Helen Stahl: My dear girl close your mouth .

Ralph Pratt: Why do you rise so early in the morning?

Ted Newcomb: I have to get down town early in order to park my car.

Ralph: What do you do with the extra time you have before working hours?

Ted: Oh, I take a street car home and have breakfast.

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ILLINOIS is the
Lobelia-Cardinalis which we
THINK is appropriate and
ALL that, though why a
STATE should have an
OFFICIAL FLOWER is more
THAN we can fathom, but
JUST in that connection it
OCCURS to us that the
FLOWER of Urbana
IS the young men and
YOUNG women who are growing
UP in this community and
LAYING the foundation
FOR success right
HERE in our fine
SCHOOLS and personally
WE want to take off our
HAT to them and to
SUPT. Lewis W. Williams
AND his corps of
TEACHERS as well, who
LABOR so efficiently to
LAY the foundation and to
BUILD the character that
MEANS splendid manhood and
WOMANHOOD for these
YOUNG folks of ours.

MORAL: Success in life is built upon character and success in business upon service. We lay claim to that qualification.

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Yes'm a car ran over my pants and cut them all to pieces.

I never heard of such a thing! Where were you when that happened?

Well, does it look like I was in 'em, ma'am?

George Whisenand: There is one thing I can do better than anyone else.

Mex: What is it?

George: I've forgotten.

SONG HITS AND THERE OPPOSITES

Sonny Boy: Apperely C.

Good Little Bad Little You: Dolly Car-

Me and My Shadow: Walter Draper.

son.

Ferris.

Me and the Man in the Moon: Mary

Last night I dreamed that you kissed me: Frank Horton.

H. H. HESSER

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CHAMPAIGN

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FOODS FOR THE "FOODS CLASS"

Virginia Downs could not get any rhubarb at the store so seeing a nice old gentleman picking that article, she approached him and inquired about the possibilities of buying some for the foods class. He asked her grades and her teacher's name; finding them sufficient for payment, he presented her with a gorgeous bouquet of pieplant free of charge.

Jack McNevin running into the police station: Help! I've been robbed.

Policeman: Was there anyone with you when you were robbed?

Jack: Yes Sir, the thief was with me.

FAMOUS LAST LINES

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